CARRIE RICH MEMORIAL LIBRARY
CAMPBELL COLLEGE
BUIES CREEK NORTH CAROLINA

THIS VOLUME PRESENTED BY
PN
4775
.R5

CARRIE RICH MEMORIAL LIBRARY
CAMPBELL COLLEGE
BUIE'S CREEK, N. C.

WD

CARRIE RICH MEMORIAL LIBRARY
CAMPBELL COLLEGE
BUIE'S CREEK, N. C.

INTRODUCTION TO MODERN JOURNALISM

BY

STEWART ROBERTSON

PROFESSOR OF JOURNALISM IN NORTH CAROLINA STATE COLLEGE

CARRIE RICH MEMORIAL LIBRARY
CAMPBELL COLLEGE
BUIE'S CREEK, N. C.

070.41
R

New York
PRENTICE-HALL, INC.
1930

9579

Copyright, 1930, by
PRENTICE-HALL, Inc.
All rights reserved.

070.41
R

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PREFACE

In the description of the newspaper organization and the explanation of the departmental functions, only the essentials are given in this book, and these for the purpose of acquainting the reader with the conditions under which newspaper work is done. The instruction in the details of news-story composition and in developing the technique of news-story forms is intended to give the rules and principles underlying the practice of the better craftsmen. The liberal collection of illustrative material is representative of the best in modern journalism and may be used profitably by young news writers for study and emulation. The chapters on editing, libel, reviewing, and on the country weekly give in a condensed form the essentials of those particular phases of newspaper work.

The primary aim throughout has been to furnish a book that is fresh and teachable and designed to introduce the student, by precept and example, to the better things in journalism. No attempt is made to tell the news writer exactly how to write a story. Writing of any kind is an individual act; each news event presents its own problems, on which the reporter must bring to bear whatever he possesses of insight, understanding, and sense of fact and form.

In the treatment of the illustrative material an attempt has been made to arrange the specimen stories in a systematic way, beginning with groups of the shorter, simpler forms and proceeding to the longer, more difficult types. Much specific practical instruction, with accompanying exercises, is included with the first groups, but the suggestions and explanations are reduced as the student passes on to the longer stories. In this way he is encouraged, as his knowledge of the subject grows, to lean less and less on the text and to depend more and more on his own resources.

This manual should be useful, not only in the regular courses in journalism, but also in English composition classes which use some modern material. The high literary quality of many of the specimens included—their variety and freshness and directness of appeal—should interest teachers of English. They will find that journalistic writing is so inseparably bound up with the materials of life—the people, the things, and the doings of a living world—that it has for the student intensity of interest and tangibleness of purpose which remove it far from the unanimated composition-drill of other days.

In the reprinting of the news stories and other material from the daily press the style of the respective newspapers in punctuation, capitalization, spelling, and such details has been in the main followed.

Acknowledgment is gratefully made to the newspaper publishers and authors for permission to reproduce news stories and other copyrighted material. And in addition to those to whom specific acknowledgment is made in the text, the author wishes to thank Dr. James Melvin Lee, Director of the Department of Journalism in New York University, and literary editor of the *Editor and Publisher;* Dr. Allen Sinclair Will of the faculty of Columbia University School of Journalism; Professor C. C. Cunningham of the faculty of Northwestern University; and his colleagues, Professors Roger P. Marshall, T. L. Wilson, and L. C. Hartley—all of whom have given valuable criticism and assistance. The author also acknowledges a debt to the following ladies and gentlemen of the press: Miss Bess Furman, Messrs. Harry Hansen, Frank Smethurst, Tom Bost, and Jonathan Daniels. His thanks are also due Dr. A. T. Allen, State Superintendent of Public Instruction for North Carolina, and Mrs. Nina Holland Covington.

October 1, 1929 S. R.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER | PAGE

I—THE MAKING OF A NEWSPAPER 1

Details of Newspaper Organization; The Organization at Work; Newspaper Terms.

II—NEWS AND REPORTING 15

News; News in Pictures; The Reporter; The Reporter at Work; The Special Story; Planning the Story; Accuracy and the Reporter; Writing the Story.

III—HOW THE NEWS OF THE WORLD IS GATHERED . . . 31

Codified General Orders; (A) True; (B) Accurate; (C) Unbiased; (D) Decent; (E) Interest.

IV—PRELIMINARY STEPS IN NEWS WRITING 45

Acquiring a Technique; Qualities Needed; Preparation of Copy; Details of News-story Composition; Writing the Paragraph; The Sentence; Words and Phrases; Idioms; Synonyms; Figurative Language; Writing the Story; Contents of the Lead; Making Contacts with Editors.

V—NEWS AND FEATURE STORIES FOR STUDY AND GUIDANCE 65

(1) Brief Stories; (2) Informative Stories; (3) Descriptive Stories; (4) Feature Stories; (5) Departmental Stories; (6) "Good" Stories.

VI—HOW THE NEWS IS EDITED 242

Refining the News; Constructive Work of the Copy Reader; Marks Used in Copy Reading.

VII—NEWSPAPER LIBEL 255

VIII—HEADLINES AND MAKE-UP 261

Measuring the Lines; Parts or Divisions; Combinations of Decks; Contents of Headlines; Faulty Headlines; Making Up the Newspaper; Details of Make-up.

IX—EDITORIALS, PARAGRAPHS, COLUMNS 273

Nature of the Editorial; Subjects; Writing the Editorial; Editorial Paragraphs; The Column.

CHAPTER PAGE

X—REVIEWS 302

Book Reviewing—Its Aim; Method of the Reviewer; Dramatic and Musical Reviews.

XI—EDITING THE COUNTRY WEEKLY 315

APPENDIX I—NEWSPAPER STYLE 321

Abbreviations; Capitalization; Compound Words; Division of Words; Figures; Quoting; Punctuation; Approved Spellings; Proofreaders' Marks; How to Correct Proof.

APPENDIX II—PROFESSIONAL STANDARDS AND CODES . . . 328

A Code of Ethics; The Canons of Journalism; The Next Step Proposed.

INDEX 333

INTRODUCTION TO MODERN JOURNALISM

INTRODUCTION TO MODERN JOURNALISM

CHAPTER I

THE MAKING OF A NEWSPAPER

THE newspaper began to assume its present form between seventy-five and a hundred years ago, but the manner of making it then was in remarkable contrast to that of today. Less than a century has elapsed since the elder Bennett, full of energy and initiative, made the first overtures to a great democratic reading public with the early numbers of THE NEW YORK HERALD. The first American daily to reach the masses was produced by means of an initial investment of $500, its editor working during the early days behind an improvised desk composed of planks resting on empty flour barrels. Other editors were soon to follow Bennett. Greeley with his NEW YORK TRIBUNE, also humbly housed, made it almost from the beginning an instrument for the molding of public opinion, particularly political opinion, throughout the entire country. Day, and later Dana, with THE SUN, and Raymond, with THE NEW YORK TIMES, were soon engaged in giving style and character to journalism, putting in something not only fine but of enduring value. These worthy pioneers worked in bare rooms or barren garrets, their only lights flaring candles, their little four-page papers printed in open lofts or shabby buildings destitute of conveniences. But they were stout of heart and managed somehow to get on.

Today the editors of metropolitan dailies work in luxurious offices equipped with every convenience. To the newspaper, as to a central reservoir, there flows each day the unwearied stream of the world's news, only to be returned again to a world of readers ever eager for fresh tidings. But the gathering, handling, printing, and distributing of this enormous volume of news material is a gigantic task.

It is proposed to present here an outline of the newspaper process, with a brief description of the organization which daily accomplishes this miracle.

The six major functions performed in the making of a newspaper are:

1. The preparation of the copy for the newspaper, the different kinds of which may be sorted under these heads: (a) news, (b) editorial articles, and (c) advertising material.
2. The setting of this copy into type, and the assembling of this type into page forms.
3. The making of mats, and the other steps necessary to change the pages of type into leaden plates that will fit the presses.
4. The clamping of the plates on the presses and the printing of the papers.
5. The preparation of the papers for delivery.
6. The distribution of the newspapers.

Details of Newspaper Organization.

The organization by means of which a newspaper publisher accomplishes the various tasks just outlined is essentially the same, at least for all the larger papers. No two newspaper establishments are operated, however, in exactly the same way, as such factors as the size of the newspaper, the policy of the owner, or the circumstances under which a paper may be published tend to modify the departmental duties. All newspapers have their operations segregated into at least three separate departments —news and editorial, mechanical, and business. These divisions are closely coördinated and kept ready to function with great speed and efficiency. The explanation that follows is not intended to apply to any particular newspaper organization, but to be typical of all of them. The news and editorial departments are treated separately here.

The news department.—This department, sometimes called the heart of the newspaper, is the center into which flows the raw news material. Here are directed the gathering of the news, its selection, classification, and final preparation for the next stage in its forward movement to the completed paper. At the head of this process is the managing editor, who not only directs the bringing together of the news threads from the ends of the earth, but also supervises their creation into effective designs. His immediate lieutenants are the news editor, the city editor, and the telegraph editor.

The news editor.—It is the duty of the news editor to follow the course of events everywhere, to keep actively in touch with all news sources, and see that the best available channels to important news centers are functioning. Since the local news organization is usually under the direction of a competent city editor, the news editor is left relatively free to give his particular attention to news from beyond the local area. Such news comes from many sources and in various forms, such as telegraph and telephone messages from Washington and other centers in the United States, and cable and wireless dispatches from foreign correspondents. The news editor keeps in touch with news bureaus, orders special stories, and so on. When he goes off duty he turns over the schedule to the telegraph editor, who handles the copy from outside in the same way as the city editor handles the local items.

The city editor.—The organization of the news department as it operates in the local field is about as follows (the morning newspapers, which have the advantage over the evening papers of more time for news writing and editing, may be taken to represent this phase of activity): The city editor, sometimes called the day city editor when his duties come in the daylight hours, begins work at about 10 o'clock in the morning. He has under his direction a large staff of reporters for general and departmental news. By means of district men he spreads a net for routine news coverage, and he assigns reporters to all other events that have news interest or importance. Each assignment, with the name of the reporter, is recorded in the day's schedule.

This schedule is turned over at about 6 o'clock in the evening to the night city editor, if the paper has one; if not, to an assistant. The reporters who have not reported to the city editor report to the night city editor, and in compliance with his instructions they proceed with the typewriting of their stories. These stories the city editor turns over to the copy readers who are under his direction, and the copy is read by them, corrected, condensed, and headlined. In addition to supervising the handling of the copy, the night city editor consults with the make-up men who prepare the dummy layouts, or page plans. The night city editor goes off duty at about 2 o'clock in the morning.

The editorial department.—Closely related to the news department, with which it is often grouped under the general term *editorial rooms,* is the editorial department. The editor-in-chief and the editors associated with him conduct the work of this department, which consists in writing editorial articles that interpret the news or give expression to the policies of the paper or the opinions of those who control it.

The advertising department.—Advertising furnishes the bulk of the revenue of a newspaper, for the net receipts from circulation often fall short of paying for the newsprint the paper uses. Display and classified advertising combined usually occupy at least 40 per cent of the total space of a newspaper.[1] The procuring of advertisements and the handling of advertising copy are important functions of a newspaper organization. Advertising space is sold by solicitors. Most newspapers today exercise a censorship over the advertising material offered for insertion, as no reputable newspaper will permit fraudulent or dishonest advertising. Most newspapers are glad to coöperate with their clients in the preparation of advertising copy. It is to the newspaper's advantage, as well as to that of the clients, to endeavor to get the best effects possible in artistic design and typographical display, when this can be done without detracting from the general harmonious appearance of the paper.

The composing room.—When the copy in the three departments just described—news, editorial, advertising—is ready to be set into type, it is conveyed to the composing room. Much of the news and editorial matter, which has been brought by electric carriers or chutes to the copycutter, is cut by him into "takes," or short pieces. Each piece is then given a name, or guide mark, and number, so as to enable the parts of the various stories to be easily brought together again, and the whole is distributed to several operators, who set it simultaneously. The typesetting machines used to cast the column-wide lines of type from molten metal are operated by a keyboard like that of a typewriter, but with the letters arranged differently.

The slugs, or solid lines of type, are now gathered into metal trays, called galleys, and then taken to a "bank," or metal table, where printed proofs are made from them. Copies of the proof sheets are sent to the different execu-

---

[1] The average allotment of news and advertising over one week of November, 1928, in several leading New York papers was as follows:

Paper	*Per cent of reading matter*	*Per cent of advertising*
The New York Times	34.8	65.2
The New York Herald Tribune	41.1	58.9
The New York World	51.9	48.1
The New York American	63.1	36.9

(This information is reproduced from "The Press Today" by Ivy Lee. Reprinted by permission.)

tives for their records. One set of proofs goes to the proofreaders, who correct it at once and return it to the typesetters for the resetting of the marked lines. The new lines are inserted in place of the faulty ones, and the galleys containing this "revised" type are passed to the make-up editor.

The advertising matter, which has been brought in the meantime from the advertising department, is also converted into type in the composing room. The setting of the type for the display advertisements must usually be done by special typesetting machines or by hand. The advertising matter is the first thing placed in the "forms," or steel frames. In some cases the advertisements fill the entire page, but as a rule the advertising material is pyramided in the lower right hand corner of the page, or arranged along both sides in the form of a double pyramid. In any case, where the advertisement does not fill up the whole page, the remaining space is left for the news type. For the front page, the make-up editor places the news type in the position indicated by the dummy layout which had been previously prepared. A dummy is sometimes prepared for other pages. For those pages not planned the type is placed in the position the make-up editor considers will make the printed page most effective. News pictures or other forms of illustration, which have been prepared from photographs or drawings and finished in the photo-engraving department, are also inserted in the place marked "cut" in the design of the pages. After each page is filled with type the whole page is locked in the form by "quoins," or keys used for the purpose, to enable the form to be handled without the type dropping out.

The locked forms are sent at once to the stereotyping molding room, where, under great pressure, an impress is made of the type upon a paper mold. This matrix or "mat," now containing an exact indented impression of the page of news and advertising matter, is sent to the stereotyping casting room, where it is curved in semicircular form to fit the press cylinders and placed into the autoplate machines. Molten metal is then pumped in upon it, and the required number of casts are thus made. These plates cool at once and are ready to be shaved to correct thickness. The whole stereotyping process requires only four or five minutes.

The pressroom.—The modern newspaper printing presses are marvels of speed and efficiency. The large newspapers have several presses, operated by electric press control boards. In the five hours a day during which the average newspaper office runs its presses a million copies of a 24- or 32-page paper may be printed. The operation includes printing fully, cutting, folding, and counting. An octuple press recently installed in the pressroom of THE NEW YORK TIMES produces 50,000 32-page papers an hour. Mr. Waldo Walker, in describing this press, says:

"How many papers are '50,000 an hour?' One might imagine a man standing on the first paper to come off such a press, with all the other 50,000 papers, accumulating at his feet, piled one above the other. In an hour's time the man would find himself raised almost a quarter of a mile in the air, clinging bewildered to the top of a steadily rising Jack-and-the-Beanstalk column of papers."

To the pressroom are brought each day the great rolls of paper, each weighing over half a ton, that feed the giant presses. The rolls are operated on reels, three rolls to each reel. It is possible to feed all three rolls by simply slowing down the press by means of a push-button when a roll is nearly used up and affixing the new paper roll by means of a device known as the "flying-paster" to the end of the nearly depleted roll. After the paper is pasted, the remainder of the paper on the old roll must be torn loose and the new roll switched into proper position.

The Organization at Work.

Now that we have presented the more important details of the editorial and mechanical divisions of a newspaper plant, let us pause for a moment to view the activities of these same departments as they address themselves to the task of getting out the first edition of a morning paper. The reader should bear in mind that each large newspaper organization produces in a fraction of each day hundreds of thousands of copies of a publication that contains as much reading matter as a novel or a magazine, and that the greater portion of this material is prepared in the ten or twelve hours before it appears in printed form.

Early in the evening the reporters begin to return to the city room from their assignments. After a hasty consultation with the city editor they settle down to the task of writing their stories. By 8:30 or 9 o'clock the entire staff of general news reporters, departmental reporters, rewrite men, and copy readers, together with the telegraph editor's staff, are all at work. Everywhere throughout the editorial rooms men are astir, their concentrated efforts undisturbed by the noise of the typewriters, the click of the telegraph instruments, the ringing of the telephone bells, or the whistle of the automatic tubes as they whisk away the copy to the composing room. As the deadline for the first edition approaches, there is a quickening of the tension. The city editor may now be seen moving among his men, giving a word of advice or assistance here or there, or rushing a messenger to the composing room. Copy readers, flushed from working against the pressure of time, are putting the final touches on dwindling piles of copy.

Meanwhile in the composing room there is a similar air of activity combined with a similar smoothness of function. At the skilled touch of operators the typesetting machines are clicking noisily with the work of transforming the pages of copy into leaden lines of type. Make-up men are deftly placing the type into page forms and safely locking them. In the stereotyping room, by the aid of hastily made mats, semicircular plates are being cast in automatic machines and rapidly conveyed to the pressroom where they are clamped to the press cylinders.

We are now ready to see the giant presses in action and witness what has been called "the swiftest manufacturing operation in the world."[2] Pressmen are busy "plating up," or fastening on the cylinders the plates for the front page, which is usually the last one to be closed. Three huge rolls of paper on a reel have been placed directly under each press unit, where they await the task of feeding it. The great tanks of ink are full, and the presses need only the pressure of a push-button to start the whole in motion.

The clamping of the pressmen suddenly ceases, and the signal is given to start. Now—a flash of white paper as it darts here and there, lightninglike movements of shafts, cylinders, wheels, and the vibrant din of roaring machinery. At one end of the press a pile of neatly folded papers quickly forms. But let Mr. Waldo Walker continue with his description of the new Wood press[3]:

"A layman viewing the Wood press would scarcely be aware of its various exclusive mechanical perfections. He would likely see little more than a great crouching skeleton of steel. He would see an inner torrent of newsprint rushing through it at a speed of half a mile a minute. He would likely puzzle at seeing this rushing stream of paper take strange, cubistic dips and darts through the convulsed, high-speed machinery before it finally pitched downward in a waterfall of white and foamed out at the bottom in a contrastingly quiet pool.

"But he would recognize the pool as a wash of familiar-looking newspapers, finished, printed, folded. His eye would follow them with better understanding as they drain off into a traveling conveyor, which, in turn, siphoned them upward to the mailing rooms above. As soon as he reached the street he would doubtless buy one."

---

[2] Wood, Henry A. Wise, statement quoted in THE NEW YORK TIMES, July 1, 1928, p. 4.

[3] THE NEW YORK TIMES, July 1, 1928, "Fastest Newspaper Press Goes into Action," Waldo Walker.

Thus a newspaper is made. The later editions are the results of changes made in certain pages of the paper by the insertion of fresh news. The editorial page, the advertisements, the feature material, and much of the news remains standing throughout the editions of that day. When a page is torn up, that is, when it has certain stories taken out, shifted, or otherwise changed, the new page has to go through the entire process again.

Afternoon newspapers.—On an afternoon paper the reporters begin work early in the morning. The machinery is set in motion early, in order to get the first edition out by noon, when people have left their offices for the lunch hour.

Afternoon papers have certain advantages over the morning papers. They are able to print much of the day's news on the day it happens. They also have a much longer period for the making of street sales. Foreign news, particularly news from Europe, seems to "break" better for the afternoon newspapers, because of the difference in time between the two parts of the world. On the other hand, important State or national news does not come in so well for the afternoon newspapers as it does for the morning papers. Neither can the afternoon papers hope to circulate over so wide an area as do the morning papers. Nevertheless, the combined circulation of the evening papers is about 50 per cent larger than that of the morning papers.

The business department.—The three main divisions of this department are: *advertising, circulation,* and *accounting.* Each of these divisions is in charge of a manager. The work of the advertising department has already been described in connection with the preparation of copy. The circulation manager's first duty is to keep the distributing machinery running smoothly and efficiently. In the mailing room the freshly printed newspapers must be addressed, wrapped, and rushed by auto trucks directly to the buses, trains, or post office. Equally prompt deliveries must be made to carriers and news dealers.

The circulation manager also directs the procuring of news subscriptions by means of solicitors, contests, advertising, or such other forms of promotion work as will legitimately widen the newspaper's clientele.

The duties of the accounting department of a large newspaper are many and varied. Its chief functions fall under the heads of bookkeeping, supply, and auditing. A storage room is maintained in connection with the supply division. The auditing division reviews the bookkeeping and accounting records, prepares the pay rolls, authorizes expenditures, audits bills for material, and the like.

In addition to the principal departments of the newspaper organization already described, others, such as personnel or welfare departments, are maintained by the larger papers. Modern newspaper plants are equipped with conveniences for the workers who get out the papers each day, and various means of promoting the health and social life of the members of the organization are employed by most newspaper publishers.

Newspaper Terms.

Certain words and expressions peculiar to the vocation of the journalist are used in the workshop. These include technical terms, abbreviations, contractions, and other words and phrases that have a special meaning to followers of the craft. Some of the terms most frequently used in the editorial and mechanical departments are given here:

Ad.	Abbreviation for advertisement.
Add.	Additional matter to be appended to a story, or to a part of a story, as Add 1 Fire, Add 1 Lead Murder, Add 2 Fire, etc.
Agate line.	Unit of measurement (type 5½ points in depth) applied to advertising space or other type areas.

All up. Expression used when all the copy is set in type.

Angle. A division of a story dealing with several associated incidents.

Art. General term for all newspaper illustrations.

Assignment. News-gathering task given a reporter or camera man.

Assignment book. Record of assignments given out to reporters by the city editor.

Beat. District or section of a city containing routine-news sources. Also used for a "scoop" or story that is obtained and printed by only one paper.

Box. Name for a section of type inclosed with thin metal strips; either a headline or a story may be "boxed."

Break. Point where a story turns to another column. If the break is awkward or inconvenient for the reader it is called a *bad break*.

Bulletin. Special news announcement—longer than a *flash*.

By-line. Signature of a writer; precedes the story thus, By Richard Roe.

Chase. Metal frame, which holds a page of type matter; operated by quoins or keys.

Copy. All manuscript for the press. Copy that contains few errors is called *clean copy*.

Copy cutter. Person in the composing room who cuts the copy into small portions or "takes" and distributes it among the linotype operators.

Copy reader. Subeditor or desk man who writes the headlines and gives the copy its final preparation before he sends it to the composing room.

Cut. Metal plate used in the reproduction of newspaper illustrations. *Cut* is also the term used for reducing the size of a story.

Date line. Name of the city showing the place of origin of a story and the date. It is placed at the beginning of the first sentence of the story.

Deadline. Time at which all copy for an edition must be in.

Dummy. Draft of the plan or design of a page, showing the position of the various stories, pictures, and other material as they are intended to appear on the printed page.

Em. Square of any size of type. The em pica (12-point) is the unit of measurement to determine column width and length of type lines. An en is half of the width of an em.

Exclusive. Story that is the property of one paper.

Feature. To play up or give prominence. Also, a type of story.

Filler. Short story that can be used below the fold, or in almost any position in the paper.

Flag. Name given to the heading or space on the editorial page containing the name of publisher, owner, or editor, copyright notices, or other information. Also called a *masthead.*

Flash. Very brief wire bulletin, usually making an initial or final announcement of importance. A flash announces the death of a president or the result of a prize fight.

Flush. Type set without paragraph or other indentation.

Fold. Point at which the newspaper page is folded in half.

Follow story. Second-day or other story that follows a first story. Also called *follow up.*

Font. Type of a certain size and style.

Form. Page of type matter locked in a chase and ready for stereotyping.

Galley. Metal tray for holding type ready for use.

Ghost writer. One who writes articles that appear under another's name.

Guide line. Identifying word, such as "Fire," "Wreck," "Robbery," placed at the top of each story, or of each section of a story, so that the parts can easily be reassembled.

Hook. Wire "spike" on which copy is placed by desk man or linotype operator.

Jump head. Headline used on the portion of a story continued from the first or other page.

Kill. To throw away type that is no longer useful. Also any sentence, paragraph, or item that is struck out on a proof sheet is said to be "killed."

Lead. (Pronounced "led.") Thin metal strips used to increase the space between lines. Not to be confused with *lead* (pronounced "leed"), the term applied to the introductory paragraph or paragraphs of a news story.

Leg man. Reporter who collects news items or covers a beat without writing much.

L. C. Abbreviation for *lower case,* or small letters.

Make-up. Arranging of news and advertising matter in the chases.

Mat. Abbreviation for matrix, the paper composition bearing the indented replica of the page of type and used as a mold for casting the curved plates. Also, the little brass molds on a linotype or other type-casting machine.

Markets. General name given to financial or market news.

Monotype. Type-casting machine that makes a single letter at a time.

Morgue. Files of newspaper clippings and other data.

Must. Used to indicate copy that an executive has endorsed to be printed under any circumstances.

Plate. Page of type cast in a curved form to fit the cylinders of a press.

Point. Unit of measurement (1/72 inch) in the point system, which measures type vertically.

Proof. Impression of type taken on paper for a proofreader to compare with copy.

Query. Telegraphic inquiry or brief statement sent by a correspondent to a paper announcing a news happening and giving the number of words available.

Quotes. Quotation marks.

Release date. Time specified for the printing of a story.

Revise. Proof taken after type has been corrected according to first proof.

Rewrite men. Men in the editorial rooms who receive facts from reporters over the telephone and write the stories.

Run in. To delete parts of copy and connect the remaining parts. To set lists of names or like matter in full lines.

Running stories. Stories being set as fast as portions of them are written.

Schedule. Listing of news items for the inspection of some one else.

Scoop. Story that rival papers did not get. See *exclusive.*

Slug. Line of machine-set type. Also, identifying name given a story.

Standing. Any matter kept in type from day to day for use on a subsequent occasion, or any matter intended to be used on several successive days.

Stickful. One-tenth of a column or about two inches of type. (From the printer's "stick," a metal tray used by printers to contain type set by hand.)

Takes. Small portions of news manuscript cut by the copy cutter.

Table. Statistical or tabulated matter of any kind.

Time copy. Material set in type and ready for future use.

Turn story. Story that is continued from the bottom of last column on page 1 to the first column on page 2.

Trim. Term denoting the reducing of the length of a story.

Chapter II

NEWS AND REPORTING

News.—The happenings or events in the ebb and flow of human affairs that attract the attention of people furnish the news material. As some one has well said, the newspaper is founded on man's interest in his fellows. News, therefore, grows out of the fundamental facts of life, such as love, living, conflict, death; and the giant forces that deeply affect the daily life, such as finance, industrialism, science, invention, and recreation.

The organized forces affecting life have been greatly increased in the past few years. New activities have been engaged in, new knowledge released. But interest in the widening vistas of life has in no way seemed to detract from the former things that caught the newspaper readers' fancy. Though the range of observation has been broadened and the wealth of news material has been increased accordingly, no one can safely predict what item from the next day's varieties of human experience will please the reader best. A fad or trivial incident—any sudden departure from life's routine—may quite conceivably vie in popularity with a momentous occasion. For this reason newspaper men must ever maintain a sympathetic concern with all which is likely to happen that has the power to move the heart or stimulate the imagination, and be ever ready to present an authentic and orderly report of it.

The news essence of the day's events is the raw material used in the process of making the newspaper; and with every step the makers have an attentive regard for the interest of their readers. Significant details from the current human drama are gathered, grouped, and presented with all their vital, moving qualities carefully retained. Thus the newspaper, partaking of life's sweeping experiences, has the power to stir the mind and move the heart.

The qualities in the news material are many and varied, but in one form or another they clothe all the facts that make real news. If these facts are important, unusual, mysterious, romantic, or otherwise appealing; if they bring new information affecting the health, happiness, occupation, or mode of living of large numbers of persons; if they reveal the habits and acts of persons whose station in life is different from that of the majority of the readers; and if with any or all of these things they include a quality of freshness or timeliness,—then the report is likely to be the sort of news that the reader is willing to pay to have brought to his attention.

News traffics, like the masterpieces of literature as they are described by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, "with men's hopes, aspirations, doubts, hates, breakings of the heart . . . all that amuses or vexes, all that gladdens, saddens, maddens us men and women on this brief and mutable traject." But news, unlike literature, deals with the acts of life bit by bit, as they occur day by day. It is spontaneous, capricious, transient.

News in pictures.—News is no longer confined to the chronicle or printed report. Much information is effectively brought to the newspaper reader by means of pictures. In modern journalism the news photographer has an important place, for pictured news has rapidly been growing in favor with the newspaper public. This form of news presentation was given a great impetus when The New York Times introduced, just before the World War, the rotogravure section. By means of this process pictures were reproduced with singular fidelity and attractiveness. Today practically all the leading newspapers of the United States have a similar high-grade news-photographic service.

Louis Wiley, business manager of The New York

TIMES, in an address[1] before the Camera Club, New York City, said, in part:

"The true place of the picture in the newspaper is as an aid to the full information given by the printed word. The photograph cannot ever take entirely the place of the news-story; the reporter, if he is an accurate, keen observer, and has good powers of description, can get along very well without the photograph. There are some highly important news-stories which the photographer cannot really help in any way. If Secretary Mellon gives out a five-column statement on revenues and tax proposals, a photograph of our able head of the Treasury may help to dress the page typographically; but it does not add to the news in any essential way. On the other hand, the first story of the appointment of Mr. Mellon to his post would hardly have been complete without a picture of him, sure to interest every intelligent reader."

Mr. Wiley also pointed out in the same address the improvement in the transmission of news pictures. He said on this point:

"Until three years ago the news-flash always outsped the picture by days. We might have news of an event on the Pacific Coast in a few seconds, and we waited for the fastest trains, or in rare cases the airplanes, to bring the pictures across the continent. Now the telegraphic transmission of photographs is perfected and wireless transmission across the ocean is in operation. Only recently we were shocked to read in our morning newspapers the full story of the collapse of the Francisquito Dam in California, bringing death to 400 persons. In the same morning newspaper that carried the first story was a striking picture of the central section of the dam standing like an enormous tombstone amid the desolation of the valley. We read the story of the disaster with a clearer comprehension because of the news-photograph. The first pictures of the San Francisco earthquake and fire were nearly a week in reaching New York."

---

[1] Reprinted from "Photographers as News Reporters," by Louis Wiley, in the October, 1928, number of *The Photo-Era Magazine.*

The reporter.—A modern newspaper is a well-ordered, intricate, and highly diversified organization; its methods and operation are marvels of high speed and efficiency. In this organization the reporter holds an important place; in fact, the entire structure to a considerable extent rests upon his shoulders. It is the reporter that daily paints the picture of the contemporaneous scene, and it is his skill and unflagging zeal that give it those precious qualities of life, color, and spontaneity.

There is already considerable literature on the subject of reporters and reporting, but much of it is of little value for the young person who is bent on journalism as a career. Writers, aware of the public interest in those who do things, have exploited in stories and plays the activities of the men who make the newspaper. But the heroes of these newspaper romances, like many of the phases of newspaper publishing which they undertake to represent, belong to a day in the newspaper profession that has passed. Newspaper work of an earlier day had its romantic side, but so also had Indian-fighting, gold-mining, and cattle-punching. Today reporting is a stable, well-ordered career, like that of most other professions and businesses. It still retains, however, elements of risk, romance, and intrigue, and affords many opportunities for adventurous experiences. But the glamour of newspaper work should not be the primary consideration.

The young man or woman who is looking to journalism as a vocation must begin at the outset to think in terms of newspaper publishing as it is conducted now. He cannot realize too soon that newspapers are admitting to their staffs only persons who have made good use of their time in school and college, who have built up sound habits of work and study, and who are willing to face the grueling routine of the beat and city room, to do a day's work for a day's pay. In short, a newspaper expects the reporter to do inspired work at a time when many of the usual aids to inspiration are lacking. But in the place of the things that once gave zest and appetite for the work, he will find such practical aids as the powerful prestige of a great newspaper, modern facilities for news gathering and news transmission, and a reasonably well-filled pay envelope.

Don Marquis, in an article on "Men Who Make the Newspapers" published in *The Yale Review,*[2] has this to say of reporters:

"It has been my observation that the men most valuable to newspapers do not as a rule get much glory out of it—much widespread popular acclaim—no matter how much gold they may accumulate. The writers who sign their names in newspapers, the popular commentators on sport, the men who conduct personal columns of one sort or another, become known to the public. And they have their value to the publishers; otherwise they would not exist. There is none of them who is indispensable to a newspaper. When one of them drops out, it is never really difficult to replace him with another performer of about the same type, who will gather about him his own particular little group of serious thinkers. A special writer who signs his stuff may impose upon himself for a while, and he may impose upon a portion of the public, as to his importance, and he may even impose upon his employers and the proprietors of the paper on which he works, but he does not as a rule impose upon the rank and file of newspaper workers—the editors and writers unknown to the public generally who really make the newspapers. For any really good general newspaper in the world could drop off most of the signatures in its columns tomorrow, and still have a character and personality of its own.

"The men who get the news, who write it, and edit it, who determine its relative importance, who point out the relationship of particular events and tendencies to human life as a whole, are the men who are the most valuable to a newspaper in the long run; it is they who really determine the character of a paper. And it is they—or the executives among them—who hire and fire the special writers who appear before the public with their names and labels upon them, and who in a general way influence and control the tone and trend of what these special writers utter. They are really responsible for the impression you get from any newspaper when you pick it up, for the kind of shock communicated to your nerves and sensibilities.

---

[2] Reprinted from the October, 1926, *Yale Review,* copyright, Yale University Press, by special permission of the Editors.

. . . .

"The backbone of the newspaper business is and always must be the competent all-around reporter. There are some reporters who can get the news, but who never learn to write it well. And there are some who can write it readably, but who are not particularly enterprising or resourceful in finding it. And there are some who seem to know what is going to happen even before it has happened; who, at least, know where a story is due to break through the crust of the earth before the ground has begun to crack or rumble.

"The really competent reporter is the one who can both get the news and write it. If he adds to these qualities the faculty of knowing where to go for the news without being sent—the faculty of knowing where news is going to be before it has yet appeared, he is Class A-1; he is an ace. A good reporter is not merely the hands and feet and eyes and ears of his editor; he is that and something more—he should know what he is writing about so thoroughly that he can tell his editor the complete story behind the story that will be printed and help determine what should be published and what should not be."

The reporter at work.—Three-fourths of all the news in a city newspaper comes from the usual sources—police stations, courts, municipal headquarters, State offices in capital cities, hospitals, schools, weather bureaus, and press agents. The reporter, acting under the direction of the city editor, keeps in touch with the principal sources of news in his district or "beat." He visits the more important of them at least once a day, and by means of his acquaintance with officials, clerks, or others in the various offices, he usually arranges for tips to be sent him if anything important "breaks" between visits.

Let us assume that the reporter has just obtained a hot tip that a "big" story is just around the corner. He at once bends all his efforts towards getting a hot trail. If after his preliminary work the story looks promising, he may call on the city editor for help. That executive, if impressed, may assign one or more reporters to help him run down the facts, and at the same time designate a rewrite man to handle the writing, receiving the information over the telephone.

Rewrite men on modern metropolitan dailies write many of the news stories appearing in the papers, although they rarely leave the office. They have had training as reporters and are usually familiar with the various neighborhoods from which the district men telephone their stories. Rewrite men are competent craftsmen, capable of writing a story at top speed that can go straight to the composition room without being corrected by the copy reader.

Let us assume that the reporter notified the city editor that the body of a well-dressed middle-aged man had just been found in a certain little-used street. He was in evening clothes and carried no papers, but his coat showed the initials C. P. S., and bore the mark of Crafts, tailors of Baltimore. There were no other identifying marks discovered in the first hasty examination.

The city editor telephones the paper's representative at Baltimore, gives him the initials and the name of the tailor, with the brief description of the body furnished by the reporter, and asks him to find out who "C. P. S." is and as much as he can about his latest movements.

As the deadline of the first edition will be up in twenty minutes, the rewrite man has already begun his story. He has written only three paragraphs from the information given him by the reporter when the city editor is told by the Baltimore man that C. P. S. is Charles Prentiss Smith, associate editor of a national magazine published in New York, that he is well known by Crafts, and that he has been absent from Baltimore for over a week. He also gives the name of the hotel where Smith usually stays in New York.

As there is no time to investigate further before the first-edition story must be in, the rewrite man adds a new lead saying that the well-dressed man found dead is believed to be Charles Prentiss Smith, of Baltimore and New York.

The city editor now recalls that Charles Prentiss Smith had been questioned several months ago in connection with the mysterious death of Madelaine Manners, a moving-picture actress, who was found dead in her apartment in New York, and that Smith's picture had been published at that time. He orders from the "morgue" (the room in which all "dead," or used, copy and photographs are kept on file) the picture, the cut used, and the story which appeared, carrying Smith's name at that time. The picture he sends by a reporter to the undertaker's where the body is being held. The previous story and other information relative to Smith he hands to the rewrite man with a few words of instruction.

In the meantime another reporter visits the office of the magazine with which Smith is connected and rushes a clerk with him to the undertaker's. The body is positively identified as that of Charles Prentiss Smith. The next edition carries a large head, a picture of Smith, and a full-column front-page story.

But the story is far from complete yet. There remains the mystery of how he was killed. The reporter who sent in the original tip has been working in the neighborhood where the body was found, and has learned that a large automobile backed into the little-used street in the night and halted long enough to deposit something. This would suggest that Smith was killed elsewhere and brought to this street and left there. This street is not far from the apartment where Miss Manners was found dead.

The story by now has grown until it is being much discussed. The police have been working to connect the unexplained crimes in connection with both Manners and Smith, and the story is destined to run through several editions.

From this brief account of the method of handling a big story by a metropolitan newspaper, the reader will catch certain requirements of good reporting. (Quick thinking and equally quick acting are often essential. The ability to get information from persons interviewed, even if they are strangers and hesitant about talking, is another asset. In addition, reporters must be possessed of sufficient information to guide them in uncovering facts, and at the same time be careful to test the knowledge they get so as not to be led into a trap.

Most of the material that a reporter deals with lacks the prominent name, or the mystery, or the connection with another big story. Sometimes a routine story will have an unusual feature. An example of this was the Easthampton murder in New York in the summer of 1928 when motion pictures were used for the first time to reënact the crime. As a rule, however, routine-news events are in most respects similar to other events that have occurred and been reported, and the reporter must exert himself to chase down the unusual fact that will give the routine news a novel touch and save it from being labeled standardized. As Paul Patterson, President of THE BALTIMORE SUN, says, "The first-class reporter is expected not merely to cover the essential, obvious phases of a story, but also to seek out, on his own initiative, all the incidents that will help to make his picture complete."

The special story.—Routine news comes from places where certain kinds of happenings are looked for, but special stories occur in unexpected places or under unusual circumstances. To cite an instance of a special story, a brief stop made in Chicago by President and Mrs. Coolidge, and the way it was covered as related by Meyer Levin, of THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, in his recently published book "Reporter,"[1] is used here. The President's special train was passing through very quietly; in fact, it was to make its only stop on the back railroad yards. Mr. Levin at that time was relatively new at newspaper reporting,[2] but he soon saw that he must strive "to pick up some exclusive little human observation" if he was to produce a good story of the President's brief visit.

The actual meeting with the President is described thus by Mr. Levin:

"All encircle the rear platform just as the train snuggles to a stop.

"The cameras form an aura around the back of the car. The reporters press up against the observation railing. Well? Well? Is he coming out?

"He comes out.

"Oh, so that's the President.

"Under a small-visored cap peeps the abashed smile of the President. 'New cap, isn't it?' goes the whisper.

"The President stands. His wife stands beside him. They both stand. The reporters stand. The photographers stand, working.

. . . .

"But the reporters stand, Carter Brooks stands, the Major stands, the guy in the bowler hat stands, in fact, they all stand, their mouths just a touch open. All their questions are frozen in a knot in their heads.

---

[1] From "Reporter," by Meyer Levin, copyright, 1928, by Meyer Levin. Reprinted by permission of the publishers, The John Day Company.

[2] Objection may be taken to this account on the grounds that Mr. Levin, being inexperienced, did not handle this as a seasoned reporter would. His development of the incident, however, shows initiative and enterprise.

"The President wears a diffident, slightly embarrassed smile. His wife wears a more graceful smile.

. . . .

"More desperately than before the clicking goes on. The photographers slide in the plates and snatch them out, turn them, slide them in again, pull them out, as if they were toasting bread against a famine. And still the President and his wife pose. Silent.

"At last the President makes a little motion with his hand. They turn and walk back into the car.

"With one surge the reporters are together. 'Did he say anything?'

" 'What did he say?'

" 'Not a thing!' "

There is little news there, to be sure. But before the President leaves Chicago, school lets out; the President appears again, and a little schoolgirl is lifted to him. He is silent. She is speechless. But the reporters bombard the little girl as soon as she is turned loose by the President. Levin also manages to achieve an interview with the cook on the special train and learns from him that the President at breakfast offered a pancake to a little tot who was lifted to the window of the dining-car. With this information he goes to the office and writes 800 words, playing up the new cap and the pancake incident, and producing a very creditable piece of copy.

Planning the story.—Reporters' work is almost all extemporaneous. Most of their writing is done under pressure. Generally speaking, news is good only when it is fresh, and reporters find it good routine to write their stories as soon as they return to their desks after gathering the facts for a story whether or not the deadline demands it.

✓ Nevertheless, good newspaper men give much thought to the planning of their stories. If the planning is done in such a way that the reader can readily draw the meaning out of the story, it becomes the most creative part of the reporter's work. With the various details he has collected fresh in his memory, supplemented by the notations he has made, the reporter must think out as a preliminary step how to organize the story.

First of all, the details are reviewed, and the fact that seems most likely to catch the attention of the reader is brought into relief at the beginning. This item is made the source of a current of interest into which the reader is to be drawn as the story unfolds.

The selection of the feature, as the news fact that is played up in the lead is called, is important, as will be seen later when lead paragraphs are studied in detail. It is enough to say here that the lead has an important bearing on the pattern of the entire story.

The next thing to be decided by the reporter is the order in which the details are to be arranged. News stories are forms of narrative writing, and time is the chief basis of structure in narration. So if this method is used, after the lead paragraph or paragraphs are written the actual happenings are recounted step by step in the order in which they occurred.

The time order, however, is frequently not suitable for obtaining the best effect. The alternative is to use the order of decreasing importance. Here selection of details and their evaluation become necessary, and the reporter's knowledge of the chief factors in reader-appeal is his only guide.

A good news story is much more than a succession of minor events. The part that human beings play in these events gives news stories their sharpest appeal. The underlying significance of the incident must be revealed if the reader is to be made to see and to feel its meaning and value—if the story is to move the heart.

Care must be taken, however, not to exaggerate or to put undue emphasis upon any detail. Accuracy in the arrangement of parts is as important as in any other phase of the reporter's work. To produce emotional effects in the reader not warranted by the facts is to be sensational. Judicious restraint will do its part to give a reporter's work a literary quality.

The reporter must plan all these things, if his story is to show the highest type of workmanship. All the essential facts must be there. They must be narrated with vividness. The sequence of details must bring out their dramatic qualities, so that the story will not be dull. If necessary, a brief but sufficient picture of the scene must be included. And, if the reader is to get the most from the story, it must possess some originality.

There is rarely time for a formal arrangement of the parts of the report, even if that were desirable. The reporter does most of his planning on the way back to the office. It is purely an intellectual exercise. Once he gets his hands on his typewriter the story begins to take shape.

Accuracy and the reporter.—Far-sighted newspaper men learned long ago to insist on accuracy. No paper can expect to hold the respect of its readers or of those who buy its advertising space if it does not build up, and strive constantly to maintain, a reputation for truth in its news columns. Readers are quick to detect errors of fact and slow to forget them. A reader who doubts the news stories can hardly be expected to believe what the advertisements in the same paper have to tell. The newspapers insist, therefore, on accuracy in the handling of the minor details, such as the initials in a person's name, street numbers, and the like, as well as in the printing of important statements.

Reporters, in common with other newspaper men, wish to be accurate. Some of them in their eagerness to be interesting may depart from the facts, but they usually have cause to regret it. When there is a come-back of any sort, the reporter who wrote the story is always the first person questioned. At such times he has only one means of protection—the truth.

Inaccuracies do creep into the newspapers, however.

One need only recall the facts about the making of a modern newspaper to understand this liability to error. The newspaper contains as much reading matter as the modern novel or magazine—from 80,000 to 100,000 words—and nine-tenths of all the material it contains is gathered, written, and printed within twelve hours of the time of going to press. But the most fruitful source of error is the person from whom the reporter gets his information. People have various reasons for misleading news gatherers, and even seasoned reporters must constantly be on their guard lest those they have some reason to trust lie to them.

Writing the story.—The writing of news stories is fully discussed in Chapters IV and V of this work. The theory of news-writing was admirably discussed by Professor Allen Sinclair Will, of the Columbia University School of Journalism, New York City, and vice president during 1928 of the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism, at a convocation of the students of West Virginia University on October 26, 1928. We quote, in part:

"The decision to set up a new way of telling the news appears to have been the result of a spontaneous movement. It was also a general movement, for it sprang up in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Cincinnati about as soon as in New York. It was a combined movement of publishers, editors, and reporters. They rallied to the dogma that the news was no longer to be a skeleton but a living thing of flesh and blood, even clothed in draperies. They would try to print a literary news picture of contemporary life. It would include the color and drama, the pathos and humor, of life, as well as the debates of legislative bodies and trials in the courts. Nothing was foreign to the American newspaper writer that was not also foreign to life, in high quarters as well as low.

"This was the beginning of the 'good story,' as it is called in the newspaper profession. It meant that, in the search for newspaper material, regions hitherto barred to the reporter and correspondent were entered. The literary news story which had an appeal to men and women everywhere was the story which papers preferred to print and reporters to write.

"This meant also that the best newspaper writers became virtually literary men, and such they are, in large part, today. Literary talent entered the ranks of journalism and journalists entered literature. In many newspaper offices now are reporters and editors who are writing books, or preparing to do so, and some of them, if past developments are a guide, will turn out 'best sellers.' Many of these literary writers stay in journalism; others turn to literature exclusively.

"While journalism has taken a literary cast, the new American literature has taken a distinctly journalistic cast. The new literature is characterized by realism, an abundance of detail, condensation of style, simplicity, clearness, directness, little punctuation, and the use of short words and sentences. All of these characteristics have been transplanted from journalism.

"Some of the best journalistic stories now appear in literature, and some of the best literary stories appear in journalism. To cite instances, no literature of this year has surpassed Russell Owen's vivid story in The New York Times of Lindbergh's departure on his air voyage to Paris, and some of his other stories about aviation in the Times. Dreiser in 'An American Tragedy' has not surpassed Alva Johnston's powerfully expressed story in the same paper of the testimony of Gray in the Gray-Snyder murder trial. A comparison on literary grounds of the principal news items on the front page of The New York Times, The World, and The Herald Tribune with representative examples of the literature of the current year will not be to the disadvantage of the journalistic products. What these leaders in journalism are doing now will be done by lesser papers ten or twenty years hence.

"Since a better grade of literary talent is now a highly useful aid to advancement in newspaper work, aspirants who wish to engage in that work need more preparation than formerly. They need, in fact, all the educational background, spiritual or mental, which it is possible for them to obtain. Newspaper work has new standards and brings greater rewards. The universities and colleges of America are doing a noble part in offering opportunities for the formation of the character and talents of those who are to produce the literature and the journalism of the next generation, whose progress in new fields we scarcely dare forecast."

CHAPTER III

HOW THE NEWS OF THE WORLD IS GATHERED

A world-wide system of news collecting assures the newspapers of an unfailing supply of copy. The work of local reporters and domestic and foreign correspondents is ably supplemented by the activities of thousands of news gatherers maintained or directed by press associations, such as the Associated Press, the United Press, International News Service, Universal Service, North American News Association, N.E.A. Service, Inc., and several smaller ones operating in this country and Europe. Quantities of copy are also furnished the press daily by newspaper syndicates.

The Associated Press, a coöperative news-gathering organization, which has rightly been called the greatest clearing house for news in the world, alone serves 1,250 newspapers[1] and, according to Mr. Kent Cooper, the general manager, has approximately 80,000 individuals scattered throughout the world ready to report any event that happens. How this great news-gathering agency functions has been well told by a writer in THE OMAHA BEE, under the heading "How the A.P. Does Its Stuff." A few paragraphs from that article are reproduced here to show how a specific happening is reported by the Associated Press:

"Rit-a-tat, b'rr, rit-a-tat, tata-ta-ta——

"Venture forth any day or night, rain or shine, up to the editorial room of THE OMAHA BEE and probably the first sound that comes to your ears will be that staccato of clicks.

---

[1] The Associated Press report as of August 15, 1929, gave more than 1,250 members.

"Now go to the end of the long editorial room, go through the little open gateway and you are at the center of this apparent confusion of clicks.

"You are now in the telegraph room of The Associated Press, and at your finger-points you are in direct connection with any and all parts of this world, which is so small after all when the rapidity of news transmission is realized. Now glance over the telegraph-operator's shoulder, or, better yet, glance at the keyboard of the teletype machine, that uncanny piece of mechanism which functions as a telegraph-operator.

"Here comes a story from Paris giving a word picture of how the French feel about the depreciated franc. Now the instrument suddenly stops the story and marks it 'more.' Then you see a bulletin telling how Grange is galloping across the gridiron scoring almost at will, and at the end of this short story, which is briefed to about forty words for speed's sake, you read of how the former Illinois leader and his professional team-mates are twenty points ahead of their opponents. Recently, you might have been fortunate enough to see this staccato of clicks translated into a play-by-play account of the world series. If you are inclined scientifically, you will be interested in the next item, which tells of the activities of the National Academy of Science. But no matter in what you are interested, if you watch the machine or operator's translation long enough, you are bound to read something from some part of the world that makes you remark:

" 'Well, well, what do you know about that!'

. . . .

"But let's get back to the telegraph room, remembering all the time that The Associated Press is the clearing house for the world's news. Let's go back to Paris and follow the dispatch back to Omaha and see how and whence it comes.

"The Associated Press Paris correspondent gets word of the resignation of the French Cabinet. It is 'big' news. Without hesitation he or one of his editors gives the words:

"'Flash: French Cabinet resigns.'

"Immediately the 'flash,' which is the fastest of all dispatches, goes forth on its long but speedy journey. It is flashed over the cable and is copied almost instantly by the cable operator in the New York office, who reads it to the operators of other wires leading out of New York City. And in a few seconds the news has been carried over all leased wires of The Associated Press to all four corners of the United States.

"Three large and busy trunk wires run between New York and Chicago, and so the flash is copied instantaneously by telegraph-operators or teletype machines in the large cities along the route, such as Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Columbus, Detroit, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Chicago. Each of these cities has other state and trunk wires which are relayed from their Associated Press bureaus. Chicago flashes the news to points on the Middle-Western circuit and the Omaha teletype or operator copies it. He reads the flash, or if it comes on the machine, a bell warns that something important is on file, and the operator reads it and gives it to the editor in charge of the Nebraska state wire, which is controlled by the Omaha office. Immediately it is relayed on the Nebraska State wire to Nebraska members of The Associated Press. Thus, within a very short time, the news has been told and the editors of the various member papers told of the coming news. Then come bulletins, and soon we have a comprehensive story of the event. Soon we see the operator copy down some comment from Washington as to what effect the resignation will have, and from New York as to the way the stock market received the news and what happened to the French franc."

From its vast experience in operating a world-wide system of news collecting so as to meet the exacting requirements of its 1,250 members, The Associated Press has acquired an enormous amount of valuable information as to the most effective methods of news collecting and news writing. In the past The Associated Press has sent out to its correspondents from time to time information and instruction to guide them in their work, but in February, 1928, all such instruction was codified and furnished the correspondents under the title "Codified General Orders." These general orders are probably the most valuable collection of rules and instructions for the gathering and writing of news accounts that has ever been compiled. Their principal application is of course to dispatches or similar material sent to newspapers at a distance from the event. Much of the instruction, however, will prove of value in all kinds of reportorial work. The "General Orders" are reproduced here in full, as follows:

The codification of General Orders published in this issue supersedes all such orders heretofore issued, excepting those dealing with the Mechanics of the Service. The latter remain in force until revised, which will be done shortly. To avoid confusion, all previously issued General Orders, except as noted, should be destroyed.

Codified General Orders.[2]—In a far-flung organization such as ours, which attempts daily to paint a picture of the doings of the people of the world, the gazetteering of a long list of rules is folly. It invites misinterpretation or too literal interpretation, either of which may lead to disaster.

There need be only one inflexible admonition—Get the News.

When this is done, the reporter who is writing the story, or the editor preparing it for the wire, may quickly determine by a simple test whether it possesses the timely characteristics that have built prestige for AP. He cannot go wrong if he can affirmatively answer the question:—

"Is it
True
Accurate
Unbiased
Decent
Interesting?"

---

[2] Reproduced by permission of The Associated Press.

Satisfied by this test he can proceed with an uncramped style. He quickly will find he can be truthful without being trite; accurate without being arrogant; unbiased without being unsophisticated; decent without being dull, and interesting without being inconsequential.

A considerable number of news orders have been issued; more will follow. Examination will show that each merely stresses or points out the application of one of the fundamentals.

In republishing them they are reduced to present-day essentials and classified under one of the five cardinal principles. They will serve as guides pointing the way; and are intended to be helpful. They will be useless without at least a modicum of common sense.

A. True.—Countless volumes have been written on philosophic discussion of "What is Truth?" For practical purposes we may test our news stories by the dictionary definition of "true," which describes it as being "Faithful to the fact or reality; conformable to the actual state of things; not false or erroneous; faithful to appearances; conformable to what it seems or claims to be; genuine; not counterfeit."

A. 1—Be sure of your facts. Confirm anything doubtful. Be neither gullible nor too incredulous. Seek the truth with an open mind.

A. 2—A rumor of sensational news, if not libelous, should be sent immediately as a rumor, with the explanation that the story is being investigated. Should the rumor involve statements that might be libelous, a note to the editors, marked "Private, not for publication," should be bulletined that "Such and such a story has come to our attention and is being investigated." While public faith in The Associated Press dispatches is of supreme value, and we would rather be beaten than knowingly send out an untruthful statement, our efforts at verification should not delay too long the perfectly proper announcement of a rumor. So long as it is a rumor only, it should be announced as a rumor.

A. 3—In incorporating into our news service anything taken from a newspaper, which our correspondents have not themselves investigated, the source of the news must be carried as a part of the story. News or editorial opinion credited to foreign newspapers whose political leanings or other characteristics are unfamiliar to American readers, should carry such information as will make possible a correct estimate of the credence that would attach to such quotations.

A. 4—Good reporting permits neither of such gullibility as may lead to unqualified inclusion in our news report of unconfirmed, strange or improbable happenings nor of carrying skepticism to the length of failing to ascertain beyond doubt that a rumored unusual event may not properly be carried as news. The guide to correct procedure in either case is INVESTIGATION. Alleged happenings of such importance that they should not be ignored, pending the result of an inquiry, may be reported, but such dispatches must show the character and source of the report. Alleged miracles must not be reported without these precautions, and there must be no failure to follow up actual happenings through attempted suppression of facts by doubting Thomases.

A. 5—Do not permit friendship for press agents or publicity seekers to influence your news judgment. The offerings of such should always be scrutinized with extreme care and in most cases be looked upon with suspicion. Avoid ''ballyhoos,'' and particularly avoid the sporting ''ballyhoo.'' Managers and promoters of sporting events, notably boxing matches, frequently go to extremes in their efforts to gain publicity, stir up newspaper arguments and otherwise boost their game.

B. Accurate.—Avoid writing a story in a way to give factitious interest to something which, while true, is relatively unimportant. All ''gold-diggers'' who break into the news are not ''former members of the Follies''; a man with a couple of hundred dollars on his person is not necessarily ''reputed to be wealthy''; nor are those who possess a hundred thousand dollars either ''millionaires'' or ''multimillionaires.'' An automobile used either in the perpetration of a crime or in the pursuit of a criminal, is not always a ''high-powered car.'' It is unnecessary to use either hackneyed expressions or extravagant adjectives to make a story colorful.

B. 1—In news stories of great fires or other disasters in large cities, names of buildings involved, particularly hotels and apartments, are essential to location and accurate reporting.

B. 2—Stories about church activities should accurately describe the particular body to which they refer. There are several subdivisions to the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Catholic denominations and it is important to avoid inaccuracy and confusion of designations. Avoid the word ''Romanism'' when ''Catholicism'' is intended, or ''papacy'' when referring to individual Roman Catholic churches, the Vatican, or general reference to the Catholic denomination.

B. 3—Stories of increases or decreases in prices of any commodity should give the name of the individual authority for the quotation, or if it is the statement of a trade organization, care should be used to specify the manner in which it is given to the public.

B. 4—Stories written in anticipation of an event should not state that the event has taken place. Postponements frequently occur, and even though corrections are sent promptly they may not reach the paper until the misstatement has been published. It is safe and within the facts to report that the event "was set for today," or "expected to take place today."

B. 5—Where the establishment of identity of a foreigner is essential in a news story, be as definite as you can. To refer to a resident of Vera Cruz, Mexico, or of Toronto, Ontario, merely as a Mexican or a Canadian is not sufficient. A citizen of the Argentine Republic is an Argentine, not an Argentinian.

B. 6—When the weather department forecasts a sudden freeze, it does not follow that the fruit crop is ruined. Neither is every small river which suddenly bursts its bank a "devastating flood." Quote only competent authorities and approximate the boundaries of the area damaged, if it is damaged.

B. 7—Care must be given to correctly state the corporate name of banks, railroads and other large business organizations. A transportation line is sometimes a "railway" and again a "railroad." Many concerns use the name of the city or the state in which they are chartered as part of the corporate name. It is a good practice to look up every name about which you are not positive.

B. 8—A cyclone is a system of winds of wide area centering toward a more or less limited zone of low atmospheric pressure. A tornado is an intense wind disturbance of great violence and narrow path. Do not call tornadoes cyclones.

B. 9—"Murder" is a technical term denoting a degree of guilt. A person slain by violence through the act of another may have been murdered, but that fact can only be established by judicial determination.

B. 10—To avoid confusion, in assigning the cause of death in liquor-drinking cases, it is sufficient to state that the liquor contained poisonous alcohol.

B. 11—The head of the Supreme Court is "Chief Justice of the United States" and not "Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States."

B. 12—The word "strikebreaker" is associated in the public mind with the bully or thug supplied by professional strikebreaking agencies. It does not accurately describe men who act as individuals in accepting positions vacated by strikers.

B. 13—Introductions to stories based on court decisions and rulings should present the news clearly and succinctly. Writing into introductory sentences a mass of confusing phrases that tell of the devious legal procedure the case has followed, beclouds the news. Any necessary details can be told in a separate sentence or paragraph.

B. 14—Stories concerning the illicit narcotic trade should avoid the use of the general term "drug" in cases where narcotics specifically are meant.

B. 15—Any non-white is "colored." If an individual is a negro, call him that.

B. 16—Use "bandit," "burglar," "robber," and "thief" in their true meanings. A bandit, in early usage, was a member of an organized band of lawless marauders. Modern use justifies a somewhat broader meaning. A burglar breaks into or enters premises; the thief operates by stealth; a robber operates by force or intimidation. Holdup men of the street are robbers, rather than bandits.

B. 17—In using the word "Reverend" as a title, place either Mr. or the Christian name or initials of the individual between the title and the surname. After properly introducing the minister under one of the correct usages of the title "Reverend," he may thereafter be referred to merely as Mr.

B. 18—Name a place of public meeting when it is an essential part of a news story. This applies to hotels, theatres, circuses, et cetera.

B. 19—No individual should be identified as an "actor" or "actress" unless the fact that he or she really is an actor or actress is well established.

B. 20—Sensational rumors emanating from amateur radio operators or broadcasting stations must not be handled as news stories pending thorough investigation. Our facilities are such that these rumors generally can be quickly run down.

B. 21—The Secret Service is a very small body of men whose operations are definitely restricted by law to detecting counterfeiting and protecting the President and his family. Avoid the use of the words "Secret Service" as a general term.

B. 22—In reporting increases or reductions of wages, or discussions of wage scales, be explicit as to the actual returns to individuals under any plan discussed. It is not sufficient to speak of the hourly wage for miners unless the story also sets forth the number of hours of labor and the actual weekly wage return. In speaking of wages per week, each case should indicate the number of hours of work required.

B. 23—Where the truth is not indisputably known to The Associated Press, and usable proof thereof available for publication in the event of denial, the responsible authority must be clearly stated as a part of the introductory sentence so that there can be no doubt as to the source. If it is necessary to qualify, do so boldly. When some recognized responsible person announces an important happening, or comments upon an event, or places a significant construction on some striking development, the news value is relative to its acknowledged authority. The recognized spokesman of a federal, state, or municipal government, or a person responsible for news emanating from any corporation, institution, society or similar maker of news, or a member newspaper, should be identified as the source of our information, and such identification should not be subordinated. A qualifying phrase tacked on the end of an announcement makes an awkward news item. Where a statement of authority is essential, it should precede the announcement. As a point of secondary interest, it may be carried smoothly as a new sentence, but not as a cumbersome tail to the sentence carrying the chief news. Do not permit The Associated Press to stand sponsor for a statement open to argument. Place the burden of proof where it belongs. Then, if it becomes necessary to carry a correction, repeat the source as carried by the original story. It is futile to attempt to fix the responsibility for error in a corrective way unless it was given originally.

B. 24—Speak of "downward current" to describe what has been popularly known as "air pocket." The latter term was invented by the aviators themselves, but is now generally avoided by them as not technically correct.

B. 25—It sometimes is important to fix the approximate time of a happening. "Early this morning" or "early today" is not always sufficiently definite when it refers to automobile accidents and other casualties which may have occurred between midnight and 6 A.M.

B. 26—Reports of new athletic records are of doubtful authenticity unless made at contests sanctioned by recognized sport-governing organizations, or where the time or distance is not officially vouched for by some local representative of such organizations. In all cases where such new records officially are announced, the date, time, and place of previous record should be included as a part of the story.

B. 27—Do not misuse the word "record." An ordinary gathering is not "a record crowd" nor does a speedy railway journey or airplane flight necessarily establish a "record."

B. 28—There is a technical difference between "bottled" and "canned" foodstuff. Where it is necessary to mention either in a news story, be accurate in your description.

B. 29—In advance and early wire stories dealing with conventions, refrain from naming the number of delegates present. Optimistic claims of interested persons should not lead us into error when the size of the attendance is an important factor in the situation dealt with.

B. 30—The text of a direct quote should never be changed. To eliminate qualifying phrases within a quote is unfair and dangerous. Whenever it is necessary to rewrite a direct quotation into indirect discourse, care must be taken that the full meaning is preserved.

B. 31—In the exchange of regional news among bureaus, eliminate anything not suitable for publication with credit to The Associated Press. When information is secured at the direct request of a member paper who asks that it be sent to him overhead, it should not be published credited to The Associated Press if it is neither suitable nor safe to become a part of the general service. Messages making such requests should be signed by the responsible editors, and the receiving office is charged with the responsibility of notifying the member so served of this condition.

C. Unbiased.—The Associated Press is a reporter of facts. It has no opinions. It neither supports nor opposes candidates for political offices nor aspirants for nominations as such. It is neither a protagonist nor antagonist of any issue. The staff, keeping this in mind, will exercise scrupulous care to make an unbiased presentation of all controversial subjects which may appear in the news reports. Avoid unconscious bias in writing. Strive to give each side an equal hearing. Those attacking usually produce more spectacular news than those on the defensive side of an issue. Give all the news, but make every attempt to give both sides fair play.

C. 1—Offensive designations or opprobriums applied by an organization to other organizations, or by one body of men to another body, become editorial expressions when used in our report unless they are attributed specially to the person or organization so employing them. It is not sufficient to place quotation marks around such designations or epithets to indicate that the words are taken from sources other than our own. To refer to a man as a "red" is to call him an anarchist, and frequently this designation is applied to men who are not anarchists in the full sense of the word. Avoid such expressions unless in each case we are clearly quoting the person responsible.

C. 2—When it is necessary to carry information from a source which, though trustworthy, must remain anonymous, vague credits which, in effect, amount to anonymous editorial opinion, should be avoided.

Extreme care must be observed in handling political subjects. Such stories must be absolutely nonpartisan. Party statements should contain news and be credited to an authorized party spokesman. Such statements, generally, when carried should have only a brief, formal introductory paragraph, with no reference to the contents except the necessary words of explanation. Let the statement speak for itself. In exceptional cases when they contain news of importance requiring an informative lead, make the lead conform to the actual utterances in the statement and permit no inference or deduction to creep in.

C. 3—Attention is called to the contest for delegates by various presidential candidates and correspondents should exercise extreme care in preparing or forwarding news stories regarding the selection of delegates. Claims of factional managers cannot be entirely disregarded, but they should not be used in any case where there is doubt unless the opinions of managers for all the participants in the contest also are obtained. In such cases the claimant should be specifically named. In handling figures in a presidential preference or other primaries, be sure that those we use come only from sources entirely reliable, and that the source is credited.

C. 4—Betting odds on elections or on chances of candidates for a political nomination are expressions of opinion that should be avoided. The same is true of "straw votes."

C. 5—In controversial matters where representatives of opposing interests are issuing statements, it is always well to join the statements or claims of the opposing parties in such a manner as to give them equal prominence in presentation. Otherwise, readers may be misled and the parties interested inclined to charge bias in favor of the side first mentioned.

C. 6—When distributing in advance a statement by the spokesman of any special interest, which statement is intended as an abstract of, or preface to, testimony to be given before a committee of congress or state legislature, or any body having inquisitorial power, be prepared to cover any cross-examination of the witness or testimony of other witnesses giving a contrary opinion on the subject under investigation.

C. 7—In controversial matters—such as prohibition enforcement, labor, religion, and politics—the source of an item should be brought out. Annual reports of various organizations may justify publication, whereas the same material made public without any particular reason or without any connection with a scheduled meeting, might savor of propaganda. In quotations from such, avoid saying that such and such a thing happened. Carry the explanation that such an announcement "was contained in the annual report made public today."

C. 8—Where the fact is not essential to the news of a story, avoid the statement that one or the other parties to an action for divorce obtained the decree. Refer only to the fact that the person in question "had been divorced" from so and so. "Statutory grounds" means nothing. If the divorce is granted because of infidelity, say so, but do not lug it in unnecessarily.

C. 9—Loose language in describing a particular style or size of newspaper may result in a wholly unwarranted criticism of all papers with similar characteristics. The trustworthiness, efficiency or degree of respectability of a newspaper may not be judged by the size or number of its pages, the measure or blackness of its headlines, or whether it uses illustrations. Any news item which reflects upon a daily publication merely because it differs in some manner from what has been accepted as a standard form is unfair.

D. Decent.—Faithful portrayal of day by day history of the world and its people precludes writing only of pleasant things. So long as human nature is what it always has been, much that is sordid and mean will need to be included. The highlights must have contrasting shadows else the picture will be flat. In this ungrateful task, strive to be decent. Decency is not attained solely by the use of inoffensive words; some of the most salacious tales are told in "purest English undefiled." It is the thought behind the printed word that is important. Prudishness is equally to be avoided. Tell your story without emphasis upon the vicious, and without vulgarity, but tell it with proper clarity.

D. 1—Do not glorify crime nor heroize criminals by giving a false glamour and thus exciting sympathy for a criminal or for crime. Coupling an incident possessing only regional interest with a crime that has attracted general attention gives the lesser incident a factitious news value. Transmission of crime news cannot be avoided, but each case must be held to its individual worth. Relay points should especially be mindful of this caution and not be influenced by regional excitement into overplaying a story for the general service.

D. 2—Crime stories or other dispatches in which ex-service men are concerned should not gratuitously bring in the fact that a man has been a soldier. The fact that a man concerned in a crime is an ex-soldier or an ex-sailor may be of no more importance than the fact that he is an ex-street car conductor. Disparaging reflections upon a church, a university, or any of the professions result from unnecessarily calling attention to the shortcomings of their members.

D. 3—In reporting trips of the President by train, the name of the road over which he is traveling or is to travel should not be mentioned, nor should any hour of departure or arrival or other details of the train schedule be given beforehand. A policy of keeping this information in confidence is followed by the government as a measure of safety to the President.

D. 4—Stories dealing with prohibition enforcement or violations of federal or state prohibition laws should avoid flippancy.

D. 5—It is bad practice to mention the age of a woman unless age is essential to the story. Keep out of the report stories of unimportant young women who may have become involved in trivial escapades. Never bring in the names of young girls under circumstances that they may be bandied about by persons who do not realize that such thoughtlessness may reflect permanently upon the reputations of these girls, or affect their future happiness.

E. Interest.—Reader interest sells newspapers; so it is important that those writing for the great number of newspapers comprising The Associated Press should strive to present the news in an attractive and interesting way. A simple narrative style is generally accepted as most effective for this purpose. So-called "fine writing" usually defeats its own end. Above all, clarity is desired. Despite the theory that the demand for speed precludes giving to newspaper writing what may be termed a literary flavor, many of the products of our staff have received noteworthy commendation for that characteristic. Often a striking word or a well-turned phrase will lift a story out of the ordinary classification. Some stories tell themselves, and such may be spoiled by an attempt to "paint the lily."

Long and involved introductory sentences, even if perfectly understandable, tend to tire the reader and distract his attention; he cannot "see the woods for the trees." Strive for perfection; whether it is attained or not, the effort will bring personal gratification.

E. 1—Human interest stories, so-called, should be true, current, not exaggerated, and of an interesting flavor. Confine such features to actual news happenings; tell them true to facts, so that they may be published without bringing denials in the locality to which they are credited; let them be clean and not require home-flavor to make them amusing; then members everywhere will welcome them as brightening up their pages.

E. 2—Stories of scientific achievements or medical discoveries always are interesting if well told. Technical terms should be avoided where possible, and the story should be written so that it may be understood by the lay-reader. Avoid exaggeration and unwarranted deduction. The news is in the achievement itself. Tell this clearly and let the reader draw his own conclusion as to what the result may be.

E. 3—News of the death of persons who have been prominent in the public mind, whether through noteworthy achievement, personal characteristics, or even notoriety, is always interesting. If the first announcement is made in the day report, the death should also briefly be recorded in the night report, and the converse is true. A very large number of biographical sketches are available to the newspaper members of The Associated Press to be used in connection with the announcement of the death of the subject. To make certain that this important class of news always will be available to both the evening and morning papers, the story carrying news of the death of such a personage, should also carry a line requesting editors to ''take in the biographical sketch No. ——.'' News stories of the death of persons prominent in a state or region may run to greater length than will be necessary for the general service. These should be briefed, in skeleton form, for use elsewhere. Thus we will inform the country at large of such deaths without at the same time burdening our wires with matter of no great general importance.

The Associated Press has also developed a news photographic service. News pictures of important events happening throughout the world are transmitted by telegraph (the telephoto process) or by air mail, and thus are made available to the newspapers while the interest is at its height. Illustrated features for the various departments of a newspaper are now regularly supplied since The Associated Press expanded its service.

The United Press, which unlike The Associated Press is a private organization and sells its news direct to clients at specified prices, serves 1,170 newspapers[3] in this and other countries. The International News Service, owned by William Randolph Hearst, serves about 400 newspapers.

These organizations have linked up the news sources of the world, and have been an important factor in making the newspaper the marvel it is.

[3] ''United Press Manual,'' 1929.

CHAPTER IV

PRELIMINARY STEPS IN NEWS WRITING

Acquiring a technique.—The aim of the preceding chapters has been to acquaint the student with the newspaper chiefly from the point of view of those who direct and manage its publication. This information, it is believed, will prove of value to those students who are thinking of entering the newspaper profession. It was not intended, however, to give more than the essentials of such information, as the feeding of the student with knowledge of the newspaper and newspaper making is not the primary concern of this book. Rather, it seeks to make the student creative, or at least productive. To enable him to attain this end he must be given all the aid possible toward the development of a technique—that is, a way or method of collecting and writing news that will produce the desired result. A familiarity with, and understanding of, newspaper technique based on the successful practice of others, coupled with constant and earnest attempts of his own, should shorten the path he is following, save him from much groping and floundering, and eventually lead him to a technique of his own.

No more pointed discussion of what a young man or woman may do to attain success in the news field was perhaps ever given than the address of Henry Justin Smith, managing editor of THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, and author of that newspaper classic, "Deadlines," delivered before the Joseph Medill School of Journalism, Northwestern University, Chicago, on November 3, 1921. Mr. Smith spoke on the subject, "It's the Way It's Written." We quote, in part:

"How to become a good newspaper writer!

"Oh, the solemn sermons, the reams of addle-pated advice, written on that subject! Oh, the vague and misleading instruction passed out to innocent pupils by some correspondence schools of journalism conducted by men who 'held high position on leading dailies!'

"While preparing this paper I asked a reporter of my acquaintance to shake up a prescription. He gave me this: 'First find out what are all the rules the paper has, and then break 'em all.' The remark was characteristic of him, and it didn't mean anything. I quote it simply for the grain of common sense underlying it. This is the fact, that a newspaper should not crush its staff with fatuous rules, nor should a writer permit himself to be crushed by them. The rules that do count are such as all leading newspapers have, like the one that in a 'straight news story' the principal facts must be stated first; like leaving most foreign words to the foreign language newspapers; like avoiding flippancy in connection with serious subjects. I recall that once when a sensational stock-market rise happened on the church festival of Ascension Day a man began his story 'On this, Ascension Day, most of the stocks on the list went up.' And this writer was a veteran in the business. Some veterans get funnier the older they grow. The right principles are founded not on priggishness but on good taste and convenience to the reader. You will soon learn them, even if you have not already done so.

"I offer you no set of rules, no easy guide to good writing. Instead, suppose we are sitting in the old cigar store on Newspaper Alley where so much shop is talked that the cigar dealer is getting to look like Lord Northcliffe. And let us talk—mainly about news writing, not editorials.

"To do any good writing you have to *care about it tremendously.*

"That is what leading opera singers, painters, golf players, poker players do. They care about what they are doing tremendously. They take no account of the flight of time, of exhaustion, of obstacles to perfection. They are so intent upon the perfect note, the long drive, the exquisite line, or the fat pot that excellence comes to them almost without their being aware that they are working hard. One hates to say it, but I am afraid comparatively few people bring to the task of learning to write well the passionate enthusiasm, the tremendous energy that are put into things like music or sport. It is so easy to write passably; so easy to acquire a fluency that serves. You are surrounded, too, nearly everywhere, by the spirit of doing things 'just so as to get by.' If you are not assailed by it in college, you are sure to hear it as soon as you are out of college. '"Get by"; do just enough; put over a good bluff; don't kill yourself.' You'll hear it: the great American invitation to mediocrity. The word mediocre means 'indifferent, ordinary.' There is also 'mediocre,' a noun, to which an odd meaning is given in old English, that of 'a young monk who was excused from performing part of a monk's duties.' Society will readily excuse you from yours. Society does not especially care whether you rise above mediocrity. It will let you trot along an easy path, if you choose one; and very likely, society itself being mediocre, for the most part, may pay you well, and even puff you occasionally in its puffball organs of publicity. But to the man who really cares it is a bitter fate to be ordinary. Better fail; better fail, drop out, do something else, than be a slack, dull, or slipshod writer. In the end, even if you have a good job, you are likely to hate yourself. I have heard of one very popular novelist who has 'got by' for years, and now he hates himself so badly that he's trying to reform; writes everything over six or seven times, trying really to write. It's hopeless. Mediocrity has him swamped. He didn't care enough to start with. The same thing goes in the newspaper business. It is full enough right now of white-blooded, faded, lackluster, and shoddy writers. Yet, generally speaking, there is a lot less bluff, a lot less tolerance of mediocrity in the newspaper business than in most others. You're in a keen-witted crowd; they label you; they see through you. They're not going to excuse you; and even if you don't become a drifter from one newspaper office to another, you'll drop to the class of men who are allowed to stay only because nobody else applies, or because they work cheaply. You've got to care tremendously about newspaper work to learn it; and you've got to put your back into this business of writing before you can master it.

. . . .

"We'll assume you grant this rather obvious point. But what are you to work at? Well, I should say, the main thing is to

"Write; write '*your heads off.*'

"Write all the time. Write whether you feel like it or not. Write whether you have anything to say or not. During this formative stage, write books if you please; or poems, or plays, or essays. Perhaps not a single piece will be worth offering to a magazine editor. I am not concerned about telling you how to write things that will please magazine editors. I am only urging you to give those literary muscles exercise. I am inviting you to get into the 'gym' class, with its literary springboards, parallel bars, and running track. Most writers at the start are mentally muscle-bound, badly coördinated. There are thoughts in their heads, but when the signal comes to their vocabulary to express these thoughts the result is stiff and self-conscious. The only cure for this is self-massage with one's own pen or typewriter. After you have written about half a million useless words there comes, sometimes suddenly, sometimes slowly, a mastery not only of words, but of sentences and phrases, that makes you a different being. It is like learning to swim or to navigate an aeroplane. You have conquered your element. From then on your personality, whatever that may be, goes on to paper unhampered, and thus exhilarated. Nearly all writers have had to pass this stage. Some reach it more naturally than others, and there are geniuses who—but never mind geniuses. There are also writers—some of them celebrated—who never acquire ease, but have to fight their way through a jungle of words to finish their task.

"One thing is pretty certain: If you confine yourself now to the exercises set for you in class, you will not be doing enough writing; and if, after you land that newspaper job, you write only the things the city editor tells you to, you will still be underexercised. Nobody is going to make a writer of you. Writers are self-made.

"Fifteen years ago I walked through the local room of THE DAILY NEWS about half past five in the afternoon. The room was almost deserted; but one desk-light burned, and before it a young man not long past his 'teens sat grinding out sheet after sheet of copy. I knew this chap was not on the late watch. He should have been off duty hours before. I looked at the copy. It was not news; it wasn't anything recognizable at a glance. There seemed to be bushels of it. So, a bit puzzled by this youth pounding away in the dusk, I asked: 'What's it all about?' He looked up smilingly, and answered, 'I'm trying to perfect a style.'

"What I have given you is a glimpse of Paul Scott Mowrer at the outset of his career. Today he is a Paris correspondent. He was one of those who sent home the most vivid stories of the great war; and whose style, whether he employs it upon 'human interest' topics or upon analysis of diplomatic tangles, is among the most brilliant, well-poised and flexible media of expression wielded by any journalist.

"I have in mind how another young reporter mastered his element. I don't dare mention his name, for he lives in Chicago instead of Paris. This youngster never got beyond high school. When I first heard of him his newspaper job was somewhere between that of a messenger boy and an assistant exchange editor. He cared tremendously about becoming a writer. He used to hover about when the reporters were talking shop, listening eagerly for any tip they might let fall about the way they wrote things; and he used to ask them how they did it. But none of them could tell him how they did it, and none of them cared much what became of him. So he had to invent his own way of becoming a writer. The first thing was to acquire words; a lot more words. He did this, not only by reading all the books he could, but by making a serious study of news stories and editorials. And whenever he came across a new word he noted it down and looked it up. Not only that, but he wrote sentences, hundreds of sentences, employing these new words in all sorts of ways, until the use of them became instinctive. It was almost like learning a foreign language to him. He grasped the idea that he had to learn English—or American, if you prefer that—he had literally to learn, just as though he had been acquiring Latin or French. This process went on until suddenly the city editor discovered that he had a cub who could 'throw words around like everything'; and the city editor used to let him write little stories, which often astonished the copy desk. Once, he tells me, he was making a special study of the word 'jettison,' and by the way of brightening up a little story of a lake storm he wrote that the passengers 'jettisoned their lunch.' But the copy desk was quick to tell him when his mastery of words led him astray; and he listened good-naturedly, and put what he learned in his notebook. As he progressed, he invented new exercises. He used to take long stories that he found in the paper and rewrite them in condensed form. And he used to sit composing headlines, although he had no idea of becoming a copy reader. But he knew that the squeezing of a twelve-word idea into sixteen letters was excellent practice in writing 'short and snappy.' Still another feature of his education was the writing of verse. He did not try to get anyone to print his verse; he simply used the practice to make his style firmer, more pointed, and more sparing of heavy phrases. He could sit down at the machine with a rush story in hand and stream off correct and vigorous writing faster than anybody else in the office; or, if ordered to write a 'freak story,' he had the words to do it with. And thus, from being a cub, he advanced to be a reliable cog, and thence to be a 'star feature man,' which he still is.

"I like to think of that youngster, toiling away at his simple sentences, going through his literary calisthenics, long after the rest of the staff had gone home, and there was nobody left but janitors emptying wastebaskets. I cannot help comparing him with other newspaper men I have known, who after twenty years' work cannot put together three sentences correctly; and with still others who say, 'I can get the goods, but the Lord knows I'm no writer.' These so-called go-getters are great, but there is nothing to prevent their being twice as great—except that they won't write, and consequently can't write."

Qualities needed.—Any attempt to sum up the qualities needed for the successful newspaperman of today shows that he must possess sturdy traits of character, plus a positive zest for the vivacious, stirring things of life. He should be alert, well-trained, industrious, willing, on his own initiative, to run down any tip that is promising, for it is often the extra effort that brings to light the hidden fact that will give point or real significance to the story. This zeal, however, must frequently be tempered with common sense, otherwise the young news writer will be tempted to attach to commonplace incidents an importance they do not possess, and embellish items in such a way as to do violence to their essential truth. Seasoned reporters are often possessed with this spirit of persistent romanticism and approach events that they are to cover with a preconceived notion of their importance which the facts, when obtained, do not bear out. If the romantic attitude lingers until the story is written, a highly colored account will in all probability result.

In the pages immediately following the details of composition, with particular reference to their application to journalistic writing, have been treated briefly, but, it is hoped, helpfully. This section is followed by a detailed consideration of the classified forms of news treatment.

Preparation of copy.—All manuscript handled in a newspaper office is *copy*. The more nearly it conforms to the copy regularly prepared by the members of the editorial staff the more easily it is edited and set in type. The beginner, therefore, should observe the following directions so that his copy will have a professional appearance and be easily handled:

Use soft white or yellow unruled paper, 8½ by 11 inches, or thereabouts.

Typewrite copy if possible. Most newspapers will accept no other. Typewritten copy should always be double-spaced; if written by hand it should contain space between the lines for corrections.

Write on one side of the paper only and set the typewriter wide, allowing only a narrow margin. Leave ample space at top of first page for slugs.

Put a guideline in the upper left-hand corner of the first page and your name immediately under it. Also slug and number each page. In some newspaper offices the reporter who receives the facts over the telephone from a member of the staff is required to indicate both the writer of the copy and the transmitter of the information, as "Brown from Smith."

Place the word *more* in parentheses at the end of each incomplete page and close the story with an end-mark (#).

Write "follow copy" in the margin opposite passages containing dialect or words intentionally misplaced.

Check names and figures carefully.

Do not write more than one short story on a single sheet.

Hand in only *clean copy,* that is, manuscript that requires little or no editing. It is easily handled, saves time, and aids in making the newspaper accurate.

Fold sheets once the short way of the paper with the written side out, and do not fasten the sheets together.

Details of News-Story Composition.

Writing the paragraph.—No one rule can be given for constructing paragraphs in journalistic writing, but the paragraphs in news stories tend to similarity in design and uniformity in length. They block off the facts or ideas into convenient units, thus making it easy for the reader to focus his attention on the separate points or items in the story.

The average length of newspaper paragraphs is from about 60 to 100 words, or from one to five sentences. Short paragraphs aid the reader by introducing through frequent indentation a generous amount of white space. They are also an advantage to the man who makes up the page forms for the paper.

Paragraphs in news stories are developed by grouping closely related details from the concrete news material. Though short, each paragraph is complete in itself and sufficiently independent to allow the editor, when faced with the need of space for his next edition by the pressure of fresh news, to lop off the story at the end of any paragraph, and still leave the shortened story complete.

Connecting devices, such as the words, phrases, and clauses commonly used to knit paragraphs together, are unnecessary in news narratives. The "lead," or opening paragraph, by introducing the main facts, usually whets the reader's desire for additional information, so that he will go from paragraph to paragraph as long as each adds fresh details. Furthermore, to insure this continuing interest, the most significant item in the various units is placed at the beginning of the first sentence of each paragraph.

The sentence.—The competent journalist writes with an acute realization of his reader's interest. His aim is not to make of his thoughts a "melody of ideas," but to get his facts straight and in the form likely to be understood. He never strives for subtleties of expression, the nuances of style that intrigue the littérateur. Instead, he adopts a straightaway form of expression that seems best suited to the reader's mind and imagination. If he succeeds it is because of his care in gathering his material, his insight into its inherent realities, and his faithfulness in reporting it. Students of journalistic style should concentrate on achieving a mastery of clear and effective sentence units.

Length.—The average length of newspaper sentences is from 18 to 20 words. Good writers adapt their sentences to their material. Extremely short sentences are suited to gay or quick-moving action; long sentences are most appropriate for the weightier matters. Note the following sentences from THE NEW YORK TIMES:

> The officer in command snapped out a word or two. The rifles leaped to the firing position, the barrels flashing in the sun. For a second they remained thus, poised as though aimed at a window high in the skyscraper opposite. Another word of command and a volley was fired. The reports gained volume in the confined space. . . .
>
> The caisson moved so slowly as to seem to be not moving at all, and the tramping ranks of the infantry and the sailors ahead had to be slowed to the pace of the black horses. The funeral trappings and the slow movement of the marchers seemed to heighten the impression made upon the onlookers.

These paragraphs contain about the same number of words, but the first, which deals with quick movements, has five sentences, while the latter, which describes the slow march of the cortege, has only two; nevertheless the paragraphs are in harmony.

Structure.—A sentence should be an independent proposition possessing unity, or oneness. To guard against violating unity the writer must not group two or more unrelated ideas in the same sentence, or shift the construction so as to cause confusion in the mind of the reader. Inexperienced writers frequently shift the construction by a change in the subject or in the voice of the verb. Avoid sentences such as, "The prisoner stepped from the taxi and was seen entering the station." Phrase your sentence from one point of view and let the parts all move in the same direction.

The internal arrangement of the parts of a sentence is also important if the sentence is to be clear in meaning. This relating of parts is called coherence. To make a sentence coherent the words that belong together must be kept together. Particular attention should be given to the position in the sentence of words like *only, alone, also* or *even.* In infinitive construction avoid putting a word or words between the *to* and the verb. The clauses and other elements of sentences should be related by proper connectives. These matters are discussed at length in books on grammar, rhetoric, and composition, and the student should cultivate the habit of referring promptly to these books if his sentences are faulty in their construction.

Variety.—Clearness is not the only requirement of newspaper writing. The reporter must strive for a pleasing variety in the length, form, and type of his sentences if his work is to be free from dullness. Nothing deadens the news story like beginning several of the sentences or paragraphs with the same words, phrases, or form of construction. The story should be as fresh and original as possible; it should also be simple, compact, appealing. To shape his sentences to meet these requirements in the brief time at his disposal the reporter must be alert and workmanlike.

Words and phrases.—Ever since the days of Charles A. Dana, when his brilliantly edited NEW YORK SUN was known, because of its excellent writing, as the newspaper man's newspaper, reporters have been urged to use a lively, vigorous, and picturesque style. They have found that readers want suddenly to become spectators of the events they read about, to follow by means of vivid details and characteristic actions the moving pictures in the scene, to grasp the meaning of all that happened.

Words and phrases are the chief means for giving point and interest to the news material. When chosen with discrimination they may be depended upon to obtain the particular effects the news situation demands. It is words and phrases that give to news writing those qualities so dear to the editorial heart; namely, vigor, vividness, economy. The reporter learns, then, to cherish words, and with Pater to seek "the one word for the one thing, the one thought, amid the multitude of words, terms, that might just do."

The active reporter has an excellent opportunity to develop an adequate stock of words. His daily routine brings him into intimate contact with men and women of many callings and trades. He mingles with them while they are at work and at play, and his first-hand association enables him to learn the language of society's varied groups. Especially has he frequent opportunity for contacts with those of broader experience and deeper knowledge. He hears the conversation and the public addresses of many persons skilled in the art of expression, and the demands of his craft make him ever eager to catch new and useful words, to note clear and exact phrasing.

The reporter must, however, use words sparingly. Newspaper space is valuable, and newspapers are read as a rule by busy readers who are not in a mood for rhetorical language. Each word used should perform a specific function, and credit belongs to the man who can make one word do where other writers would require several. This use of single words to get the desired effect is sometimes relatively easy. "Married," for example, is better than "united in marriage" or "joined in the bonds of holy matrimony." "The excitement increased in the last half" is better than "there was an increase in the excitement," etc. The wife of Dr. Smith is simply Mrs. Smith, not "Mrs. Dr. Smith." A man "78 years old" is better than "an old man 78 years of age." "At an early hour this morning" can better be written "early this morning." And then there are a host of adjectives such as *well-known, prominent, blushing, crisp, beautiful,* and the like that can be so easily dispensed with. The same is true of such words and phrases as *very, large, a number of, about,* and so forth.

Idioms.—The easy, conversational style of language used by persons who speak and write correctly is well suited to news writing. This is in keeping with the fact that a newspaper must partake of the character of the times. The best vigorous English of the present day often involves a certain use of good colloquialism and a liberal use of idioms. Idiomatic expressions will be recognized by students as being peculiar to the language, but well established by usage. Idioms are not governed by the rules of grammar. Such expressions as *many a year, six foot tall,* are examples of idioms. They add strength and naturalness to language. Walter Hines Page once wrote, "For the difference between idioms and a Latin style, compare Lincoln with George Washington. One's always interesting and convincing. The other is dull in spite of all his good sense."

Be specific.—When a reporter is gathering the material for his news items, he should take care to observe the color, size, shape, and form of the objects he expects to introduce into his story, so that specific terms may be used. An excess of vague, general words results from an attempt to cover up a lack of definite information and is an evidence of failure to observe closely. For descriptive elements, wherever possible depend on nouns alone; that is, use nouns without the help of modifiers to define sharply not only the things themselves that you are writing about, but also their qualities. In this way vague and subjective adjectives, such as *adorable, beautiful, fascinating, magnificent, wonderful, impressive,* and the like, can be dispensed with. Verbs should be limited also to express as nearly as possible the precise kind of action that is taking place. Verbs like *walk, look, go, say,* should be replaced with verbs that convey to the mind of the reader most specifically the sort of action involved.

Synonyms.—Conventional news stories call for many synonymous words, for the main features of each story are presented three times. The contents of the more important news stories are given in skeleton form in the several decks or banks of the headline, in condensed or bulletin form in the summary lead, and in detail in the body of the story. Only by a skillful use of different words, as identical in meaning as possible to express the main ideas, can a reporter conceal this repetition.

The habit among newspapermen of inventing epithets to avoid repeating words has lead to many ludicrous sentences and served to bring reproach on the craft. Quiller-Couch refers to this form of "journalese" in his essay on style, and by way of cure for this says, somewhat facetiously, "In literature as in life, he makes himself felt who not only calls a spade a spade, but has the pluck to double spades and redouble."

Happily, there is a falling-off in the use of such words as "oval" for football, "dope" for opinion, "bluff" for pretense, "pep" for enthusiasm, "bag" for base. Discriminating readers deplore the use of such overworked words as "service," "sell" (in the sense of convincing people), "punch," "enthuse," and a host of words that cheapen composition.

Triteness.—Many newspaper men allow themselves to use the first phrase that comes to mind. This is a slovenly habit, for many of the phrases that come easily are trite expressions that have been used again and again until they are threadbare and meaningless. The young writer should examine enough of these hackneyed expressions to put him on the lookout for similar offenses in his own work. Such phrases as the following are particularly objectionable in a news story:

point with pride
view with alarm
brutal attack
news leaked out
nipped in the bud
fair sex
took the witness stand
cheered to the echo
launched into eternity
fatal affray
last sad rites
cut down in his prime
conspicuous by its absence
partake of refreshments
favor with a selection
was the recipient of
psychological moment
a state of great excitement
sumptuous repast
behind closed doors
everything went off smoothly
flee in scanty clothing
red-blooded men
grim reaper
long-felt want
hundred-per-cent American
an enjoyable time was had by all

Figurative language.—Figures of speech are frequently used to give journalistic writing clearness and force. Care must be taken, however, to use only such figurative words and phrases as take their place naturally in the structure of the story and add to the expressiveness of the language. It is a safe rule to avoid the too frequent use of figures of speech and to omit altogether those which are constructed with conscious effort.

Other details of news-story composition useful to remember are:

1. Avoid technical expressions and foreign words and phrases.
2. Use forceful verbs; prefer the active voice: especially avoid beginning a sentence with "There is," or similar weak structural forms.
3. Wherever possible condense your sentences by reducing subordinate clauses to prepositional phrases, and phrases to single words.
4. Avoid repetition. Many otherwise good news stories are spoiled by repetition, or "doubling back."

5. Be sparing in your use of indirect quotation; such usage tends to inaccuracy of statement.

6. Do not clog your sentences and paragraphs with formal connectives or words and phrases which are structurally unnecessary in news narrative, such as: *moreover, therefore, finally, on the other hand, in the first place, on the whole, of the nature of.*

Writing the Story.

Contents of the lead.—The custom of beginning a news story with the high points of interest follows closely the ordinary conversational method of telling the news. When conversing, people do not withhold the important facts about a new incident of which they have knowledge; rather, they say something important right away to rivet the hearer's attention and stimulate his interest in details. A similar method of presenting the news has proved convenient to newspaper readers and to those who have to do with the mechanics of getting the news into print. Busy readers can glean the news with economy of time and effort when the main facts are at the top, and editors and copy readers can readily grade it and lift the main facts into a headline. But something must be said in the interest of art, and while the skilled reporter tries to oblige, he tries also to give his story individuality and freshness.

The following directions may profitably serve the beginner in the choice of material for his lead, as the beginning of a news story is called:

1. Select the news fact most likely to interest or impress the reader, and bring it into bold relief at the very beginning.

2. Accompany it with such identifying details as seem essential to the creation of a real impression of what has happened.

3. See that your lead makes your story distinct from every other story.

4. In a lead for a big story work the first group of facts that you have selected into a climax.

5. Strive for simplicity of statement without loss of power.

6. Put particulars before explanatory matter. Omit minor details.

7. Avoid involved grammatical construction; keep your lead free from obscurity.

8. Do not be content with a mere news bulletin for a lead; make it the source of a current of interest into which the reader will find himself easily and naturally drawn.

9. The essential thing is to interest the reader right away, to make him feel that the story is about to relate an unusually vivid experience or present a really important subject.

Form of lead.—The form of beginning for news stories that seems to be favored by present-day newspapers consists of a short paragraph or paragraphs, the opening words in each sentence giving the main thought and the remainder of the sentence the qualifying details. Most leads begin with an account of what has taken place in one form or another, or with the name of the most important person involved, or both.

For example:

Washington, Feb. 2.—(AP)—Admiration and appreciation for the heroism displayed in the rescue of the crew of the Florida from the storm-tossed Atlantic January 23 were expressed to Capt. George Fried, of the America, today by both Houses of Congress, the Navy Department and the Shipping Board.

Major Carl Spatz and the army crew that flew with him during the record flight of the Question Mark will be guests of honor at the Progress Dinner of United Business to Aviation at the Hotel Commodore January 29 and will be welcomed on behalf of the city by Mayor Walker, it was announced yesterday. The sponsor of the dinner is the National Exchange Club.

—THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE.

Fire transformed a $4,000,000 architectural gem, the nearly completed Riverside Church at 122d Street and Riverside Drive, toward the building of which John D. Rockefeller Jr. was a large contributor, into a spectacular furnace last night.

The participial phrase, once commonly employed to begin the lead sentence, is no longer good form. The scene or time of the story, if either of these elements happens to be important, is often used to commence the story.

Departures from the standardized forms of beginning are frequently attempted, but rarely with conspicuous success. Too often the reporter who desires to write original leads indulges in fancy phrases. The result is generally unfortunate:

> Courthouse, Carmel, N. Y., Jan. 24.—Edward W. Browning, wealthy New York realtor, had his day in court, and Carmel, a place on the map through airing of a big case in its rural midst, got its fame today in a 35-minute session of the realtor's separation suit against his wife, the former Frances (Peaches) Heenan.

A special arrangement of the parts of the opening sentence (from a news story in THE CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER) may be more successful, as the following lead shows:

> A lighted match—
> A handful of dry shavings—
> A strong wind from Lake Erie—
> Then a towering flame lighted the early morning sky as $70,000 worth of seasoned lumber caught fire and Cleveland's seventeenth incendiary blaze in six weeks was recorded.

If a reporter has a first-class story to tell and plunges into it at once without regard to the "stereotypes" but with a sincere desire to get his story on the way, he stands the best chance to make his individual method of beginning succeed. Notice how the story, and not the phrasing, grips the reader in the following rather unusual lead of an excellent story from THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT:

> On Saturday night the line outside the undertaking chapel in Harlem was still there. Only now it was longer than it had been since the body of Florence Mills was brought there in the middle

of the week. It began for the day in the middle of the morning; it dissolved for the night at two o'clock on the morning of Sunday. There it was on Saturday before the stone building at the corner of Seventh Avenue and 137th Street, where a cardboard sign on the door said, "Remains of Miss Mills on view at one o'clock. 'The Family.'" There were no police there then because the crowd was small. It grew so fast that the doors were opened two hours before the cardboard's time. They wanted all to go in at once, but quiet-voiced young men at the door ordered that they form in line.

The lead for a feature story usually indicates the angle from which the story is to be told, or sets the stage immediately for interesting developments. A feature news story in THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE begins thus:

Five-year old Salvatore Maeniza's pretty young mother, Francesca, was happy yesterday. Salvatore knew it because she kissed him and told him they were going to see his father. Also she bought him a toy express wagon Salvatore had had his eye on for some time as it lingered miraculously in a toy shop window on Second Avenue.

The remaining paragraphs tell how Salvatore's father, suddenly appearing on the scene, shot his wife (Salvatore's pretty mother) in the presence of the lad.

Frank Sullivan began an interesting feature story in THE NEW YORK WORLD thus:

A human, touching story of the whole effort of a Brooklyn couple to improve their game of bridge came to light yesterday in the following advertisement:

"Couple living Heights section, mediocre bridge players, want to meet couple similarly afflicted, around 40 years old, object: improvement of game. Main 4307W."

Making contacts with editors.—Newspapers and news-gathering associations fail to get many stories that they would have been glad to publish had they been brought to their attention. Local papers will sometimes accept stories from young writers who have mastered at least the elements of news gathering and writing technique. Before submitting your first "copy" to a local newspaper it is always a good plan to make at least tentative arrangements with the news editor. This may readily be done by letter or personal call at a time when that executive is not being rushed by his duties. If the student gets permission to submit copy, he should not wait until a big news story "breaks." Bright little spot-news stories or feature items are most likely to be accepted. Opportunity given by a newspaper to young students to submit stories is a privilege, and should be considered as such.

Arrangements may be made with out-of-town dailies or weeklies to serve as special correspondent for them in your community. As a general rule permission should be obtained before filing a story. This is done by first filing a "query" at the telegraph office, and then awaiting instructions. In case of an incident with extraordinary news features, the correspondent should file a story at once, particularly if it is getting near the closing time. The query may take the following form:

> Post
> Philadelphia
> President's son in auto accident. One killed. Twelve hundred.
> B. F. Smithson.

Queries should be confined to ten words and sent at press rates, day or night, as the case may be. For morning papers queries and stories are usually filed at night at night press rates. If no space is mentioned in the answer, send the amount you specified. The "twelve hundred" refers to the number of words that the reporter has available.

CHAPTER V

NEWS AND FEATURE STORIES FOR STUDY AND GUIDANCE

ALL the news accounts in a modern daily may be roughly divided, according to the content, structure, length, and the like, into the following groups, which are first presented in a skeleton outline, as follows:

1. **Brief stories.**—Compact, well-written items, containing spot news, and usually confined to not more than 400 words.

2. **Informative stories.**—Longer accounts of the larger, more significant, or more dramatic events of the day. In this group are the "action" stories, which are written in narrative form, and the factual items, in which the material is presented in the familiar style of the straight news story.

3. **Descriptive stories.**—Pictorial accounts of both events and still objects that have news interest are used in newspapers. This type of story is usually accompanied by news pictures.

4. **Feature stories.**—Especially suitable for presenting "angles" or features of events, or the whole event from an unusual angle. They are fashioned after no particular pattern. Feature-news writing falls readily into four divisions: (a) human-interest stories, (b) interviews, (c) personal sketches, and (d) stories from the woman's angle.

5. **Departmental stories.**—Certain kinds of events require special reporting. Such stories appeal as a rule only to a particular group of readers and for greater convenience are segregated in most newspapers. They are pre-

sented here under (a) finance and markets, (b) sports, and (c) society.

These various types of stories, taken together as they appear throughout the pages of a newspaper, comprise for the most part the daily chronicle of the world's happenings served to readers in the press of today.

The nature and technique of the different classifications outlined are presented briefly in the following pages, together with illustrative material selected from several of the leading newspapers. In addition, a sixth group of stories of more than ordinary merit has been included under the head of "good" stories, the term that is usually applied in a newspaper office to stories which are talked about and remembered long after the expected life of a news story.

1. Brief Stories

Well-written brief stories containing real news are always welcomed in a newspaper office, whether produced locally or received by telegraph from distant places. Numbers of such stories are published each day in every large daily, and they are the principal means of appeasing the appetite for news possessed by the vast majority of readers. For every person who follows the deliberations of the League of Nations or Congress, or the adventures of Byrd or other explorers, there are scores who read and talk about the accounts of incidents or minor events that occur in a world more real to them because more intimate. The success of these little stories may readily be observed by noting the extent to which they furnish the subject-matter for general conversation and discussion.

Convenient for study.—The essentials of all news writing can be conveniently studied in specimens of condensed, newsy stories. Though simple in appearance and oftentimes insignificant, little stories when written by good craftsmen are not without certain elements of design, nor are they lacking in the special properties of style that mark good journalistic work. As material for student practice in determining news values, brief stories are also frequently useful, for the border line between what is worthy of being printed and what is simply trivial is not always evident.

The specimens of simple news stories used in this chapter reveal clearly the technical arrangement of their details, which makes them suitable units for the study of structure and style. The student should ferret out for himself, with the aid of the comments supplied by the text and the instructor, the mechanics of news-story writing, and then apply the same or similar principles to his own work if he wishes to master the conventional news-story methods. Practice in news writing, either by rewriting stories from news facts supplied in the exercises or by the teacher, or, better still, collected by the student himself, is essential to the mastery of successful news writing.

The first stories in Group 1 are examples of the simplest form of reporting. In each case an event has taken place and the information of the moment concerning this event is given in slender paragraphs as succinctly as possible. Whether the information is eagerly awaited by the public or relatively unimportant, it is given the same treatment, the aim being first to get the facts straight, and then to present them immediately in simple statements. This kind of reporting was used for a great many years by the Associated Press writers. It has been called "the presentation of facts with all the life pressed out." Pure news narratives of this type are not used much today except in cable dispatches, but they should be studied carefully by young writers, as they contain the basic elements of all news narratives.

The other stories in the first group are more nearly typical little spot-news stories familiar to modern newspaper readers. In these stories only the essential facts are given, but the reader is also given a brief but sufficient picture of the incident and setting. This effect is obtained by including a modicum of description and explanation, not for the purpose of dressing up the story, but to enable the reader to see the facts in their proper perspective.

KING'S CONDITION IS CAUSE OF ALARM

London, Nov. 23.—(AP)—It was announced officially today that there was a "slight extension of the mischief in King George's lung."

This bulletin on the King's condition was issued at Buckingham Palace at midday:

"The King passed a restless night, his temperature remaining at 101. There is a slight extension of the mischief in his lung, but His Majesty's strength is maintained."

The bulletin was signed by the King's physicians, Sir Stanley Hewett and Lord Dawson, of Penn.

There was a constant stream of visitors at the palace throughout the forenoon. Among the early arrivals were Dr. Friedrich Sthamer, the German ambassador, Frau Sthamer and Princess Louise, the Duchess of Argyle. The Duchess spent a short time with Queen Mary in her apartment.

It is understood that no messages regarding the King's condition have been sent to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Gloucester, in East Africa.

THROST ENTERTAINS AT FAREWELL DINNER

Fort Madison, Ia., Mar. 9.—(UP)—A few hours before he went to the gallows today, Earl Throst, a murderer, entertained all the other inmates of the condemned cells in Iowa State prison at a farewell banquet.

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die," was the slogan, as each one is doomed to be hanged.

The guests at this grim feast, which started at midnight while guards were preparing the gallows for the host, were William Orlander, Joe Williams, Roy Maupin and Archie Burns.

The dinner was arranged at the request of Throst, who was informed his last wish would be granted.

During the dinner as the hour ticked away the minutes, each bringing the host nearer his execution, he presided graciously. He told jokes and betrayed no fear of his fate.

When the meal was over, Throst said goodnight to all, and they returned to their cells.

At sunrise he walked out into the rain and before a little group of drenched witnesses paid the penalty for murdering Inga Magnusson, a school-teacher.

WOMEN RIDERS RACING FROM PARIS TO CANNES

(From the HERALD TRIBUNE Paris Bureau. Copyright, 1929, New York Tribune, Inc. Reprinted by Permission.)

Paris, Jan. 5.—Cantering down the snow-covered bridle paths of the Bois de Boulogne eleven women started a horse race to Cannes, 625 miles distant, this morning.

Snow was falling when Henry Pate, Under Secretary of State for Physical Education, gave the word to start. As the country to the south is experiencing even more bitter weather than Paris, a fortnight of hard riding faces the contestants.

Only ten women started at the appointed time, the mount of Mme. Marie Feraud having been delayed an hour by an accident to the motor truck conveying it to the starting point. Despite this Mme. Feraud is favored to win.

Among the starters were Mlle. Rachel Grossi, last year's winner, and Mlle. Hughette Villers, seventeen years old.

FEIGNED DEATH; SCARES ROBBERS

New York, Sept. 4.—(AP)—An old vaudeville actor, now a night watchman in a Brooklyn theater, feigned death today and saved the theater's week-end receipts from four gunmen.

Peter McCleane, 70 years old, was making his rounds when the men leaped on him as he passed through the orchestra pit.

Into McCleane's mind flashed a part which had called for his feigning death. He dropped to the floor so realistic in manner that one of the robbers said:

"I think you cracked him."

The four hurried away while McCleane ran to a window and shouted for help.

The safe holding between $10,000 and $20,000 was not touched.

MEXICAN PRESIDENT SAVES DROWNING WOMAN

(Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.)

Mexico City, Jan. 15.—Although not entirely recovered from a recent attack of the grip, for which he went to the noted thermal waters at Cuautla for convalescence, President Emilio Portes Gil did not hesitate yesterday to jump into a tank and save the life of

Señora Pedro Laguna, who had slipped down the side and was unable to get back to safety.

Señor Gil and his party were on a tour of inspection of the Cuautla baths and arrived in time to see Señora Laguna in distress and calling for help. The President, apparently, was the first to realize the danger, and in less than a minute had entered the water and brought her to the side of the tank. He was much applauded for his action.

Later, Señor Portes Gil arranged for the formation of a local committee to study means of putting the baths in a condition of greater safety.

The President returned to the capital last night and this morning was back at his desk in the National Palace.

CANAL SWIMMER BRAVES ALLIGATORS AND COLD

Panama, Aug. 23.—(AP)—Trailed by alligators and compelled to grease his body to protect himself against the cold waters, Richard Halliburton, the American author, reached the first gate of Pedro Miguel locks yesterday in a swim through the Panama Canal.

He hoped to conclude the journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific this afternoon. He swam 30,000 feet through Gaillard Cut yesterday, against the current running toward Gatun Lake.

An army marksman who accompanies the author along the banks of the canal kept the alligators at a distance. He shot and probably killed one of them.

When he reached Pedro Miguel lock the swimmer was greeted by approximately 2,000 persons. He was exhausted from the hard fight against the current, which during the last half hour rendered progress almost impossible.

Halliburton complained that even though he greased his body he suffered from the intensely cold waters.

ANNIVERSARY OF WILSON'S DEATH PASSES UNNOTICED

By Alfred P. Reck

(United Press Staff Correspondent)

Washington, Feb. 3.—(UP)—A single wreath of yellow jonquils, unmarked, arrived at the National Cathedral today to be placed on the tomb of Woodrow Wilson, war-time President of the United States, on the fifth anniversary of his death.

That wreath was the only evidence that anyone had remembered the man whom the world acclaimed a brief, few years before.

Earlier in the day two persons stood with bowed heads for a few minutes before the twisted bronze railing of the tomb. They were Mrs. Wilson and her brother.

No Others

According to the attendant in Bethlehem Chapel, where the Wilson tomb rests opposite that of Admiral Dewey, no other appeared to pay homage to the memory of the man who guided the destinies of this nation through the troublesome World War days.

On February 3, 1924, the news of Woodrow Wilson's death was flashed around the world. Glittering tributes poured in from many foreign lands and from all sections of America.

As twenty-eighth President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson was a popular and important personage. Even during the short months as an invalid, prior to his death, he was cheered and acclaimed wherever he went. Crowds flocked to his house on S. Street. Tourists in the "Rubber Neck" wagons gazed with reverence and awe at the house where the invalid ex-President rested.

Today only a few sight-seers read with indifferent eyes the plain inscription on the stone tomb:

"Woodrow Wilson"
"December 28, 1856, February 3, 1924"

Even the yellow jonquil wreath had not been placed on the tomb. It lay on a table in an ante-room. Attached was a florist's card reading:

"For Woodrow Wilson's tomb, Washington Cathedral."

There was no name and no indication of the identity of the sender.

Above the tomb on bronze shafts floated the first battle flag carried by American troops in France during the World War. Flanking it on both sides were Woodrow Wilson's two personal Presidential flags.

A few potted plants formed an evergreen row before the cold stone. Resting on top of the tomb were a half-dozen permanent wreaths that had been there for several years. One of these bore the star and colors of the American Legion.

But there were no fresh flowers, no recent tributes to the man whom many regard as one of the greatest of Presidents.

"No one, with the exception of Mrs. Wilson and her brother, came to visit the tomb today," the attendant said. "We have had a few visitors but none have inquired for Wilson's tomb.

"In fact, I had forgotten myself that it was just five years ago today he died."

A number of characteristics of brief news stories may be noted in the foregoing specimens:

1. The central news fact or basic information is given in each case in the opening sentence without waste of words.
2. In an important story such as that telling of King George's illness, the authority for the news is included in the story, direct statements in quotation being used.
3. Significant details are used to strengthen the impression. In the Wilson-anniversary story, for example, "There was no name and no indication of the identity of the sender."
4. Effective use of restraint and compactness increase clearness, as shown by the Throst story.
5. Elements of contrast are effectively used throughout the Wilson story, and emphasized toward the close by the exact words of the cemetery attendant.
6. Details suggesting danger arouse interest in the canal swimmer story and the story of the Mexican President.
7. Information about the weather stimulates interest in the case of the women riders in France.
8. The force of the short, direct statement is seen in the story of the old actor: "I think you cracked him."
9. Lastly, the student should observe the use of expressive diction, strict unity, realism, and complete absence of rhetorical expression.

Assignment.

1. Examine several good newspapers and select a dozen little stories in which events or minor incidents are well handled.
2. List the details of the specimens you clip that seem to make them good examples of effective news writing and

compare your findings with the detailed comments in the text.

3. Does a brief story answer Who, What, When, Where, Why, and How?

4. Which of the answers in question 3 appears oftenest in the introductory sentence?

5. Select a longer news account from a paper, and try to rewrite it as a brief story without the omission of essential facts or loss of interest.

6. Write a little spot-news story from facts that you have gathered yourself.

7. Find two examples of little stories badly told.

8. Rewrite one of the specimens you clipped for Exercise 7 and try to improve it.

9. Comment on the following stories:

(a) Two escaped convicts raced down the main street of this city tonight a hundred yards ahead of a score of prison guards armed with shotguns, while pedestrians dodged into doorways to avoid the shots fired at the fugitives.

The convicts, John Stacy and John Crawford, under indeterminate sentence from Chicago, were caught in the railroad yards. They escaped from the State's prison while being marched back to the cell house tonight.

(b) Weldon, Mar. 26.—C. E. Carter, of this city, drove out to his farm near Weldon Saturday, and on reaching the farm noticed two men sitting on the roof of a barn evidently watching the road for an approaching car. On seeing Mr. Carter they jumped off the roof. Mr. Carter drove up to the barn and looking under the barn saw the legs of the men as they ran to a nearby canebrake, into which they disappeared. He returned to Weldon and reported the matter to Deputy Sheriff Mitchell, returning to the farm with the deputy. The two men were nowhere in sight, but a search of the barn disclosed the presence of 18 gallons of whisky in half-gallon fruit jars, which Mr. Mitchell took to the sheriff's office in Halifax.

10. Write a 300- to 500-word theme on the journalistic principles that may be learned from study and practice-writing of little stories.

2. Informative Stories

The gathering and preparation of news is generally recognized as the first task of a newspaper. Editorials and features that amuse, interpret, or entertain are also furnished by most papers, but the newspaper reader's main interest is in the news. This interest is tremendous. Will Irwin gives a concrete illustration of this compelling interest:

"Most dramatically the San Francisco disaster illuminated this point. On the morning of April 20, 1906, the city's population huddled in parks and squares, their houses gone, death of famine or thirst a rumor and a possibility. The editors of the three morning papers, expressing the true soldier spirit which inspires this most devoted profession, had moved their staffs to the suburbs of Oakland, and there, on the presses of The Tribune, they had issued a combined Call-Chronicle-Examiner. When, at dawn, the paper was printed, an editor and a reporter loaded the edition into an automobile and drove it through the parks of the disordered city, giving copies away. They were fairly mobbed; they had to drive at top speed, casting out the sheets as they went, to make any progress at all. No bread wagon, no supply of blankets, caused half so much stir as did the arrival of the news."

News stories are informative. They bring to hurried readers information of current happenings in the form that suits them best. The mastery of the straight news story and closely related forms of reporting is the first step in a successful newspaper man's career.

Informative stories are here presented in two divisions, (1) narratives and (2) factual stories.

1. **News narratives.**—A news narrative may be defined as the immediate recounting of an actual happening or series of closely related incidents. As most news narratives present persons in action, they are often called "action" stories. The news writer should stick closely to

the facts, strive for unity of action, and write with an eye to the space limitations. Above all, he should work into a pattern details selected from events without allowing them to lose their qualities of reality or dramatic effectiveness. Good news stories have lifelike elements lifted from the actual situation that greatly add to the interest by supplying qualities of mystery, suspense, or novelty.

News narratives, should possess, as far as possible, the structural qualities of all literary narratives, such as (1) orderly sequence of incidents, (2) well-rounded situation, (3) proper relation of parts, (4) necessary pictorial details, (5) individualized characters, and (6) movement. Particular attention should be given to the presentation of persons, for the flesh-and-blood characters in the news are usually the center of the reader's interest. Good dialogue or direct quotation will add flavor and propel the story.

The following stories contain the elements of successful news narratives, and should be carefully studied:

BYRD LEAPS INTO SEA TO SAVE ONE OF MEN

By Russell Owen

(Wireless to THE NEW YORK TIMES. Copyright, 1929, by The New York Times Company and THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH. All rights for publication reserved throughout the world. Reprinted by Permission.)

Bay of Whales, Antarctica, Feb. 1.—The wardroom of the bark City of New York was a jolly place last night. The men of the Byrd Expedition were writing their last letters home. Mail was being stamped. In a few hours the steamship Eleanor Bolling, tied between us and the Barrier edge, was to start back for New Zealand. Nearly 400 tons of supplies had been put ashore in four days.

It had been a dangerous, herculean task. Commander Byrd knew the danger he faced when he chose this cove in the Barrier as the only possible place to land the heavy material after the bay ice broke.

It was a chance he had to take, with a reasonable probability of success and he took it. In a few hours the ships could have backed away from this ice wall, which in places had been crumbling.

There was a crunching jar which shook the ship and the City of New York heeled over to port with a sickening lurch. One's heart stood still for a moment. There was a cry— "The Barrier has broken!" and on deck men were calling "Commander! Commander!"

Men Amazed on Reaching Deck

As the ship reeled under them, those below in the City of New York leaped for the companionway. They could not see what had happened, or how serious was the break.

Were the ships overwhelmed by one of those massive mountains of ice which sometimes thunder down into the sea? Would the next sound be the rushing of water into the open hatches? Were we sinking?

Those thoughts swept through the minds of the men crowding at each other's heels up the steps.

They burst forth on the deck and for a moment were stunned by the sight which confronted them. The Eleanor Bolling was listed far to starboard, as if about to turn over under the crushing blow she had received.

Both ships, heeling in opposite directions, were being thrust out into the bay by a blow of irresistible power—a blow which tore ice anchors loose as if they had been straws.

A man hung on a rope from the edge of the broken cliff, swinging helplessly under a snow overhang. The head of another bobbed among smashed snow and large cakes which swept rapidly past the stern.

Byrd Fights to Rescue Man

A sorry figure in a gray shirt came running aft, and as he saw the man below calling "Come and get me!" he leaped the taffrail. It was Commander Byrd, anguished at the thought that one of his men was in that mass of swirling, jamming ice only a few feet away but utterly helpless.

"I'm coming, Bennie!" he shouted.

Two of his men grabbed Commander Byrd and refused to let him jump. Berkner and Petersen were tearing at a life preserver on the rail which they finally flung far out, but Commander Byrd saw that Bennie Roth could not reach it.

"He can't swim. I can get him. Let go," pleaded Commander Byrd. They held him all the tighter until he persuaded them that he would not jump if they released him.

When they let go of his belt he ran to the side of the ship, leaped across the wide gap between the two ships and landed on the Eleanor Bolling.

This time he ran aft, and before any one could reach him he had plunged down into the ice-filled water—water which chilled to the bone.

The men had tumbled up on deck from the forecastle where they had been eating supper and some one had shouted, "This ship is sinking!"

It seemed for a moment as though the Eleanor Bolling was crushed, so far over did she go under the pressure of the hundreds of tons thrust against her sides. The break had been exactly where the ship had been moored, where the fuselage of the big Ford plane had been lifted out only two hours before and where the ice was about twenty-five feet high.

The smash had been terrific and the tossing mass of ice and snow had shoved the ships far out until they were held only by the bowline. They moved a ship's length in a few seconds.

Seven out on Barrier's Edge

Benjamin Roth, an aviation mechanic, had been on the Barrier near the edge with Henry T. Harrison, the aerologist, who hung on the line over the edge, Frank McPherson, the chief engineer of the Eleanor Bolling; Elbert J. Thawley, second assistant engineer; Dr. Francis Coman, Frank T. (Taffy) Davies, the physicist, and a fireman named Boehning.

Roth had felt the ice sink under him and was hurled far out. As he fought his way to the surface, his only thought was whether the ice was over him, for if it was, he knew he would drown as he could not swim.

But when he came up, it was to find himself just outside the edge of the largest pieces which swept down on him and pushed him rapidly past the ship's stern. How he kept afloat is beyond his understanding.

By clutching at small ice cakes which slipped away from him and turned over, he sputtered his quick cry for help which was answered by Commander Byrd and then his head disappeared in the broken débris from the Barrier.

Commander Byrd could have reached him easily when he first tried to jump over, and life-saving is not new to the Commander. He has medals for saving five men from drowning. But when he did jump, the ice had floated between him and Roth.

Byrd in the Fight of His Life

The ships settled back to an even keel and it was seen that they were not sinking. Captain Gustave Brown, the skipper of the

Eleanor Bolling, had leaped aboard his ship so that he might manœuvre both vessels.

The men were anxiously watching Commander Byrd as he tried to force his way through the ice. He was lightly clad, for he had been in his room talking with Charles McGuinness, the first mate, and the water, below the freezing point, chilled by the greatest ice field in the world, swiftly gripped and numbed him.

Commander Byrd is a strong man, an athlete, but for the next ten minutes he fought the fight of his life.

Roth could be seen struggling silently but desperately as he went further away. The sun was in the south and so shone on the ice and water that it was difficult to see him in the dancing light.

Sometimes a dark speck could be seen in the midst of the slush, grasping at cakes which slipped from it, and then it would disappear and we thought he had gone.

Roth Freezes to Ice Cakes

It was heartrending to see Roth's brave efforts to keep afloat and be unable to reach him. His movements became slower and slower as he tired and his heavy clothing dragged him down.

He threw one arm wearily over an ice cake and managed to hold on, and just then another small cake came up on his other side and he threw over that his other arm.

His clothing froze to the ice and held him, and his numbed fingers, from which all feeling had gone, also stuck fast.

On the ship there was swift action. Joe Deganahl on the Bolling had seen Harrison fall from the edge and land on the ice cake. A plank from the Barrier came floating by and Joe had gone overboard, straddled the plank and started to paddle to Harrison's side.

But the current swept him out also and Harrison might have followed if a rope had not been thrown down. He grasped it and was hauled part way up, where he was stuck by the overhang.

So Joe tried to reach the Commander but failed and went past in the swift rush of water and ice.

It was not known how many men were overboard and those on deck feared that there might be some who had been struck by ice as they fell and were held under the ice cakes.

Boat Is Put Overboard

Anxious eyes scanned the débris covered water. A small boat was picked up by a dozen men and dropped over the side, where it landed right side up with only a little water in it.

Three men, one of them Hanson, chief radio engineer, who had on a lifebelt, jumped into it. It was nearly ten feet down to the boat, but with all their hurry they landed on their feet and did not upset.

The little boat was full and almost down to the gunwale when another man dropped into it. Hanson, immediately realizing that there were too many and that the boat would be useless and full of water in a moment, rolled over the side. It put off after Roth and on the way came near the Commander.

"Don't mind me, I am all right," said he, "go after Roth. He can't swim."

Byrd by this time had turned and was more and more slowly swimming back to the ship. He had been in the water almost ten minutes and his strength was nearly gone.

This water paralyzes and numbs the muscles and brain itself. It is amazing that he kept swimming so long. Only a man in perfect condition could have done it.

Those in the boat could not see Roth. The light, shining in their eyes, made a brilliant but obscuring path in which objects were lost. Men on the Barrier, working to get Harrison up, halted a moment and pointed to the far side of a big ice cake. The men rowed rapidly around and could see Roth holding grimly to his two cakes of ice.

"Take your time, fellows," he said coolly. "Don't run me down."

The men in the boat were much more excited than this plucky army airplane mechanic, who has become one of the best liked men on the expedition because of his thoughtfulness for others and willingness to help any one. They finally reached him and hauled him aboard.

He was so benumbed that he fell on his face in the boat and they had to lift him and help him to sit while they rowed back.

"I wasn't cold all over until I got out of the water," said Bennie. "But then I couldn't move. And the first thing I saw was Harrison hanging on that rope and it struck me as funny for some reason. But it wasn't funny for Harrison."

Just as the boat reached Bennie the Commander reached the stern of the Bolling. Hanson had swum around there to help his chief, if possible, but a rope had already been dropped over the rail and Byrd was clinging to it with all the strength that his exhausted and nerveless muscles could exert.

There was no feeling in his hands and it was all he could do to hold on as he was pulled up to the deck. He was helped over the side and to his room, where his wet clothes were stripped from him.

"Have they got Roth?" he asked.

"Yes, he is all right, Commander," he was told.

"Thank God," he said, and relaxed for the first time.

In a moment he lifted himself again.

"Are the others all right," he asked, and was reassured, but it was evident that he was still fearful that some of his men were unaccounted for and might be under the ice.

Sits on Ice Cake with His Shoes Off

Joe Deganahl had paddled his way to a big chunk of ice and had managed to crawl out on top of it. He took his shoes off for some reason and sat there calmly, with his knees drawn up and his hands folded around them, much as if he had been sitting on the floor at home, contemplating an open fire.

By this time the tension had relaxed to some extent and Joe's nonchalance amused even those who were worried that he might suffer from exhaustion, due to the cold.

A boat was put over the side from the Bolling and he was soon picked up and he and Roth taken down to the engine room where they were stripped and massaged until they were again warm.

Harrison had been all this time swinging from his rope. For at least ten minutes he hung by his hands and then Dr. Coman made a loop in another rope and dropped it over so that he could put his foot in it. He was comparatively safe then.

But those ten minutes had seemed ages to those who watched him quietly swinging there, not at all excited and shifting his grip occasionally so as to ease the strain on his hands as much as possible.

Elbert J. Thawley, one of the Bolling's engineers, put a loop around his ankles and while two men held him and two held Harrison he worked his way to the overhanging edge. The men above had dragged Harrison up until his head was jammed against the hard snow into which the rope had cut for three feet.

"Hey, quit hauling," he yelled. "You will push me off."

Thawley by this time had reached a point where he could lean far over and reach down to grasp Harrison's hand. He got a good hold, the old cancus grip of the wrist, and called back to those behind to haul away.

Exerting all his strength, he managed to swing Harrison out and up and hauled him to safety. He coolly reached in his pocket for a cigarette, lit it, said "Thanks," and walked away. He was probably the most unconcerned man of the lot.

Byrd had given orders that the ships be backed away from the Barrier as soon as all the men were aboard, and the roll was called to make sure that all were safe. When he was assured that nobody was missing he smiled for the first time.

"I guess you know who is the happiest man in the world," he said.

He and the others quickly recovered from the shock of the icy water and in a short time the Commander was on deck giving directions for unloading the remaining small materials on the New York but this he ordered done out in the Bay.

The whole thing from the time the ice broke until the last man was aboard had taken hardly more than twenty minutes, but it seemed hours to those who watched helplessly. Commander Byrd had taken the chance which had been forced on him by necessity, had seized the only opportunity for getting his heavy material ashore, and had won.

Byrd's Record of Life-Saving

The rôle of rescuer is not a new one in the career of Commander Byrd, who has to his credit four citations by the Navy Department for acts of personal heroism, as well as other citations for services above the call of duty.

Commander Byrd added to his laurels at the end of his flight in the monoplane America from Roosevelt Field, L. I., to Ver Sur Mer, France.

Bernt Balchen, a member of Byrd's Antarctic expedition, was at the controls of the America on the morning of July 1, 1927, when the plane landed in the sea with such impact that the landing gear was torn off.

Byrd was thrown out of the cockpit into the water. Coming to the surface, he called to his companions, who with their ears deadened by the roaring of the plane's motors did not hear him. Swimming to the front of the plane Byrd found Balchen entangled in the controls. Byrd released him.

The Commander then swam to the other side of the plane in search of his two other men, Bert Acosta and Lieutenant George O. Noville, whom he found preparing the emergency rubber raft to take all four ashore. Later Noville, commenting on the landing, said he estimated that their "chance was one in 200."

On May 15, 1926, on his North Polar expedition, Byrd succored three trappers who had been long overdue at Spitsbergen. One of the trappers had been missing since the previous Oct. 14, and the other two had set out in search of him three weeks after that.

Byrd; his pilot, the late Floyd Bennett; Russell Owen, THE NEW YORK TIMES correspondent; Cameraman Willard Van der Veer and a friend of the lost men flew from Spitsbergen in the expedition plane, the Josephine Ford, to make an aerial search.

They flew westward toward Foreland Sound, then to Miller Point, where in the far distance they sighted a human form emerging from a hut. A moment later two other forms were seen waving excitedly.

Circling above them at an altitude of 500 feet, Byrd dropped several tins of pemmican to which was attached a note saying that if they needed assistance one of them should walk to Kings Bay with a message.

The men waved greetings in reply, apparently signaling that they were safe.

13 ON PLANE WHEN ITS 3 MOTORS DIE

By Roelif Loveland

(From The Cleveland Plain Dealer. Reprinted by Permission)

At 4:42 yesterday afternoon Pilot Sam Taylor, pivoting on air above the Terminal Tower Building, headed his great Ford tri-motored monoplane back toward Cleveland Airport. The twelve passengers in the plane, hardened to air travel by reason of their twelve minutes of it, noted the maneuver casually.

Nobody noticed that motor No. 1 coughed, wheezed and died. Nobody but Pilot Sam Taylor.

He had picked up the twelve at Cleveland Airport. Each had paid $5 for an air tour of the city and didn't care particularly about rushing back. What they didn't know didn't hurt them.

Two motors left, thought Pilot Sam Taylor—two motors left to carry them all back to safety—the seven-month-old baby, and the three children between 4 and 10, and the eight adults with him. Plenty, thought Pilot Sam Taylor, and he stepped it up.

ANOTHER DIES

Motor No. 2 wheezed and coughed and died, and Pilot Sam Taylor's chin shot out a notch. He was in for a tough break. Still he thought he'd be able to make it with one motor, and he sat there, in the front of his plane, fighting his fight.

He thought: "Lord, it's lucky that this is a tri-motored plane. Never heard of three motors going on the bum. Often heard aviators ask what would happen if three motors went on the fritz. But three motors never go on the fritz. That would be too tough a break for anybody." And while he thought these thoughts motor No. 3 coughed, and spit, and died.

No motors to keep the great ship from crashing. Nothing between the 2,200 feet which separated the ground and the silver wings of the plane but Pilot Sam Taylor, wearing an old blue overcoat and a felt hat. Old Man Taylor, with a white face and a keen eye and a heart that was a heart.

Motors Cease

The passengers heard the noise diminish—the roar of the motors cease. They looked at Pilot Taylor, and he was at his place. Coasting now, he was. Coasting down to earth. Cruising around in the air looking for a place to land. Knew there was no place he could go. Yet he kept on looking. Down he went.

"It'll have to be perfect," thought Pilot Taylor. "It'll have to be a three-point landing. She'll have to hit on her wheels and the skid at the same moment. It'll have to be good."

Now he was fish-tailing—swinging the tail of his ship back and forth, slowing it up. He had to slow it up—and his motors were dead. He saw it finally—a field of approximately 20 acres.

"It'll have to be a good landing," thought Pilot Taylor in the old blue coat. "It'll have to be the best landing I ever made."

He leveled out, skimmed over a railroad track.

He remembered that before he had gone up, a father put his two children on the plane, alone. The mother objected. G. G. Jury, local manager for the Stout Air Services, had said: "Oh, that's all right. They're just as safe in the plane as they'd be on the ground." And they were on the plane at the moment that Pilot Sam Taylor skimmed over the railroad track.

"Gotta be good," said Taylor. "Gotta be good."

And it was good. It was lovely. It was superb. Maj. John Berry, manager of Cleveland Airport, said he never saw anything like it. Capt. Frank M. (Put-Up-Or-Hush) Hawks, who recently lowered the New York to Los Angeles record, said it was one of the finest pieces of flying he ever had heard about.

Down Safely

Pilot Sam Taylor, in the old blue coat, brought her down in a three-point landing three and a half miles from where her motors died. Brought her down in the only way she could have been brought down safely. Brought her down as gently as he would have brought her down if her motors had been humming.

She went through a fence—he couldn't help the fences. She went through another fence—but she was rolling evenly. She uprooted a small tree—but she was slowing up now, and the brakes were on, and Pilot Sam Taylor's jaw muscles were standing out, and his eyes were watching her.

She stopped at last, almost against the back of a house at 3414 W. 67th Street, and Joseph Rechnitzer came running out somewhat excited, and Pilot Taylor got up out of his seat and looked back at the kids and the rest of the passengers and said: "Awfully sorry, folks, to cause you this trouble, but the engines went dead and I had to come down, and if you'll wait just a few minutes I'll run into the house and get a bunch of taxicabs out here. It'll only take a minute."

Well, friends, they wouldn't let him get away with that, these passengers. One gentleman dashed up and shook his hand and said: "Boy, I'll go up with you any old time. When does the next plane leave?" And Sam Taylor grinned and he dashed across the field with his coat and his gray felt hat flopping as he ran.

Damage? The left propeller was bent, slightly. The leading edge of the left wing was dented. That was all.

"Beautiful," said Berry, over and over again. "Superb."

It isn't the policy of Stout Airways, Jury said, to give out the names of passengers. And it is the policy of this organization to dispatch a number of its men out as soon as any accident occurs. They were on hand shortly after the forced landing yesterday—ahead of the photographers.

They painted out the name "Stout Airways, Inc.," with black paint and told newspaper photographers they mustn't take pictures. They made plans to get the plane out today some time—it probably will be flown out.

Now this policy might have seemed more reasonable in an event of a catastrophe, but a number of spectators yesterday deplored the action.

"Paint out the name?" said one. "You ought to be proud to have it seen, with a fella like this boy flying your planes."

Well, maybe so. There was water in the gasoline, Jury said.

What happens when three motors die?

Tell him, Sam Taylor—Pilot Sam Taylor!

FIRE SWEEPS LUMBER YARDS

(From The Cleveland Plain Dealer. Reprinted by Permission)

A lighted match—
A handful of dry shavings—
A strong wind from Lake Erie—
Then a towering flame lighted the early morning sky as $70,000

worth of seasoned lumber caught fire and Cleveland's seventeenth incendiary blaze in six weeks was recorded.

This came yesterday when flames started by a fire bug—possibly the one blamed for the sixteen other fires—swept the yards and sheds of the Abbey Avenue Lumber Co., Abbey avenue S. W. and W. 19th street, raging from early dawn until after midday.

Another Fire Discovered

The blaze was the climax of a strenuous day for the fire department. The flames were hardly under control when fire was discovered in the shops of the American Shipbuilding Co., at the foot of W. 54th street.

This fire quickly became serious. It threatened three ships moored nearby, sent billows of smoke and showers of dangerous embers along the West Side water front and was checked only after it had done damage, estimated at $75,000, that may put the plant out of commission for some time and cost it huge sums of money.

Interspersed were many minor fires, including one which broke out in the home of a battalion fire chief who was resting from strenuous work Saturday night and early yesterday at the first of the week-end's series of fires.

Busiest in Years

The twenty-four hours ending last midnight were the busiest of the Cleveland fire department in recent years, according to Assistant Fire Chief James E. Granger.

"It was our biggest day in the type of the fires we had to fight," he said. "Practically all the apparatus in the city had a good stiff workout."

At the lumber yard fire a second alarm, a third alarm and then a special alarm—the highest that can be sent in—were sounded. At the shipyard fire a second and third alarm were sounded.

The Abbey avenue lumber yard is located on top of a high bank at the western end of the Abbey avenue viaduct. In front, in a small brick office building, was Martin Wisnosky, night watchman, who had made his rounds and found all safe. In a frame building adjoining a lumber shed slept Stanley Rossman, a driver. No one else was about, they supposed.

Conductor Sees Prowler

But, as daylight came, a conductor on a passing street car saw a man prowling near a long shed. The prowler looked about nervously, then disappeared in the shadows. The conductor went on, making a mental note.

A short time later a pedestrian crossed the bridge. As he neared the lumber yard there was a sudden burst of flame from the shed.

There is a fire station nearby. The passerby ran to give the alarm.

The dry lumber burned rapidly. A strong wind helped it. All available West Side fire apparatus was called to the scene and many companies from across the river.

For hours they fought. Rossman, the driver, left his bedroom in haste and, five minutes later, saw it go up in smoke. A stable in the rear was burned, and two horses and a motor truck with it.

WHILE SOLDIERS FIGHT

By Lester B. Sutcliffe

Note: The battle of Juarez was witnessed at first hand by Lester B. Sutcliffe, reporter for THE EL PASO HERALD, *who telephoned across the border a running account of the fighting from his headquarters in an adobe house which was under fire in the Mexican city. His description of the deciding phase of the battle is given herewith.*

Juarez, March 8.—(AP)—A rebel charge up Sixteenth of September Street to the Hotel Rio Bravo, federal headquarters, caused the collapse of the government forces defending Juarez today.

A squad of soldiers ran up that famed thoroughfare, undaunted by the rain of bullets from belching machine guns. They were followed by three or four other soldiers. And then both cavalry and foot troops charged toward the hotel.

When the fire became too intense, they hurried to the protection of jutting street porches and hallways. Never faltering in the spray of bullets, they continued their march on the federal headquarters. More cavalry, and more soldiers pushed ahead.

No one could tell whether they were federals or rebels except for the inexorable fact that loyal soldiers do not charge their own stronghold. The stream of rebels continued in the charge against the federal headquarters. The rat-a-tat of fire grew more intense.

BULLET HITS HORSE

Soldiers were dashing in and out from behind buildings. A cavalryman was suddenly precipitated to the pavement as a bullet pierced his mount. He jumped to his feet and scurried to cover.

Then, with a resistless sweep, the rebels carried the Barricases Hotel and silenced the machine guns that had poured a deadly fire into their ranks.

As the battle reached its peak, telephone communication between Juarez and El Paso was interrupted.

The battlebound reporter searched the skyline of El Paso. Across the Rio Grande, Americans, safely ensconced atop buildings in El Paso, were straining their eyes to get a glimpse of the fighting.

In Juarez the scene was far different and existence was fraught with dangers.

One lay prone on the floor, or scurried between protecting walls as bullets screeched through the streets. Peaceful El Paso seemed far away.

Then came the charge of troops through the streets as they sought out federal snipers. Halting again and again in front of dwellings and other buildings, the insurrectos, both afoot and on horseback, fairly rent the air with their cry of ''Viva, Viva, Come Out and Fight, You Cowards.'' They used spicier Spanish names in their taunts at the unseen federals.

Dashing Fighters

Cavalry and soldiers dashed up and down side streets in helter-skelter fashion. No one knew when their glistening weapons might rake the bullet-marked houses.

Stealthy lace curtains moved apart to allow those within to view the fighting, this in spite of the fact that an untoward move would undoubtedly mean a stream of fire.

The rebels, formed into small ''mopping-up'' parties, entered houses in search of snipers. The movement of troops abated, the clatter of hoofs on the pavement lessened.

A motor car dashed up the street with a white flag billowing in the air. The thunder of battle suddenly ceased.

The rebels had taken Juarez.

THOUSANDS PAY TRIBUTE TO BOY HERO

By Bess Furman

(From The Omaha Bee-News, February 28, 1928, by Permission)

In universal response to heroism that went straight to the heart of humanity, Omaha's thousands paid final tribute to little Melvin Robbins Monday afternoon.

Never before in the history of the city was there a funeral so large for a lad so small as 9-year-old Melvin, whose body reposed in a flower-blanketed casket, pure white.

Too large to be contained in the confines of one church, even with every nook and cranny crammed, the crowd surged out to the street, covered the sidewalk, massed on all four corners of the Twenty-fifth and E streets intersection; filled a city block with blue uniforms—policemen, firemen and the motormen and conductor fellow workers of Melvin's father, Floral A. Robbins of the Fort Crook line.

Mother Present

Over that crowd, outside the church, inside the church, surged ripples of sympathy for a wan, wee woman—the central figure of last Tuesday's heroic episode, the central figure of Monday's sad, yet glorious, rites—Melvin's mother, hopelessly invalided at his birth.

Her every movement was evident effort. But Mrs. Robbins refused to stay away from the funeral of the little son who was fatally burned in helping save her from their flaming home at 4207 D street early last Tuesday.

As heroically as her two little sons had endured, she endured the grief of the funeral services, and of the last farewell at West Lawn cemetery.

Question Answered

"How could those boys possibly have got an invalid woman out of a burning house? How could they have taken her to the home of a neighbor?" were questions that hundreds asked when it became known that Charles Robbins, 11, and Melvin Robbins, 9, just school boys, barefoot, and with clothing flaming, had fought, through the coldness of a February morning, to sanctuary for the mother they had dragged through a window they had shattered.

At the funeral services Monday the thousands saw just how the boys saved their mother. For Mrs. Robbins, just a wisp of weight, entered the church supported on one side by her husband, on the other by a white-clad nurse, as she had been supported by her boys in their hour of heroism.

Slowly, slowly, summoning her slender reserve of strength, she moved.

Thus slowly the Robbins boys went through their awful ordeal of fire.

And the crowd audibly marveled.

"Who would have had those boys do other than what they did?" queried the Rev. Bert L. Story, in a funeral sermon that gave equal honor to Melvin, who died, and to Charles, now gamely struggling to live at Nicholas Senn hospital. And the ever-recurring theme of his sermon was the love the American lad bears for mother.

Mother Listens

Propped on a white ambulance cot beside the white casket, Mrs. Robbins heard. Her eyelids dropped over pallid cheeks. Only once did she give vent to her sorrow. When Miss Laura Person sang "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," Mrs. Robbins put a wasted arm about the neck of her nurse, and clutched her close. When she became weary, she was lowered to a reclining position. Her husband bent over her, all solicitude.

The services were simple. The 23d psalm. Two comforting scripture readings. A prayer for sustaining strength. A song. And that sermon stressing the glory of Melvin's going.

"My friends, we meet here to honor the life of a noble and heroic boy," the Rev. Mr. Story began.

"The city of Omaha was never more deeply stirred in its sympathy than when the news spread regarding the death of Melvin. The presence of this great company bespeaks your desire to honor him, and through him all others thus heroic."

Urges Sympathy

"No one realizes more keenly than I the utter failure of language to express what we feel in our hearts. Yet the few words we may utter may bring much comfort to the heartbroken mother and father. We must remind ourselves that this is only one of their very dark days."

Briefly he reminded his congregation that sympathy toward the Robbins family should continue to be expressed.

"We must not let our sympathy shown in public today mock us tomorrow," he said.

He spared the listening mother a vivid description of Tuesday's tragedy.

Spares Mother

"You all have read the accounts of the heroic manner in which Melvin gave his life to save his mother from burning," he said.

"I will not repeat the story. It breaks our hearts. We pause to honor such courage and heroism. We commend the teaching that produced it.

"No one would have had the boys do less. The American lad is a heroic lad. He attacks the inevitable and the impossible, willing to die for love of mother. Melvin has exemplified his courage and unselfishness. He did not think at the time of his act of being a hero. The occasion demanded that he be one, and he acted. This was equally true of his brother, Charles. There was no time for tarrying or parley. Inspired by the love of their mother and her helplessness, they rose to the highest expectation of friend or of foe. Of such heroism, such courage, such achievement is the kingdom of God.''

Service Closes

With the hymn, ''Lead Thou Me On'' the church service closed, and Father Flanagan's Boys' band, came forth in a strong expression of the tribute of the thousands who remained outside. The mayor and city commissioners attended that silent outdoor service, standing with bared heads. The county commissioners were there, all of them. The legionnaires were there. The street car conductors and motormen were there. They had marched from the Twenty-fourth and Vinton streets car barn in a long, long file. James Shannahan, president of the company, was marching shoulder to shoulder with one of his men, and Chester E. Porter, general manager, was marching shoulder to shoulder with another. The city firemen were there, remarking that of all the rescues they had known they had seen none to equal that of Charles and Melvin Robbins. And the police were there, quietly keeping the obedient crowd moving.

Because there wasn't room in the church for all the honor delegations, they all, with one accord, politely remained outside, giving their places to children, who wanted to hear of the Robbins boys; to old women, and to the disabled.

The same deference prevailed in the funeral procession. Drivers actually waited for each other to form in line. More than a hundred cars, dozens of them driven by uniformed motormen and conductors, joined in the funeral procession. The crowd at the cemetery was augmented by overalled laborers and by residents of the entire West Center district.

Taps Sounded

Beside the casket of Melvin, and the car bearing his father and mother, Father Flanagan's Boys' band sounded taps. The procession moved on, out of the cemetery.

But under its canopy the little white casket continued to rest as people filed past, rich and poor, fathers carrying their babies and mothers with toddlers clasped by the hand, paying quiet homage to a hero.

No Marked Curiosity

Little groups waited patiently for other little groups to pass on. When the driveways became clogged with cars, no one complained. They parked their cars where they were, and got out and walked. The hills were alive with people threading their way between graves.

"It is so beautiful that one can't express it," said Miss Marion Reed, art supervisor of the Omaha public schools, very softly. "No morbid curiosity. Just honor and reverence from the heart. Beauty in response to the beauty of the act of heroism. It was like a flame."

BANDIT LEADER IS RETURNED TO JAIL

By William G. Lytle, Jr.

(From The Pittsburgh Press, October 21, 1928, by Permission)

Paul Jawarski, whose six-year roster of murders and payroll holdups is a red chapter in the criminal history of Allegheny county, is back in jail at Pittsburgh, from which he shot his way to freedom in August, 1927.

The killer returns to the shadow of the electric chair, so sure in his own mind that he has no legal escape that he will not bother to appeal for a new trial on his conviction of first degree murder.

Jawarski's journey from Cleveland was on a stretcher on the floor of a baggage car. He is partially paralyzed from wounds sustained when he was trapped in Cleveland in mid-September. He killed a policeman in the Ohio city, before he was captured.

Allegheny county detectives under Chief George W. Murren stood guard in the baggage car on the three-hour trip from the Ohio city, making sure there should be no last-minute, desperate attempt by the bandit's friends to repeat the jail-break episode.

Traveling Fortress

The steel-plated railroad car became a virtual traveling fortress as the sleuths took their posts with machine gun, repeating rifle, revolvers, and tear gas masks.

At every stop, as the door slid open to admit baggage, the procedure was the same. Detectives Michael McDermott, Joseph Bodnar, Ben McWilliams, and John Geisler, formed in a circle, between the door and the prisoner. McWilliams, the machine gun expert, braced his back against the wall, ready to meet the powerful kick of the machine gun. The other men leaned forward, balanced on their toes, like football linemen ready to hold a rush.

The train arrived at the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie station at Pittsburgh at 5:35 P.M. The prisoner was placed on a station truck and wheeled to the rotunda, detectives standing above him on the truck. He was lifted into the county patrol in the carriage of the rotunda, guarded by a small army of police and detectives and taken to jail.

The jail doors closed on the prisoner—the same doors from which he emerged in August, 1927, running into Ross street, with a cracking revolver in each hand.

"What's the use of an appeal?" Jawarski said, en route from Cleveland.

"It won't do no good."

For three hours, the prisoner discoursed on expert marksmanship, religion and his philosophy of crime.

Doesn't Fear Death

A young Cleveland reporter leaned over him before the train started.

"Aren't you nervous, Paul?" he asked, thinking of the death penalty recommendation which accompanies the verdict returned against the killer here, on which he was to have been sentenced a few days later than the one on which he escaped.

"Hell, no," Jawarski said quickly.

The prisoner has a round face, with lively, rather sensitive features. He wore a black cap on the back of his head. A blue-striped shirt, collarless, showed above the gray blanket pulled up around his broad chest.

On the right side of Jawarski's forehead is a small brown stain, like a birthmark. Beyond this mark the skin is raised slightly. A slug from a riot gun rests there, unremoved since it pierced Jawarski's head when he was caught in Cleveland. Another slug is somewhere on the back of his head. Two more are in his shoulder.

Once Attended Church

The Press reporter asked Jawarski if he believed in God. The prisoner's mouth dropped, and hung open for a few seconds.

"I went to church every Sunday up until when I was 10 or 12. Then I got away from religion altogether."

Jawarski never really answered the question.

The bandit was asked if he would start out on a trail of robbery, if he had his life to live over again.

"I don't believe any man would take the same course, if he had his life to live over again. He would want something better."

The detectives asked Jawarski what he was doing in the Cleveland restaurant when the police came in.

"Nobody came in. I went out," he grinned with an expression close to pride.

The murderer was asked if he had any preference as to staying in Cleveland or being brought to Pittsburgh.

"It don't make no difference. I'd have gotten the same thing in Ohio."

Jawarski carries a fifth bullet in his chest. It was one of two fired into him when he held up a saloon in Sharpsburg several years ago.

The detectives told Jawarski that the man who wounded him in resisting his attempt at robbery at Sharpsburg is dead, killed in an automobile accident.

Denies Killing 26

"Too bad," the bandit said.

"That shows how I've changed. Not long ago, I would have said, 'It serves him right,' if you had told me that."

"If you were in the people's place, how would you handle a fellow like you? Would you send him to the chair?" the Press reporter asked.

"I'd probably feel the same as the people do if I was brought up that way," Jawarski answered.

"Hold-up becomes a habit the same as smoking a cigaret. I was stronger against this business than anybody before I got into it."

The murderer said he never killed 26 men, as he had declared five weeks ago.

"People asked me foolish questions, and I gave them foolish answers. You're talking like men now, and I answer like a man."

A detective told Jawarski he figured he had killed six—a payroll guard in Beadling in 1922, another at Mollenauer in 1926, a policeman in Detroit, a policeman in Cleveland, and a couple of others.

"I might've. I don't know," Jawarski said.

His face looked for a few seconds as if he were counting to himself.

Tells of Own Baby

"Anybody in my shoes would have done the same thing at Cleveland. I should have jumped into the patrol in which the police came and got away. Instead of which I run."

That was when they had him cornered in a restaurant.

Jawarski smoked cigarets constantly. He burns up 40 a day.

He tossed a butt at his feet, the end glowing.

"Step on it, Joe," he said to Bodnar.

"That's service."

Jawarski has a baby girl, Loraine, aged 10½ months. The baby is with Jawarski's wife in Detroit.

"I call the baby skabutchik."

"How do you spell that?"

"You don't spell it. You have to sneeze it."

At one station, Jawarski saw a man on the platform smoking a pipe.

"Can you shoot the pipe out of his mouth?" he asked Bodnar, nodding toward the rifle.

"I'd take it off half an inch from his teeth. I'm done for with my shooting. Forty-five's now. Those are bad things to monkey with, but they never failed me yet."

McDermott and Jawarski were comparing weight and height, both five feet six inches, both about 165 pounds.

"We may measure the same. But I'm a better man than you in one way, Mike," said Jawarski.

Boasts of Marksmanship

"I can shoot my 45 better than you."

"Why, we never shot together," said McDermott.

"I never heard of you killing anybody," Jawarski grinned triumphantly.

"Ain't you glad I got out of the jail? Look at the trip you got," Jawarski told the detectives.

The killer insisted John Vasbinder, who killed a man whom he could not panhandle for a quarter and who escaped with him, was not the companion who left him when he was trapped in Cleveland.

"Vasbinder is running a barber shop 10 miles on the other side of hell," he assured.

Jawarski returned again and again to a contemplation of his skill as a marksman.

"I could knock down 15 ducks in a row in a shooting gallery, shooting from the hip. One place where they gave a dollar prize, they put the rifles away on me.

"Tear gas bombs. They ain't worth a damn," he remarked contemptuously of the method used to drive him out when he was besieged in a Cleveland house.

"If a fellow is in a room, and takes a wet towel and wraps it around his face, he is all right."

The detectives asked the killer if he could run.

"How could I run? I got to walk first. Don't give me the chance, though."

SAYS HE'S BROKE

Some one wanted to know if the man who said his loot had totaled $250,000 had any money left.

"If I had any money, I'd be out some place where I could make use of it, instead of hanging around here."

Jawarski made that remark naturally, and without a trace of irony.

"Are they going to give my brother Sam a new trial in Pittsburgh?"

The brother is being held here in connection with the jail break.

"I never drank on a job."

"I worked Toronto for three weeks. I had the town in an uproar. When they write you up there, they give you three pages—pictures, drawings, and everything."

MANIAC HALTS SUBWAY RUSH

New York, Feb. 27.—(UP)—A giant maniac, gripping a curved eight-inch knife, put his back against a wall of the Times Square subway station last night and for 20 minutes held thousands of persons at bay, stabbing anyone who came within his reach.

Four persons were seriously wounded before John Kipp, a German immigrant, was blackjacked to the cement floor by two policemen, who said they never saw anyone take so much punishment and remain conscious.

It was the third outbreak in New York's subways in the last two weeks. A man was stabbed to death two weeks ago and last Saturday a 17-year-old boy scout died of injuries received when another passenger attacked him.

Kipp, 6 feet, 2 inches tall, broad-shouldered and muscled by his job of shoveling on a harbor scow, stood in the Times Square Station—the busiest spot in the world—turning the butcher knife over in his hands. Several persons hurrying in from the rain noticed the strange figure with the knife, but paid little attention to him, for so many strange sights are seen at Times Square that they have ceased to be strange.

Suddenly Kipp darted out and drove his knife into the chest of Nate Freeman, 15. The boy spun around with a cry of pain and Kipp slashed again, cutting Freeman in the arm. Then the huge German, jabbering in his native tongue, leaped back against the wall, flourishing the red blade of a knife.

The subway rush stopped. People pushed back, making a semi-circle about 30 feet away from Kipp. Women screamed; men whispered plans of attack. Occasionally a man or woman, unaware of the danger, would enter the subway and walk within range of Kipp's knife before others could shout a warning. Such a one was Leon Lavay, who was stabbed in the back. Again Kipp would dash out, hack swiftly at someone and then retreat. By doing that he stabbed Carl M. Thate in the back and cut Richard Enthrupp across the left hand.

So terrified was the crowd that it was ten minutes before a policeman was called. Then Thomas Sellett, a subway detective, and Patrolman Harry Schaffel pushed their way through the throng. They couldn't shoot, for directly behind Kipp, on another platform, was a crowd waiting for trains. Schaffel approached carefully as Kipp waved his knife. Then the German swung, the policeman dodged and brought his blackjack down across Kipp's right arm. The knife blade tinkled on the floor, and Schaffel brought his blackjack down on Kipp's head. Sellett joined in; again and again they crashed clubs against Kipp's skull, but the giant German stayed on his feet, flailing with his fists.

When he finally went down physicians said his skull was fractured.

At the hospital Kipp muttered:

"Just something told me—something whispered to me."

Most of the stories in this group of narrative accounts deal with few persons. They were selected for study because it is believed that the student is hardly ready to follow the complicated work of "covering" and reporting events in which great crowds take part. In several of the stories included here, however, the student will find swift action and a rising tide of high feeling. In each case the reporter has tried to present more than the colorful externals.

Mr. Owen's story of Byrd's jumping into the icy water to rescue one of his men is an excellent example of writing that is simple yet distinguished. The account is well rounded-out with vivid details. Everything is there. The reader visualizes all that occurred. He shudders at the thought of the icy water, he senses the peril, he is caught in the grip of increasing suspense. The student should notice particularly the simplicity of the language, the ease with which the writer passes from effect to effect, the complete absence of rhetorical expression. Here are no adjectives or polysyllabic words, no figures of speech, no straining for effect.

Mr. Loveland, in the story of the forced landing, carefully prepares the reader in the first part of the story for the effect that is to follow. Note how he increases the interest by revealing the pilot's thoughts as he contemplates the task before him.

Fires occur so frequently that it is unusual to find a fire story with the touch of freshness that characterizes the Cleveland lumber-yard story.

The Mexican war story reveals a reporter in action. Miss Bess Furman handles capably the story of the boy hero. The bandit story shows the results of a reporter trying to get at the underlying factors in a news situation.

Assignment.

1. From three good newspapers select the report of some striking event. Analyze each account and compare the results, noting the methods employed to produce the desired effects.
2. Analyze a narrative story, listing the details introduced and tracing their probable source.
3. Select a news story in which the descriptive passages delay the action. Rewrite the story and try to improve it.
4. Find a story in which the interest could have been increased by the addition of vivid details. Did the importance of the story warrant more space?
5. Find a story in which dialogue is used as a means of compression without the loss of totality of effect.
6. Find a story in which the persons are given distinct individuality.
7. Find a story in which vivid details are used to lend artistic value to the story.
8. Write a story of an exciting event that you have

witnessed and compare it with the newspaper report. Account for differences.

9. Write a 300-word theme based on your own experience in news gathering.

10. Write a 500-word theme stressing all the principles of news writing that you know, such as management of details, presentation of persons, handling the point of view, special properties of style that seem best suited to news narratives, and methods of obtaining the best structural effects in a story.

2. **Factual stories.**—The picture that a newspaper attempts to give its readers would be most inadequate if only life's comedies and tragedies were reported. People everywhere are interested in any new information that is likely to have a bearing on practical affairs. Even the best-informed men and women depend largely on the newspaper for information of current happenings. This makes it necessary to print daily a great many informative stories of the "factual" type, which contain a wide diversity of news matter, and range from announcements of meetings that interest only a few persons to important discoveries that may affect countless thousands.

The sources of material for factual stories are many and varied. Meetings and lectures furnish much material. In addition, modern enterprises of every character—governmental, commercial, industrial, educational, scientific, social, religious—maintain fact-finding and problem-solving departments, and the results obtained from the efforts of these researchers are eagerly awaited by the public. Much of this material is in the form of reports and statements or announcements made by trained workers. The reporter needs educational equipment to deal with this material, but he also needs a sure instinct for news. He must learn to separate quickly and with sure touch from a mass of raw news matter the items which may be counted on to appeal sharply to readers. He must be equally quick to disregard unreliable reports or statements advanced by either individuals or organizations for purposes of self-interest.

The reporter's task in practical writing of this kind is first to cull the essential facts and then classify, assemble, and present what contains news interest simply and tersely, including in his report such supporting details and explanatory statements as are necessary for clearness. The actual writing of stories of this kind is relatively easy.

In the opening paragraph the most recent or the most startling facts should be brought sharply to the reader's attention. This may be done by either a summary or a simple statement. The source of the information is also usually included in the lead.

The material for the rest of the story should be distributed by means of short paragraphs, each dealing with some special fact or group of facts. The more important details should come first, and the rest should be arranged in the order of decreasing importance. Familiar matter and doubtful information should be excluded. The writer will also do well to avoid such extremes as the inclusion of vague generalities or tedious details. A good journalistic style should be observed throughout. The following group of stories will help to illustrate the more important principles of informative news writing. As you read these stories make notes of the following points:

1. What sources of news for the accounts are indicated —a report, an interview, a lecture, a visit to a laboratory or plant?
2. The details which were presented in the opening paragraph and their capacity to arouse active reader-interest.
3. The length and construction of the lead.
4. The classification and grouping of details in the body of the story and the order of their presentation.
5. Other journalistic practices.

STATISTICS ON AIRPLANE CASUALTIES

(From The United States Daily, by Permission)

There were 1,062 airplane accidents in the United States in 1928, resulting in 368 fatalities and 322 severe injuries, it was stated February 26 by the Department of Commerce. Of these accidents, 390 occurred in the first half of the year and 672 in the second half.

Four causes of accidents are classified: Those due to personnel, those ascribable to material, others arising from miscellaneous causes, and those of undetermined and doubtful causes.

Data on accidents and analysis of their causes as compiled by the Aeronautic Branch of the Department are summarized as follows:

Causes of Accidents

The largest class of causes was that due to personnel. In the first half of the year, 46.74 per cent were due to personnel. The figure for the second half was 57.97 per cent.

Included in this classification were all accidents attributed to the pilot's use of poor judgment, employment of poor technique, disobedience of orders, carelessness or negligence, miscellaneous and other causes due to the supervisory or other personnel.

Poor technique on the part of the pilot was blamed for 22.95 per cent of all accidents from January to July, and 29.80 per cent of all accidents from July to January 1, 1929. Other percentages for the two periods were, respectively, error of judgment, 8.45 and 12.64; disobedience of orders, 4.95 and 2.65; carelessness or negligence, 6.32 and 10.12; miscellaneous pilot's errors, .62 and .58.

Defects of Material

Of accidents due to material failures, comprising 22.35 per cent of the causes of all accidents during the first six months of the year and 20.46 per cent in the second half, roughly about three-fourths of this class were due to power-plant failures in each period. The percentage of all accidents due to this cause was 16.59 in the first part of the year and 15.74 in the second half. A small percentage of accidents was caused from each of a number of structural failures, which were from the flight control system, moveable surfaces, stabilizing surfaces, wings, struts and bracing undercarriage, wheels, tires and brakes, pontoons or boats, fuselage, engine mount and fittings, tail skid assembly, miscellaneous and undetermined.

Miscellaneous Causes

Miscellaneous causes, including weather, darkness, airport and terrain and other causes, are blamed for 24.13 per cent of the accidents which occurred in the first half of the year and 12.12 per cent of those in the second half.

Undetermined and doubtful causes of accidents constituted 6.78 per cent of the causes for the first six months and 9.45 of those for the second, the Department reported.

A total of 349 of the accidents last year occurred to airplanes driven by unlicensed pilots.

Of the 1,062 accidents during the entire year, only 85 occurred to planes flying regular schedules from airway to airway, the Department announced. Experimental flights caused 49 accidents, student instruction, 134, and miscellaneous, 794.

ELECTION IS THEME OF GRIDIRON CLUB

(From The Baltimore Sun, by Permission)

Washington, Dec. 8.—The Presidential election, with ''hind sight'' comment, occupied the Gridiron Club and its guests at dinner in the New Willard Hotel tonight. In jest and song the famous dining club of Washington newspaper men held up to view the trials and tribulations of the campaign managers and candidates.

It looked into the future, too, for the benefit of Democrats and Republicans alike. Nor did the club fail to speed a parting President of the United States while preparing for the new.

''Shattered South'' Pictured

Before its guests the club paraded the deck of the battleship Maryland, which is bearing the President-elect Hoover on his good-will trip to Latin America, with stowaway Republican regulars bent on seeing that the ''pie'' goes to the ''old guard.''

It pictured the ''shattered South.'' It ''introduced a briefly tragic note'' when John J. Raskob, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, in the guise of Hamlet, delivered a soliloquy, as ''the melancholy magnate,'' on the ''brown derby.'' A ''committee of scientists,'' appointed apparently at the behest of Mr. Hoover, undertook to examine candidates for the next President's Cabinet.

Coolidge Heads Guests

A long list of distinguished guests, headed by President Coolidge, attended. Many of them were placed on the ''gridiron'' and gently or more vigorously "roasted." Vice-President Dawes and Vice-President Charles Curtis saw themselves as the members of the Gridiron Club pictured them. Other distinguished guests included Senators Glass, Virginia; Walsh, Massachusetts; Deneen, Illinois; Harrison, Mississippi, and Moses, New Hampshire, all of whom figured conspicuously in the campaign.

A terrible crash of breaking glass opened the dinner. Harry J. Brown, president of the Gridiron Club, demanded the cause.

"That, Mr. President," a member replied, "is Carter Glass being broken by Cannon."

Dixie Election Pictured

"Election day in Dixie, or the shattered South" was presented by Gridiron singers in the same vein. The cast included Senator Glass, Virginia; Josephus Daniels, North Carolina, former Secretary of the Navy; Chairman Raskob, of the Democratic National Committee; Bishop Cannon who led the anti-Smith Democratic hosts in the South, and "Old Black Joe," a member with blackened face and white wig. The chorus was garbed as Southern gentlemen of the middle of the last century, and "Kentucky Colonels."

At the conclusion of a song on the Southern States lost, Senator Glass announced:

"Gentlemen, the purpose of this lodge of sorrow is to find out what hit us. Grant was more magnanimous than Mr. Hoover; he left us our horses. Mr. Hoover took our shirts."

Scene Shifts to Battleships

Then, after several songs, the Democrats vanished from the stage. The scene shifted to the deck of the Maryland. An episode on the President-elect's floating home was given, entitled "The U. S. S. Maryland, or Peace and Politics in Panama." Senators Curtis, Moses, Brookhart and Watson were disclosed, dressed as seamen. They did a hornpipe and sang to the tune of "Sailing" the following:

"Sailing, sailing, through the Culebra slip;
Sailors we, all full of glee, to be on Hoover's ship.
Sailing, sailing, while the canal does foam—
Many a gob will want a job when Hoover gets back home."

The Senators had joined the crew "to keep an eye on Mister Hoover."

"The main thing," Senator Moses said, "is nobody shall find out we're here. Don't get found out, that's my cardinal rule in politics."

"I should think it would be after what happened to your 'hot stuff' letter," was Senator Brookhart's comment.

Dr. Work Appears

Dr. Work came in wearing a first mate's uniform. He wanted to know "what chance have you Senators" of going into the Cabinet. "None of you belongs to the European relief squad or the food administration gang."

"That's what we are here for," Moses said, "to put a little politics in Hoover efficiency and keep him regular."

The "Hoover board of engineers," to examine candidates for the Cabinet, were introduced. Instructions from the President-elect sent from Acapulco directed the board to pay particular attention to "ability to coordinate with my own ideas."

Two Candidates Show Up

The candidates appeared, one for Secretary of State and the other for Secretary of the Treasury. The first was Senator Borah, of Idaho, and the other, Andrew W. Mellon.

Replying to the question whether he could coordinate his ideas with those of Mr. Hoover, Senator Borah said:

"They will coordinate so long as his ideas run in my direction."

Borah's Head Examined

An examination of Senator Borah's head by a "phrenologically inclined scientist" showed that his "repressed ego was 13; political eccentricity, 77; economic fallacies, 23; imagination, 105; power of self-delusion, 89; power to delude others, minus 4, and political regularity, trace."

Mr. Mellon was recognized as the "scientist who was converted to the Hoover nomination hypothesis by Prof. William S. Vare."

Mellon Is Queried

"Dr. Mellon," one of the board members said, "assuming the possibility of Mr. Hoover's candidacy for another term in 1932 is represented by the index number 108 out of a possible 100, what do you think should be the ratio of reapportionment of members of the present Cabinet?"

"One in ten," was the secretary's prompt reply.

Some of the distinguished guests were formally introduced to the diners. A member of the club, speaking for Senator Borah when he was "introduced," said:

"Senator Borah says he regards Mr. Hoover as a noble experiment who must be worked on constructively."

A member of the club entered with an armful of books, announcing he had been sent from the White House to burn them, after President Coolidge had finished reading over the election returns. The books turned out to be "The President's private library copies of 'Have Faith in Massachusetts.' "

"Whisperers" Burlesqued

The "whispering campaign" was burlesqued when four members, with megaphones roared: "Down with Tammany," "Down with Booze," "Down with the Pope."

The effect of the woman vote in the election was dealt with in a skit presenting three members, battered and on crutches, husbands of women who voted for Hoover while they had voted for Smith. The men were out to organize a "League of Husband Voters to work for the Twentieth Amendment of the Constitution, giving husbands equal rights with wives."

Progressive Survivors Appear

"Survivors of the army of State Socialism"—Senators Norris, Nebraska, and La Follette and Blaine, Wisconsin, two of whom gave outward support to the candidacy of Al Smith and the third was anti-Hoover—came on the stage in tattered uniforms.

They resolved to maintain their "Progressive organization," although they had been deserted by Senators Borah, Brookhart, Frazier, Nye, Howell and Johnson, all of whom supported Hoover. They balloted for a leader, but each voted for himself.

"The three musketeers—all for none and none for all," declared Senator La Follette as they rushed from the stage "to save the country."

Raskob in Hamlet Garb

John J. Raskob, dressed as Hamlet, but with silk hat, cigar and walking stick, "the melancholy magnate," appeared on the stage to enact a scene at the closing of the Democratic headquarters after the election. The Democratic chairman unearthed a brown derby and delivered a soliloquy upon it.

Old Kasper and little Peterkin delivered a paraphrase of "It Was a Famous Victory," with the Hoover victory as the theme.

While Vice-President Dawes and Vice-President Curtis stood, a member of the club read 'The Dawes Decalogue," or "The Letter of a Self-Made-Has-Been to his Successor."

Two New Members Initiated

"Just between us, Charles," it began, "you are getting away to a flying start. 'Helen Maria' was my line, but 'too damn dumb' will get you just as far."

Two newly elected members of the club were initiated. They are Byron Price, chief of the Washington Bureau of the Associated Press, and George R. Holmes, chief of the Washington bureau of the International News Service. They were twitted upon their pre-election forecasts, which were noncommittal.

The Marylanders present were Governor Ritchie, Van-Lear Black, Matthew C. Fenton, Jr., Frank R. Kent, Charles M. Robinson, Stanley M. Reynolds, W. Curtis Smith, J. F. Essary, Judge J. Harry Covington, J. Max Cunningham and Joseph A. Blondell.

COLUMBIA PLANS $500,000 FUND TO AID STUDENTS

(From The New York Herald Tribune, November 23, 1928, by Permission)

The college student who does not have enough money to pay his way through college can look forward to better times. At Columbia University, where student loans will reach between $75,000 and $80,000 for this year alone, a plan is under consideration for establishing a fund of $500,000 with which to aid needy students. A program for three years, to culminate in 1931, is the financial proposal which the trustees are considering.

The big question in educational circles has always been: "Is it all worth while?" Should the needy student undergo the risk of borrowing, and should the institution take the risk of lending the money? Columbia has found that lending to the student is an entirely satisfactory business. The university gets more students and the students find that getting an education and then working is more convenient and more beneficial.

The yearning for an education which causes between 400 and 500 students to borrow money every year provides its stories of hardships, privations and numerous incidents.

The new plan will make this more convenient, and will supply the student with one large sum instead of several small ones. Columbia now has probably the largest student loan fund in the country, and the new system would of course place the New York institution in the position of a pioneer. A number of Greek letter college fraternities have larger loan funds, but these operate for all colleges in which such fraternities have chapters.

At Columbia the average loan is $128 a year. Many are as high as $500. Tuition for each term is usually about $160—$320 a year. The loan office rarely advances money to its students for anything but tuition and fees. Sometimes it lends money for room rent in the university dormitories.

"Medical, engineering and law students borrow the most money," Mr. McKnight says. "The specialized professional schools are, of course, the most expensive and require much time. And also, the student in these schools usually does not want to withdraw for a year at a time.

"About as many girls borrow money as boys in proportion to enrollment of eight boys to one girl. This coincides with registration in the university proper. Barnard and Teachers' College have their own student loan funds which take care of the women.

"We hope that in three years, or a little more, we can lend a student $2,500 or $3,000 to pay his entire way through college. It will be something like a scholarship. This plan is a new departure, but our experience has shown that the worthy student deserves all the help we can give him. We have had very little trouble in our loans. The students always pay back the money."

MIRACLE REGARDED AS SMITH'S BIG NEED

By Frank R. Kent

(Written Especially for THE NEW YORK TIMES, November 4, 1928. Reprinted by Permission)

The writer of the following summary of the political prospect, contributed at the request of THE NEW YORK TIMES, *is one of the acknowledged authorities on the subject. In many respects he is the foremost signed writer on current politics in the American daily and periodical press. He is the author of "The Great Game of Politics," "A History of the Democratic Party" and "Political Behavior," among other books, and he contributes regularly to the leading periodical journals of opinion on his subject. He is intimately acquainted with the politics and politicians of the present era and furnishes the newspaper of which he is vice president and associate editor—*THE BALTIMORE SUN*—with a daily first-page article on public affairs.*

As the fights ends, the real question is, Does the unprecedented and astounding registration, particularly of women, plus the extraordinary ardor and size of the Smith crowds, the dramatic nature of the Smith appeal and the vibrant character of the Smith personality presage a political miracle? Because that is what it will be if he wins.

The reason so few practical politicians believe in political miracles is because up to now none has happened. Noise and numbers during the campaign do not necessarily mean votes on election day. More than one flaming leader of the past with a crusading spirit, great gifts as a campaigner, most of the assets listed above, and large expectations, has found himself thoroughly flattened when the returns came in. It may happen that way with Smith.

Yet there are several reasons why the political miracle seems less unlikely this election than before. Of course, one is because for the first time in a long while the Democratic campaign is adequately financed. Instead of the fat cats of politics being all on the other side there is something like an even division. In the past one of the great difficulties about translating Democratic enthusiasm into ballots in the box has been lack of money. This time they have the money. It means a lot.

Appeal to Racial Groups

Another is the potentialities of the Smith appeal to the great racial groups which constitute so large a portion of the electorate—the Germans, the Jews, the Italians, the negroes—the possibility that, by reason of the way in which he has linked the Klan up with the opposition, he can combine these groups, usually Republican, with the solid support of the Irish Catholics, thus transforming his religion from a liability into an asset. It would be an amazing performance, a genuine political miracle. Except for the fact that Smith has been more or less of a miracle man in his New York political career, it would be absurd to expect it from him. Even then he would need more—even then he would need support, must have support—and support in large numbers—from the disaffected Republican farmers of the Corn Belt in order to make the grade.

Early in the campaign the clear-headed men in the Smith inner circle at the General Motors Building and the Biltmore grasped these basic facts. With his handicaps, plainly there were not enough Democrats and wets to elect him. Plainly the game had to be played with the racial groups and the agricultural West. The real under-cover strategy of the Democratic campaign has been along these lines. It is all very well to talk of tides and swings and shifts but as the time for the showdown approaches the practical fact is perfectly clear that the real hope for Smith depends, first, upon how effectively the appeal has been to, and the work done with, these racial groups; second, whether a certain George Peek, the semi-secret agent in complete charge of the Corn Belt job, can deliver the goods. Considering the fact that Mr. Peek received approximately $500,000 with which to work, he ought to be able to deliver something, though it must be admitted that in matters of delivery his record at Kansas City and elsewhere is certainly nothing to cheer about.

May Be Able to Do It

This about describes the real Smith situation. He is an extraordinary man. He has made an extraordinary campaign; he has the money and he has had the radio. It may be he can effect this unprecedented combination, hold the business support essential in the industrial East, and at the same time keep unbroken the solid South, which is, of course, a prerequisite in any calculation looking to a Smith election. Republicans contend that the performance required of Smith to win is an impossible one; that the sort of combination he has to make can be made on paper, but can scarcely become a political reality. To believe in it, they say, is the height of credulity. Nevertheless, unless he makes it a reality it is clear he cannot win. If he slips in any direction he is sunk. To succeed he must upset all normal calculations. Figuring his election from the table of electoral votes, without reckoning on an upheaval, of which there are no concrete signs beyond the enthusiasm and the crowds, is certainly not easy. It is necessary to solve every reasonable doubt in his favor.

For example, give him the 114 votes from the ten heretofore unshakable States in the South; add the ninety from New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Maryland; throw in the forty-three from Missouri, Kentucky and Tennessee, and the total is 247—just nineteen short of the 266 necessary for choice. To reach that goal he needs not only Wisconsin's thirteen but Minnesota's ten. They would put him over the line by the slender margin of four votes. In this list Smith has been given not only everything which, barring the aforesaid upheaval, can reasonably be claimed for him, but some—such as New Jersey, Kentucky and Tennessee—which are conceded by most observers as leaning toward Hoover, and several others—such as Missouri and Minnesota—which are distinctly debatable. Yet, if he loses one in the lot, he would then have to carry in the West some States even more strongly Republican than any mentioned. Should he lose two his chances of making up the loss would be negligible.

As to Hoover's Chances

Another way of putting the same thing is to point out that should Mr. Hoover lose New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Missouri and Wisconsin, Mr. Hoover could still be elected. It is possible to count 266 electoral votes for him without strain, leaving all these States out. But if Smith loses one of them it is a fatal loss.

Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered the Republicans are confident and the betting odds stick around four to one. If it were not for the conceded restiveness of the racial groups and the uncertainty resulting from the $500,000 Peek activity in the agricultural field, they would be heavier still, because, though it may be there, it is undoubtedly true no straw vote and no survey gives any concrete evidence of the tide toward Smith in which his partisans believe. Nor do they disclose any serious split in the majority party—always excepting the defections among these racial groups. In them lies the hope of the political miracle. Two things keep it real and robust—one is the memory of the extraordinary Wilson victory over Hughes in 1916, which was certainly the nearest thing to a political miracle that can be remembered; the other is that on election day in the precinct battle for the ''floaters,'' for the first time in many years the Democrats will be able to match dollar for dollar with the other side. In the matter of election day money in the precincts—which is the really important money—the Democrats next Tuesday will have at least an even break—perhaps, a little better than that.

HOOVER BEGINS ORGANIZATION OF LAW ENFORCEMENT COMMISSION

By Alfred P. Reck

(United Press Staff Correspondent)

Washington, March 14.—(UP)—President Hoover started the first concrete movement toward organizing the proposed law enforcement investigation commission today in an extended conference with two members of the Yale legal faculty.

In addition, it was announced that Charles Evans Hughes, former Secretary of State and one of the leading lawyers of the country, would arrive at the White House tonight as the guest of the President.

The announcement concerning Mr. Hughes gave rise to a rumor that he would be asked to head the commission.

Dean Robert M. Hutchins of the Yale law school, and Professor Chas. Clark, of the University legal faculty, were the first persons outside of official life with whom the President has discussed his plans.

Both were summoned to the White House. The President outlined the general plan of procedure and the scope of the investigation to them, it was learned.

Two other prominent lawyers will be consulted later before President Hoover names the commission personnel. It was learned that Thomas W. Shelton, of Virginia, chairman of the American Bar Association committee on judicial reform, and Henry W. Taft, of New York, also a bar association official, have been asked to discuss the investigation with the President.

Professor Clark has been engaged for the past two years in conducting a similar inquiry for the Rockefeller Foundation. Although the findings of his investigation are only half completed, they were submitted to President Hoover in today's conference.

Reports also were current that Clark might be given an important place on the commission.

Hughes' announced visit, however, created increased speculation on the commission personnel in face of reports that the former Secretary of State was not in a position to lay aside his private law practice and participate in an investigation of the scope proposed by the President.

It was understood that Mr. Hughes would be willing to advise the commission or the President, but unable personally to devote much time to the inquiry.

There is every indication the President will subject all proposed members to closest scrutiny as he desires neither radical wets nor radical drys. He has indicated that he is anxious to have the commission composed of persons with a knowledge of law, familiar with court procedure and with a capacity for intelligent investigation.

Present indications point to a commission of nine members or less. The President has intimated he is in no rush to select the personnel, although it was said the commission would probably be made up within the next two or three weeks.

As the inquiry and recommendations of the commission probably will be one of the outstanding achievements of his administration, President Hoover is proceeding slowly and cautiously.

800 REPORTERS AND CAMERAMEN TO COVER HOOVER INAUGURAL

By George H. Manning, Washington Correspondent

(From The Editor and Publisher, March, 1929, by Permission)

Washington, D. C., Feb. 28.—The inauguration of Herbert Hoover as President of the United States will be reported and pictured by the largest gathering of news reporters and news photographers that ever ''covered'' any assignment in this country.

With permits already issued for more than 300 photographers there will be cameramen—still, movie and sound—everywhere on the ground around the ceremonies and parade and scores taking photos from the air.

The press associations, special correspondents, and local men who have exhausted every known facility for the gathering and dissemination of news of great national events in Washington several times in the past will probably establish a new record in that respect.

To augment the force of cameramen and news writers on the ground, a group of staff men will cover the spectacle from the air. Many of this group will fly in service and commercial planes from other cities, gather their material and picture shots, and fly back to write their stories or develop their prints in their own offices.

Another group of four reporters, representing the press associations and one movie photographer, will fly from Lakehurst, N. J., on the dirigible Los Angeles by way of getting a colorful feature angle. The news men, with the permission of the Navy Department, will radio their copy from the sky.

Aerial photographers from all branches of the service will fly above the ceremony and parade, taking ''shots'' for their own use.

On the ground the pageant proper will be covered from four angles; the Capitol, where the oath of office is administered; the Inaugural parade down Pennsylvania Avenue; the reviewing stand, erected on the pavement in front of the White House; and the crowd.

The active news story starts when the President-elect and Mrs. Hoover leave their S Street home, accompanied by Vice President-elect Curtis, followed by a representation from the ''Hoover'' correspondent group. Stopping at the White House, they ''pick up'' the President and Mrs. Coolidge, the Vice President and Mrs. Dawes, and the inevitable group of White House news men.

At the Capitol, the real story begins. Copies of the inauguration addresses of both Hoover and Curtis will have been delivered to the press associations, and the texts wired throughout the world, to be held for release.

Although the allocation of press positions at the inaugural stand has not been made, it is the opinion of ''Jim'' Preston, superintendent of the Senate Press Gallery, who is in charge of press arrangements, that between 500 and 600 men will cover the affair.

The greater number of these will occupy the press section at the inaugural stand, file their copy on wires direct from their work benches there.

As for the picture men, a stand has been erected directly in front of the inaugural stand for their use. At least 75 ''still'' and ''movie'' men and seven ''sound'' photographers will ''shoot'' from this position, while a few will occupy a position on top of the Senate Office Building.

The moment the parade moves from the Capitol, and the last line of copy is filed, there is a dash for the Court of Honor, in front of the White House. Taking a ''back way'' so as to avoid the crowd and traffic, news and cameramen make their way to catch the parade as it goes by. The distance, in a straight line from the Capitol to the White House, is one mile.

Meanwhile, a little band of faithful ''Coolidge'' reporters and photographers will follow their old news source to the Union Station and back to the privacy and semi-obscurity of Northampton, Mass. Mr. Coolidge will go directly from the Capitol to the Union Station.

The first picture negatives will leave for New York at 1 o'clock while others are being telephoned at something like $15 a copy, first come, first served.

News machines will be barred from the route of march, although permission has been given the movietone trucks to cruise. Many movie and still men will be stationed all along the line of march, as will the reporters covering the parade.

Approximately 75 cameramen will occupy a stand, looking into the face of the parade, at the Treasury, while a like number will work on another stand in front of the Court of Honor.

With a few exceptions, the news angle will be handled entirely by men on duty here. The picture version, on the other hand, will attract more than 240 from out of town, and from places as far distant as Chicago. One movie concern is making plans to send 27 men to Washington to cover the inauguration. More than 75 movie men in all will cover the story.

Paramount and M-G-M will take advantage of the affair to record their first sound pictures, it has been announced, and Universal Pictures is expected to follow suit.

An added economy feature in the distribution of picture prints is to be inaugurated by the newsreel outfits, it was learned. They are planning to eliminate the old practice of chartering special trains, airplanes, and every known method of speed in travel to score beats, by the establishment of a dead line for the release of the movies in the theatres.

Airplanes will be used, however, in the shipping of still prints, and in long distance shipments of all prints.

By way of something new in press arrangements, both the city police and Federal authorities have left the entire matter of camera assignments to a committee of White House news photographers, asking only that the latter group vouch for and stand responsible for the entire picture phase of the ceremony.

As compared to the handful that attended the last of the Coolidge conferences, every interested correspondent in the city will be on hand the first time Hoover meets the press, with the view of determining, among other things, just what sort of a news source he will be.

The same thing holds true of the news picture interest. Every movie and still picture organization will augment its local staff.

In most instances the older White House correspondents and cameramen will be retained there by their organizations, although in some instances the men who covered Hoover through the campaign and later will be assigned there.

TELLS OF LATEST TYPESETTING MACHINE

By Howard W. Blakeslee

(Associated Press Science Editor)

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 6.—(AP)—Frank E. Gannett, Rochester newspaper publisher, told a hundred leaders of news industries here today that soon one man in New York may set the type in composing rooms of a thousand American cities, doing it by telegraph.

''And,'' he said ''looking into the future, it is not difficult to visualize the time when one operator, sending by wireless will be able to set type in any, or every city in the country.

''Now, turn on the motors and I'll show you something you never saw before.''

The guests looked at two typesetting machines which stood at one end of the room. A turn of an electric switch and these machines began clicking rapidly. They stood alone, robots facing their audience, with no human assistance close by, setting type by wire through the medium of a new invention named the Teletypesetter.

''The possible speed of the automatic method,'' said Mr. Gannett, ''is probably three times that of hand operation, and its accuracy is wellnigh perfect.''

A man stepped to one of the typesetting machines, picked up some of the type lines it was setting, doing so in a manner to ''jam'' its operation and stop the machine.

Instantly it seemed the robot which was feeding a tape seven eighths of an inch wide to operate the type-setting machine also stopped running and the tape became motionless.

A red light flared at the top of the typesetting machine and glowed until the artificial ''jam'' was set right. Immediately the machine began automatically setting type again.

''You see,'' said Mr. Gannett, ''we think they are fool proof so far as trouble from stoppage is concerned.''

He showed how the tape was punched at one side of the room which, for the purpose of demonstration, was named ''New York,'' and the code of this punched tape carried across the room by wire with electrical impulses to a receiving table where another machine reproduced an exactly similar punched tape, and then transferred it through a third machine to operate the typesetting machines.

''Questions,'' said Mr. Gannett.

Instantly a flood burst forth, mixed with comment.

''Can't we write our news directly in type and save time?'' was one question.

Mr. Gannett answered that this is feasible, and that men learn quickly to read code punches of the tape itself as they would read ordinary print.

''Must we scrap all our present typesetting machines?'' was another question, to which Mr. Gannett answered ''No.'' The teletypesetter, he said, may be attached to regular typesetting machines with an hour's work and the aid of two screws.

The teletypesetter in its present form is a product of three sources. Mr. Gannett years ago began looking for someone to help work out his idea that this accomplishment which he said he was told would be ''impossible'' could be made. He met Walter W. Morey, of East Orange, N. J., an inventor who has worked in nearly all departments of the printing industry and who had ideas like Mr. Gannett's.

Morey went to work with Mr. Gannett at the development and soon afterward forces were joined with the Morkrum-Kleinschmidt Corporation, of Chicago, makers of automatic telegraph printers, and there the teletypesetter was perfected.

The treatment of these stories varies, it will be observed, from the orderly report of the airplane accident without any names in it to the account of the newly invented automatic printer connected with a typesetting machine, which is presented largely through the medium of the man who directed the invention. Which method to you seems the most effective? The value of the story in either case rests on the significant information brought to the reader in an uncolored form when the interest in it is at its height.

The story of the plans for covering and reporting the inauguration of Mr. Hoover as President should be of interest to students because of the unusually elaborate provisions made for the purpose. The account of the meeting of the Gridiron Club, a difficult meeting to report, is capably handled.

To write good factual stories, it should be remembered, it is necessary to make full notes. The competent reporter keeps the following points in mind while note-taking:

1. He recognizes the important facts and ideas in the lecture, performance, or printed matter.
2. He gets enough detailed information to give clearness and emphasis to the important points.
3. He includes any important news facts in the attendant circumstances.
4. He records details that indicate the spirit of the occasion.

Assignment.

1. From three newspapers clip examples of informative stories of the factual type, and paste them on separate sheets of yellow or white paper, 8½ × 11 inches. (In this form clippings are more easily handled, and the space on the margin is convenient for making comments.)
2. Record in each case the position the story occupied in the paper.
3. Apply to the stories the tests in the outline preceding the foregoing group.
4. What seems to be the preferred length for factual stories?
5. Write a 300-word theme on the elements of journalistic style you find in the stories you have obtained.

6. Make a list of probable sources for informative stories on the campus, in your city, or in the neighborhood. Do not overlook recently published reports.

7. Bring to class notes that you think would make a story. Discuss notes with your instructor before writing the story.

8. After you have collected material and written two or more stories of this sort, prepare a 300-word theme, setting forth your experiences. Do not omit the difficulties you encountered.

3. Descriptive Stories

Almost every kind of news writing contains bits of description, and some news stories are little more than sustained descriptions. Generally speaking, however, description occurs in news narratives, where it is more or less incidental to the story. At any rate, the student should learn the value and management of descriptive elements in journalistic writing.

Description gives to news accounts of events a sense of reality; it is a sort of first aid in helping the reader to visualize the scene, the people, the action, and to sense the charged atmosphere of the moment. These sense impressions stimulate the reader's imagination and capture his mind. Professor Conrad says: "The mind has five avenues: touch, taste, sight, hearing, and smell. It is over these paths that the world comes into the mind, rolling and tumbling, sometimes, with all the disorder of a surprise attack; marching, at other times, stately and slow; then now and again it only trickles in over one of the avenues, while all the rest are closed."[1]

Methods of describing.—The writer of description is confronted with a difficult task. First of all, there is the selection of material. The news writer deals with an actual scene. He must collect details, usually a great many more than he will need. Then he must group the significant details, subordinate or omit the unimportant, and then by means of words so symbolize the scene that it will arouse in the reader's mind the desired effect. This is chiefly done by reawakening in the mind of the reader sense impressions, thus causing him to picture from his own experience the scene or event described.

---

[1] Conrad, Lawrence H., "Descriptive and Narrative Writing," p. 3, Houghton Mifflin Co.

The power of describing lies largely in the ability to use words that are suggestive and full of meaning. How is one to acquire this power in words? A thorough familiarity with the details of the scene or situation you are describing is the answer. Just as speakers find it relatively easy to talk on subjects with which they are thoroughly conversant, so do news writers find the phrasing comparatively easy when all the elements of an event are known and understood.

Description with narration.—There is a description of action and movement as well as of stationary objects or scenes. When combined with narration, description aids in the suggestion of changing scenes, or moving pictures, to the reader. Care must be taken to have the descriptive elements increase the vividness without slowing up the movement. Here, particularly, descriptive passages should be brief, and words should be used that match the action. Verbs and verbal derivatives are always useful in representing action. When the story is developed by means of conversation, the description may be broken up and many of the pictorial phrases put in the mouths of the persons speaking, or at least worked in closely with their remarks. This is the method used in short stories. It may be made to serve equally well in certain news stories.

Objectivity in description.—Description in news stories should be concrete. Generalization should never be allowed to supplant specific, vivid details. Give the reader the particulars and let him get his own impressions. Even those reporters using the by-line—who are permitted by custom to be subjective if they so elect—should avoid the use of generalizations, such as, "the stadium was a wonderful sight"; and descriptive words that are subjective, like *impressive, marvelous, colorful;* or phrases that label the writer's sensations, such as *greeted the ear, met the eye, could be felt.*

The student should read carefully the following stories and observe how skilled craftsmen have handled their material:

BRATIANU AT REST IN LITTLE CHAPEL

Florica, Rumania, Nov. 27.—(AP)—Six huge white oxen, led by fifty priests in medieval robes, today bore the body of Jon Bratianu from the funeral train to its last resting place in the little Byzantine church which the Premier built there himself.

In life the Dictator of Rumania moved among kings and princes, but in death he preferred the humble funeral of the peasant. His dying wish was that there should be no pomp or panoply at his interment, and his wishes were respected. Scenes attending it were suggestive of the simplicity and religious fervor of Biblical times.

TRIBUTE OF PEASANTS

Ten thousand reverent peasants bearing lighted candles, wooden crosses and bottles containing holy water came to town in colorful embroidered national costumes to pay homage to the veteran statesman who ruled the country through its darkest days of war and its brightest days of peace for 25 years. Along the route from Bucharest to Florica the railroad tracks were lined with peasants, who stood with uncovered heads and in prayer as the funeral train slowly passed.

There was something strikingly solemn about the procession, as with slow, labored tread the six oxen, which came from the late Premier's farm, drew the flag-draped coffin to the vault, while the mournful cadences of Chopin's funeral march echoed over the green hills of Florica and the devout fell to their knees in prayer.

Nature provided a sombre background for the ceremonies. The sky was heavily overcast with black, impenetrable clouds, and the earth was enveloped in snow. The cold, sunless day cast an eerie pall over everything. Everywhere were black draperies and emblems of mourning.

The family, relatives, political associates and friends of the dead leader marched afoot for three miles behind the coffin, from the railroad station to the old Bratianu estate.

Conspicuous among the great wealth of floral tributes was a wreath from the American minister, Mr. Culbertson, bearing a red, white and blue ribbon. Another came from Queen Marie and a third from Princess Helen.

Next to Madame Bratianu, the saddest figure at the funeral was Queen Marie, who only a short time ago buried her King. As she stood by the side of the late Premier's grave in robes of deep mourning, her tear-drenched eyes betrayed her poignant grief far better than anything else.

Marie Deeply Affected

She could not forget that there lay the man who stood loyally by her and Ferdinand for 35 years. When Madame Bratianu seemed on the verge of fainting, Marie took her tenderly by the arm, and with sisterly affection, led her away.

Another sad figure was young Prince Nicholas, whom Bratianu appointed to the regency which governs the country for the six-year-old King Michael, son of the exiled Crown Prince Carol. With his face thin and pale, the young prince stood close by his mother and Madame Bratianu throughout the ceremonies.

Those attending the funeral were struck by the many evidences of Bratianu's devotion to the memory of his father. In the little chapel Bratianu kept a lamp burning eternally at the foot of his father's tomb. In the family house, itself, simple and old-fashioned, the elder Bratianu's bedroom, with all its furnishings, was kept exactly as he left it. In the drawing room the most striking feature was the faded paintings of the late statesman's father and mother.

GIANT METEOR HITS VIRGINIA

(From The Boston Herald, by Permission)

Norfolk, Va., May 12.—The shock of a 20-ton meteor which crashed to the ground in an isolated spot in Nottaway county, 12 miles northwest of Blackstone, late last night, was felt for a radius of 50 miles, while the brilliant glare of the incandescent body illuminated the heavens over southern Virginia and sections of North Carolina.

The trail of light was visible in the city, at Richmond, and at points along the James river, creating general excitement among the negroes.

The meteor, composed of a metallic substance, crashed into a grove of oak trees with an explosive roar, some distance from any house, making a hole with an area of 500 square feet and burying several trees with it. Flames immediately shot up, which were visible for many miles, while trees caught fire.

A party of scientists and newspapermen immediately left Richmond and this city for the scene, which is 120 miles west of Norfolk.

The shock of the fall was felt at Lawrenceville, Petersburg, Chase City, and other points. At Lawrenceville, 100 miles west of here, and at Chase City windows were rattled and houses shaken.

In Norfolk the meteor appeared to be about half the diameter of the full moon and much like a street arc light. Its tail, of orange brilliance, with a sharp blue flame fading out at the extreme end, apparently was about 10 or 12 times as long and fully as broad as the body. It fell diagonally from the zenith and at an angle of about 45 degrees.

NIGHT FIRE SWEEPS RIVERSIDE CHURCH

(From THE NEW YORK TIMES, December 22, 1928, by Permission)

The $4,000,000 Riverside Church at Riverside Drive and 122d Street, under construction with the financial support of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and in which the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick hopes to realize his ideal of a communal place of worship "for all the disciples of Jesus," became a spectacular furnace last night, when flames swept through the building from end to end, feeding on a maze of timber scaffolding in the interior and on the incompleted 400-foot tower.

Although Dr. Fosdick, who is to be pastor of the church and who is now pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, the present place of worship of the congregation, described the partly completed structure as "an empty shell," and said it was impossible to guess the damage, Fire Chief John Kenlon estimated that the fire, which raged for two hours after its outbreak at 7:15 P.M., had caused $1,000,000 damage.

The church building was to have been completed in April. The outside of the nave, the roof and the front and rear had been completed except for the stained glass windows. Work on the 400-foot spire was well under way, with the steel framework and the surrounding masonry soaring daily. The interior, however, was merely a forest of planking, forming the scaffolding for the contractors' workmen in preparation for plastering. It was on this scaffolding throughout that the flames spread.

The great carillon, designed to carry out the beauty of the edifice, has not been installed, as the tower has not yet been completed.

Mr. Rockefeller, at his Westchester County, Pocantico Hills, home, received news of the fire by telephone from Harry Edmonds, director of International House, at 123d Street and Riverside Drive. Director Edmonds quoted Mr. Rockefeller as saying he was "very regretful."

Flames ate up the woodwork like matchwood, shooting a pillar of fire and smoke hundreds of feet into the air and showering sparks on the roofs of Union Theological Seminary and Columbia University buildings.

THOUSANDS VIEW BLAZE

Behind the lines established by hundreds of police reserves on Riverside Drive and on Claremont Avenue, 122d Street, 121st Street and Broadway, thousands of persons witnessed what proved to be one of the most spectacular blazes in the history of the city. On the New Jersey side of the Hudson River, thousands of others had a clear view of the fire. The police estimated that the number of spectators totaled fully 100,000.

It was a fight against odds that New York firemen have not encountered in months. From end to end, the stately Gothic structure appeared like a mighty cauldron. The delicate pointed windows on the Riverside Drive side of the building served as vents that sucked in the icy winds from the river.

At all of the nearest fire hydrants pumps roared defiance to the seemingly unquenchable furnace, throwing streams of water into the building. Many of the streams ended in a thin spray which quickly froze into tiny pieces of ice that were blown away in the streets.

Up into the lofty, partly finished tower the flames climbed, feeding steadily on the scaffolding and crackling in the wind, as if mocking the efforts of the hundreds of firemen, swarming around the great church.

Huge chunks of the burning timber fell to the bottom of the church nave from the roof. As those piles of firebrands collected, the main floor of the edifice became a furnace, burning at almost white heat.

Throughout, the steel framework for the spire and the masonry that had been set in place on the main body of the building remained intact. Under the terrific heat, however, chunks of granite were blown off the face of the building to the accompaniment of small explosions and were hurled many feet away.

Several masses of scrollwork and carved stone fell from the heated walls of the building, and one piece in particular, weighing

100 pounds, crashed down from the apse of the structure and precipitated itself through a second story window of the small Shipwreck Inn, a tea room on Claremont Avenue, directly behind the church. The mass of stone hurtled across the rear room of the frame inn, smashed a partition and came to rest in the front room.

About the same time, sparks flying high and furiously from the blaze ignited a Christmas tree in the sixth story apartment at 99 Claremont Avenue, next door to the inn. Firemen who had clambered to the apartment roof to fight the fire from that vantage quickly extinguished the tree.

Frisking wildly in the winds, the sparks from the blaze fell on the surrounding buildings, threatening them for a time. A small scaffolding on the Union Theological Seminary, erected in connection with minor repairs to that nationally known institution, was ignited twice, but as quickly as the flames took hold they were extinguished by the outer guards of firemen who had been detailed to combat any such threatened spread. . . .

Church of Great Size

The Riverside Church, as the huge edifice nearing completion at Riverside Drive and 122d Street is called, was the dream of the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, exponent of modernism, and of his principal patron, John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

The church is to be larger than any church edifice in America except a few cathedrals now building. Its tower is to be higher than any other church tower in New York, and its carillon, eventually to consist of six octaves, is to be the largest known.

The church was planned as a requisite of Dr. Fosdick's acceptance of the call to the Park Avenue Baptist Church in the Spring of 1925, after he had resigned from the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church following a fight that stirred the ecclesiastical world. Other requirements of the acceptance were that the Park Avenue church make optional the principle of baptism by immersion and open its membership to all Christians.

That these principles were to be borne out was suggested in the pastoral letter written by Dr. Fosdick to his flock from Germany last September, when he declared the church would be "in a peculiar sense communal" and announced the dropping of the word "Baptist" from the title.

Cost Set at $4,000,000

According to the plans announced in December, 1926, the church was to cost about $4,000,000. It was reckoned that sale of the Park Avenue property of the congregation would bring $1,500,000, and Dr. Fosdick at a church meeting announced that "a certain member of the congregation" has volunteered to duplicate the sum realized. It was an open secret that this member was Mr. Rockefeller, who also had expressed his desire to build the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Tower to rise above the structure as the principal architectural feature.

The tower, according to the plans of the architect, Charles Collens, is to be modeled after the tower of Chartres Cathedral, which graces the south side of the famous west front. This is the newer of the two Chartres towers, built more than a century after the more austere earlier one. Many other details of the Riverside Drive structure were drawn from Chartres and other Continental cathedrals.

The nave of the church was designed to seat 2,400 persons. Plans were made for bowling alleys, a basketball court, a theatre, rooms for the Rockefeller men's Bible class, choir rooms, robing rooms, locker rooms and kitchen beneath the nave.

ELEVATORS PLANNED FOR TOWER

The plans provide elevators rising in the tower to lead to executive offices, school rooms and social halls built in the twenty floors the tower was to include. At the top the great carillon was to be installed, some of the bells of which had already come from England and been set up in the Park Avenue church. The biggest bells, the bourbon being low C, were tested at Croydon, England, last April. The bourbon weighs twenty-two tons and is the largest carillon bell in the world.

From the tower the architect promised one of the finest views available in New York.

Work on the building began in the Autumn of 1926. On Nov. 16 the same year the cornerstone was laid. By last Spring structural steel work of the great nave and apse had progressed to the roof. The building was to be completed next Spring, according to the arrangement made with the Central Presbyterian Church, which purchased the old church property last April but was not to take title for a year.

HARLEM SAYS BYE BYE HONEY TO FLORENCE MILLS

By W. A. Macdonald

(From THE BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, November 7, 1927, by Permission)

On Saturday night the line outside the undertaking chapel in Harlem was still there. Only now it was longer than it had been since the body of Florence Mills was brought there in the middle of the morning; it dissolved for the night at two o'clock on the morning of Sunday. There it was on Saturday before the stone building at the corner of Seventh avenue and 137th street, where a cardboard sign on the door said "Remains of Miss Mills on View at One o'Clock. 'The Family.'" There were no police there then because the crowd was small. It grew so fast that the doors were opened two hours before the cardboard's time. They wanted all to go in at once, but quiet-voiced young men at the door ordered that they form in line.

Mostly these were colored people; a few were white. Mostly they were poor; their clothes showed that. They moved slowly into the chapel and down the aisle. There were old women, young women, pretty girls, children. An elderly negress complained from the steps that white people had come saying that they were from out of town and had been admitted, while "They push me out." Someone hushed her. This was the fourth day that this line had passed through the chapel. A white truck driver in a soiled leather jacket took the butt of a cigar from his mouth as he went in. A tall young policeman, his bright hair gleaming in the dim light, walked down the aisle, his hands on the shoulders of a little colored boy to whom he leaned down and spoke. Except for the sound of shuffling feet the room was still.

Thousand by thousand the people of Harlem were looking for the last time at Florence Mills. It was such a fleeting look. In the great copper coffin lay the figure of the little dancer, her dress silver, her thin legs in gray. Her dark, short face was a rounded square.

Candles Reflected in Copper

Two tall white candles burned above the metal coffin. One stood at the head, one at the foot. The melted wax had formed in corrugations down their sides. In the background were banks of flowers. A hundred thousand dollars' worth of flowers before the day was over. From all the world that knew her came the flowers by cable, by telegraph, by messengers direct from those who had selected their tribute with loving care. Hour by hour the thousands moved before them. They waited, slowly moving, outside the building in the cold rain of dreary morning; they were patiently going on through the clearing afternoon; they were lengthening their line through the cold evening under the stars in the sky above Harlem. At seven o'clock at night they extended through One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh street for nearly a block. And more were coming all the time.

Meantime Harlem was going on with its other life. It is the greatest Negro city in the world. From just north of Central Park up to the end of Manhattan, more than two hundred thousand Negroes are gathered in an unbroken community, most of which was to be crowded into the streets about the Mother Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church for the funeral on Sunday. Up and down Seventh avenue strolled the life of Harlem stepping a little more quickly as the cold wind nipped. People gathered in the theatres, where Florence Mills had sung and danced; they laughed at actors of their own color. Girls of the chorus did their stuff for the appreciation of good-humored audiences. A pair of Negroes on the stage played a silent, tricky poker game while the audience exploded with laughter. And the manager, standing in back of the darkened house, laid a hand on a man's sleeve. "Success never changed her; you know that. When she was here she was always the same. She never wanted any special favor, any star's dressing room, even after she began to make a hit. She might have been one of the chorus if you saw her back stage. You know that. She never owned an automobile for all the money she made. She would take her nickel and walk to the subway. She didn't ride in taxicabs. And she was a fine woman.

HER LAST PARTY

"She and her husband were a happy couple. They went everywhere together. One thing about Florence Mills, she always did her best. When she was in the Harlem theatres she always did her best. She was a hard worker, no gay parties, never spoiled, and she was good to her mother." The manager paused; he was deeply moved. "You know that," he said. "Well, you want to see the show."

It is midnight when Harlem begins to gather at the night clubs. Harlem and its visitors from the rest of New York. Here was a club that had been going only a month and it was filling with people at midnight. They were gay people; they sat briefly at the tables and then took to the floor. Or they hung in seated groups and talked. On the walls, blue against yellow, were the decorations of Aaron Douglas, primitive figures in praise or passion. A wild angular savage poised a bulbous stick above a tomtom, another looked to heaven, another leaned against a jungle tree. The walls were covered with them. Everyone knew Florence Mills here. Not two weeks ago she was here with her husband.

"No, I haven't been to see her," said one man in a quiet voice. "I wanted to remember her as I saw her here. She was so bright that night; I want to remember her that way. There was something about her you can't find again.'' He waited a moment. ''She was a great woman,'' he said. Jazz welled up from the orchestra.

A girl was going from table to table, singing to each group. The song ran low, then rose in high crescendo and diminished again. The girl was singing:

Sometimes I'm happy
  Sometimes I'm blue.
My disposition
  Depends on you.

DIRGE AT NIGHT

She smiled as she sang; she made it sound very personal to the people at each table. And then at about two o'clock in the morning the orchestra began a dance tune that was different from the rest. Swaying couples moved slowly on the floor in the press. Smoke from hundreds of cigarettes spired upward from the tables. The dance music was slow; it was the long deliberate beat of the tomtom; it was measured and savage and processional. The couples, pressed close together, danced to its deliberate beat. It was a dirge!

On Sunday morning groups gathered in homes in Harlem. They were her friends; they talked about her. There was an editorial in *The World* when she died which contained a line about her having just begun her career. Absurd, an idle opinion might have said. She had been starred in Europe and America. She had come up from the night clubs, the obscure theatres, to a place where everyone in the world knew her. But Harlem liked the line in that editorial. The American public, said a man in one group, had never had an opportunity to hear Florence Mills since she had had the benefit of voice teaching in Europe. She had been good before, what would she have been in the future? She was to have sung next February with the Symphony Orchestra in concert in Boston. She was to have gone with Ziegfeld's Follies. It was true, she had just begun.

They talked about her in this house in Harlem and no tears came—but almost. These were people who knew her well. ''I went to the hospital to see her,'' said one man. ''That's what's worrying me now. I wish I could remember her as she was that night at the club.'' He spoke of his friend, her husband. ''He doesn't show much; he is not a man who shows what he feels. But twice he swayed and made a sound yesterday. All he said was, 'What a tough break. . . . If this isn't the toughest break. . . .'" They had made each other, Florence Mills and her husband. They were always together.

"BABY, YOU'VE COME HOME TO DIE"

She came home to New York from Europe only little more than a month ago. She had been ill, but was better. She looked better than she had for years. She came off the ship with a great bouquet of American Beauty roses. But her old mother met her and took her in her arms. "Baby, you've come home to die." And when she was dead and they came to tell her mother, she was already crying. "You don't need to tell me," she said. "One of my children is dead." She was ill herself and had not been told of Florence's illness, but she knew that one child had gone, although she was not sure which one. She had only thought that she would die before any of her children.

The crowd gathered again on Sunday morning at the chapel to wait for the procession to the church. The funeral was set for one o'clock, but the crowd was there at half-past ten. It lined the sidewalks waiting. At the church it thickened and became impenetrable. Thousand upon thousand it grew. People leaned out of the windows as far as the eye could see. They gathered on fire escapes and on roof tops. The morning service of the church was not out until noon and those who were inside didn't want to leave. Downstairs the floor was reserved for those who had cards of admission, of which nine thousand had been issued. The capacity of the church is twenty-three hundred and fifty. Outside people were trying to get in; inside people were reluctant to leave. There was noise in the church, the noise of a great crowd talking, sometimes laughing a little in groups. Where so much stress existed it was a relief to find a seat at last and people reacted normally to it. At one o'clock the assistant pastor spoke in a loud voice with dignity. "You must remember two things," he said, "that you are in the House of God and, second, the purpose for which you are assembled." For a moment it was quiet again.

LIKE WIND AND STORM AT SEA

Melville Charlton, the distinguished negro organist, was at the organ. Out of it came a soft thread of sound. Then at two o'clock, faint in the distance, "Rock of Ages" found its way into the crowded church. It stopped and the Chopin march rose and swelled and diminished and grew again. Slowly, oh so slowly, down the aisle with the music came forty girls, bareheaded and wearing their outdoor coats, and their arms were burdened with the white and crimson flowers; they bore lilies and roses and ferns and oak leaves that rustled in stillness that for an instant was utter except for this and the sob of the music. And behind them, higher than their heads came a great bank of roses that covered the copper coffin of Florence Mills. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Brown, walked with it, reading aloud, ''I am the Resurrection and the Life.''

A sound like wind and storm on sea was the crowd outside.

The girls who bore the flowers stood in rank. They were pretty. They were friends of Florence Mills. Some of them stifled sounds as they took their breath. Through the church ran a quiver of crying. Perfume of flowers came up the aisle. The vested choir led the hymn, ''Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.'' In the choir loft a woman in the front row pressed her white sleeve over her face, then grasped for the back of her neck with one hand and threw the other hand straight above her head as she fell backward. Arms were waiting to catch her. The choir went on. Women wearing red crosses on their white veils moved about the congregation.

The minister was reading: ''In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I will not leave you comfortless. . . .'' Then the Twenty-Third Psalm, while the organ wove an ethereal woof of tone for background of the words. ''We thank Thee that Thou art not far but near. . . . Do Thou speak and touch and ease these wounded hearts, mother, husband, relatives, and friends.''

Choir and congregation sang ''Time and Eternity,'' the voices a great swell. ''I would not live alway.''

''DEEP RIVER''

Eight girls in gray who had come coatless from the chill afternoon were stars of the negro theater, friends of Florence Mills. Ethel Waters, Cora Green, Edith Wilson, Gertrude Saunders, Maude Russell, Ada Ward, Lena Wilson, and Evelyn Preer; they listened while the story they knew so well was read to the congregation, the story of the life of Miss Mills, the dates of her birth and death, the names of the shows she had worked in. She was born in Washington thirty-two years ago, she had been with ''Shuffle Along,'' with the Plantation Club, to England with Lou Leslie's ''Blackbirds,'' and the rest of it. She had come home the picture of health. On Monday her husband gave his blood to save her.

The Carolina choir from one of the theaters sang ''Deep River.''

The burden of the music was carried by a tall woman whose deep contralto rose from the humming underbeat of the choir. She held her hands clasped before her breast, a motionless figure singing clearly the loving music. A tall young man, the leader, conducted with long hands outspread toward the choir. Tense and tall, he pulled the music toward him, the undertone of many voices, the clear voice of the contralto who stood with tight-clasped hands.

The gust of noise through the doors was the storm of the crowd outside. A hundred thousand, a hundred and fifty thousand people were there in a colored sea five blocks long. Once the gust of laughter came from the sea. The pastor spoke of the loss to the race, an actress gifted by nature, a personality striking and charming, a woman whose success had never spoiled her poise and dignity, a daughter who never forgot her mother. "A promise is made unto all such sons and daughters." Our actors, said the pastor, better the relations between the races, they interpret our spirit to others. Very beautifully he read "Crossing the Bar" and the spirit of twilight and evening descended upon that congregation.

I Heard of a City Called Heaven

There were telegrams from distinguished persons, cablegrams, too. In the balcony there was a face that sickened, a head that drooped on the nearest shoulder. Mrs. Louise Howard sang "Face to Face" and a baritone, A. A. Haston, "Flee as a Bird." Julius Bledsoe's tenor went on in "Lead Kindly Light." Jessie Zackery sang "Come Unto Me." And Juanita Stinnette of the stage team of Chappelle and Stinnette stood forth to begin a song that her partner had written for this funeral. The singer wavered and regained control. Louder and louder she went on. She was leaning toward the bank of flowers that hid the casket. She was addressing the little dancer who lay therein. High and loud rang the last note. Down in a heap went the singer, screaming. The white glove of an usher covered her mouth as they bore her out. A quiver sighed through the church. From outdoors came the noise of the crowd.

There was more music; solos and the Carolina choir singing, "I am a pilgrim of sorrow. . . . I heard of a city called Heaven. I started to make it my home." The tall contralto clasped her hands and sang, the tall young conductor pulled the sound toward him. The congregation rose as the pastor read the service. Ashes to ashes and dust to dust. People struggled with their coats. The bearers lifted the great copper coffin. High above the heads of the people the bank of roses moved slowly down the aisle. The people pushed out into the greater crowd outside. Block after block it jostled for position. Along 137th street to the corner of Seventh avenue moved the procession and past the corner, where all traffic was stalled on the avenue. As it passed through that crowding sea the hats of Harlem came off. You could see it as a great movement along the avenue. An airplane soared overhead. The police whistles shrilled, sharp, imperative. Automobiles moved noisily at the sound.

Florence Mills, to whom the little chorus girl, leaning over the casket, had said ''Bye, bye, Honey,'' rode up Seventh avenue.

PARIS 'GLORIFIES' TWO AMERICAN GIRLS

(From The New York World, July 15, by Permission)

From The World's Bureau

Paris, July 14.—For the first time in history American girls today played an official role in the Parisians' celebration of the national holiday. One is Miss Irene Arnold, a student at the Sorbonne, who was elected Marianne, or Queen of the American Colony. The other is her sister Betty, also a student, who was selected by Paris newspaper men to be maid of honor to the Queen elected by them.

Clad in filmy white gauze, the two American girls attracted much attention when they took their places in the galaxy of beauty assembled in the Place de l'Opera this afternoon to be glorified in the traditional manner.

In the broiling heat of the near-tropical sun the two American girls, aided by a minute whiff of powder and the barest suspicion of rouge, contrived to look as fresh and pretty as ever while they stood on their red-carpeted platform and listened to the gallant and jovial speeches of the city officials and the playing of the ''Marseillaise'' and other patriotic music by the band of the Republican Guard, while 50,000 Parisians, banked in a colorful mass around the central platform, shouted their approval.

Since yesterday evening, Paris has been a vast open-air dance arena. At every corner sufficiently near to a cafe the people, brightly clad, are dancing in the streets to the strains of jazz. Some of the old narrow streets where there's a wine shop every twenty yards are just long dance-alleys, crammed with laughing people and singing people.

Paris hasn't celebrated the taking of the Bastille, 139 years ago, with such spirit and enthusiasm since before the World War. For the first time since 1914, the old city seems to be really itself. The dancing will go on all night.

The day started with the usual military parade in the Champs Elysees, in the presence of President Doumergue and leaders of the army, navy and the diplomatic corps, among whom Ambassador Herrick occupied a prominent place.

KANSAS WELCOME CALLED AMAZING

(From The Baltimore Evening Sun, by Permission)

Signor Alfredo Romano, the tonsorial artist and valet attached to the special train, who is also the champion Smith zealot of the world, worked so hard yesterday distributing Smith buttons to the farmers of Kansas that he had to stay up all night pressing the pants of newspaper correspondents. For that reason he happened to be up at 4:30 o'clock this morning when the train stopped for water and a dozen enthusiastic night hawks hanging around the station started to give a series of cheers just outside the Governor's window.

Presents the Issues

Signor Romano briefly addressed the populace on the issues of the hour. He expressed in feeling words how glad the Governor would be to meet and welcome them at a more seemly hour, but begged them not to wake his sleeping idol, who had turned in only two hours before. In spite of the signor's eloquence, two of the Smith patriots beat on the windows of the private car until it is said Governor Smith was aroused. He also is said to have made a brief address, but what he said has not been reported.

This speaking campaign has already reached the stage—as swings around the circle usually do—when the train is preceded into every town by a report that the candidate is ill, on the verge of a nervous and physical breakdown. That first cropped out in Oklahoma City, where the newspapers said the Governor had a very severe cold.

Probably Only Tired

By the time the train reached Wichita, Kan., the local papers said he was threatened with various diseases. And now, in Denver, the city papers print stories that Governor Smith is in bad condition physically and may have to cancel the rest of his tour. They print with it a denial wired from the train and stating that the Governor is in the best of health and spirits.

Unless important people in the Smith personal party are deliberate liars there is not a word of truth in any of these yarns. Doubtless Governor Smith is tired. He would be superhuman if he did not somewhat feel the strain. But candidates for high political office can stand a power of cheering and applause without breaking down under the pressure.

The city auditorium where Governor Smith spoke tonight is located in the heart of the city and provided seats for some 8,500 people. Loud speakers were set up to carry his words to people who might be unable to get into the hall.

Yesterday's progress of the candidate through Kansas was the cause of continued amazement to the seventy people traveling in Governor Smith's party. A woman reporter on the train, who was reared in the State, walked up and down the train corridors shaking her bobbed head.

Problem Seems Profound

"Something's going on here that I can't understand. It isn't natural. It isn't normal."

An old reporter who began by touring the country with Bryan and has been on Presidential trains every four years since 1896 was equally puzzled. "I can't analyze it at all," he said.

For the truth is that yesterday Kansas went crazy. What else can you call it when not one but a score of towns and villages in the State turn out crowds much larger than their total population to meet Governor Smith? All yesterday afternoon was a succession of thrills. Three thousand people at one town where 500 were expected, wild cheers where only curiosity, if not active animosity, was feared.

Here Prohibition Started

Here's the State that is the papa of prohibition, that used to be klan-ridden, that is entirely rural in character, that returns a normal Republican majority of 250,000. How explain the quite incredible outpouring of its people to greet a wet, urban, anti-klan, Democratic candidate who is simply flying across its borders? Why should farmers dash thirty or forty miles across the plains to get a five-minute glimpse of "Al"?

Nobody on the train expects Governor Smith to carry Kansas, but, equally, nobody can explain why Kansas people gave him such a welcome as Bryan never dreamed of.

Actually his managers expect Governor Smith to sell himself to the people of these high Colorado plateaus. They depend on the Governor's personality. Out here men and women vote for men rather than for parties. They like courage. They like men who are salty and individual.

VALET LOYAL

Signor Alfredo Romano is the barber and valet on Governor Smith's train. The signor's devotion to "Al" approaches idolatry. His somewhat limited English vocabulary is by no means adequate to express his admiration for the Democratic candidate. At the mere mention of Governor Smith's name Signor Romano becomes lyrical. He chants. His hands—even though one happens to hold a razor—flutter in the air.

All day yesterday, while we were running through the cotton, oil and wheat country of Oklahoma, Kansas and into Colorado, with brief stops at dozens of small towns and villages, the signor was the barometer of changing conditions.

"NO YELL—DUMB TOWN"

When the train started to slow down a mile out of Guthrie, Okla., the first stop after leaving the State capital, the signor's ears began to prick up. He was listening for cheers. When they failed to register the signor began to swear.

"No yell; no good. Dumb town; nobody lives here."

It happened that the Guthrie crowd—a big one—was massed close about the station. As the train stopped they set up a lively shout. The signor's eyes glistened. He all but burst into song.

PLEASURE BEFORE BUSINESS

At the moment this reporter was stretched out in Signor Romano's chair, enjoying one of his expert and artistic shaves. The reporter's face was well lathered and about half of the overnight bristles had been removed when the train grated to a full stop. Instantly Signor Romano sprang into action. For the moment his flaming zeal for the Governor obscured his professional obligations.

Deferring the completion of the operation under way and leaving the patient under the influence of the lather, the signor seized a large box of Smith buttons and leaped from the train into the midst of the milling crowd.

BIGGER AND BETTER CROWDS

It was not until the train had crossed over into the hottest Republican corner of Kansas—where, strangely enough, the crowds were much larger and vastly more enthusiastic than in Democratic Oklahoma—that the signor became fairly ecstatic.

At Winfield, a college town, which won the championship as the best place in the State for the raising of children, Signor

Romano had a field day. He came back to the train bubbling with enthusiasm, like a bottle of his own asti spumenti. He waved both hands high in air.

"TWO BOXES—EVERYBODY TAKE"

"Two boxes—everybody take. Only one woman, she not take. Ugly woman. Very old man, he stand close by. 'I Republican ninety-six years. Now I for Governor Smith. I take.' Hi, Yi!" cried the signor in his excitement. Then his voice dropped to a confidential tone. "Very fine old guy. Smart man."

Correspondents for Republican newspapers who are traveling on the train are very restrained in their criticisms of Governor Smith while undergoing the ministrations of the signor. Once stretched out in the barber chair and razor poised over the Adam's apple, it is well to risk swallowing a mouthful of soap suds, if necessary, rather than withhold hearty acquiescence in the signor's eulogies of his hero.

SOLEMN POLITICIANS, REPORTERS

All day long, at almost every stop, a committee of solemn local politicians of both sexes got on the train. Reporters as solemnly asked what was the reaction in their respective communities to the Smith speeches at Omaha and Oklahoma City. Invariably they looked as thoughtful as was in each case possible, and invariably, after a moment's reflective silence, they replied "distinctly favorable."

And at every stop some forty reporters plunged off into the crowds and feverishly questioned two or three people as to the effect of the Governor's talks on farm relief and religious intolerance. After which they returned to the big work car and each of them wrote a weighty piece for his paper beginning "a careful canvass of the situation this morning shows that"—

BARBER BEST BAROMETER

What is really much more significant is the personal reaction of Signor Romano. The signor may be slightly confused as to the working of the equalization fee, but he feels out the temper of the crowds, as he distributes Smith buttons, much more carefully than anybody else. No one could be more sensitive to changing conditions. And it may be fairly reported that ever since this trip started Signor Romano's spirits have been rising. Though the swing is not yet half completed, he is already almost twittering.

"They like," says the signor. "The Gov'n'r very fine man. They see; they like; they vote; fine business."

This group of stories illustrates the effective use of description in news writing and shows its wide usage in merely stressing the physical scene, as in the stories of the Riverside Church fire and the meteor's hitting Virginia; or the giving of a vivid impression of color and beauty and dignity as in the account of Bratianu's burial; or the presenting of convincing pictures of emotional scenes as in the story of Florence Mills' funeral service. Although each of these accounts has a thread of narrative binding together the parts, it is the descriptive elements or passages on which the writers rely to make the whole effective, for thus they transfer the vivid impressions made on their own imaginations to the imaginations of their readers.

The student should give particular attention to the methods used in these stories, noting carefully the management of point of view, order of details, length of descriptive passages, method of progression, use of restraint, objective treatment, and diction. Above all, the student should observe from the reading of such stories as the Riverside Church fire and the service for Florence Mills not only how observant the reporters who handled these events were, but with what understanding eyes they viewed the events.

There are freshness and individuality about these stories as there should be about all news stories. In writing a good description the reporter's chief concern is first to get a definite sense experience from the event, and then to find the words that will match what he has seen, heard, and felt. There is a lesson for the student here. While he should learn all he can from the methods of others, he must be careful not to imitate any reporter's way of presenting his material. Each thing or event to be described calls for its own individual treatment, if the reader is to feel that the object or event described is unlike any other object or event before or since.

Assignment.

1. Clip from newspapers stories that have good descriptive passages. Compare them with the stories in this group, noting points of resemblance and of difference.

2. Visit some place in your city and write a descriptive sketch of it to test your powers as a craftsman. Do not be content to describe to the eye alone, but introduce elements that appeal to the other senses as well.

3. Write a story of an airplane take-off or landing that you witnessed and try particularly to describe in language that would be acceptable to a newspaper editor the different sounds heard.

4. Write a graphic description of some event, such as a storm, a fire, a fight, and give particular attention to the use of verbs and verbals.

5. Write a descriptive sketch of some persons known to you who have figured prominently in the news.

6. Compare the following passages from news stories. The first is taken from a news story on the death of Woodrow Wilson; the second from the obituary of Luther Burbank. (For a discussion of these stories see the article by Dewey M. Owens in *The American Mercury,* Vol. X, No. 40, pp. 385–393, April, 1927.)

Last Friday the grim reaper had forced his way into the house after waiting on the doorstep more than four years. Saturday he had advanced to the landing on the staircase and stood counting off the ticks of the great clock. Saturday night he knocked on the chamber door. A faithful physician and a loyal wife stood with their backs against it. At nine o'clock he rattled the door and called on the peaceful, prostrate figure on the great bed—a bed long and wide, a replica of the bed in which Abraham Lincoln slept in the White House, with a golden American eagle and a tiny silk flag over the head-board.

The watchers knew the battle was lost. At the portal of the door now open, the faithful negro servant hovered. On the bed, sitting beside her husband, sustained by all the fortitude and composure of a woman facing a crisis, was Mrs. Wilson, holding between her hands the wan, withered right hand that had proven the pen mightier than the sword. Near the foot of the bed was the eldest daughter Margaret, resigned to the inevitable. . . .

Santa Rosa, Calif., April 11.—Luther Burbank, withered by age, died here early today amid the flowering fruits and blooms that he created for mankind's benefit.

The noted horticulturist passed on to the great adventure of a hereafter in which he had no faith. Only a few weeks before the end, the great plant wizard had declared that he could not believe in a life after death. And as life ebbed away and he stood at the brink, he did not falter in his convictions.

Infirm and worn after years devoted to developing and guiding plant life, the controversy started by his pronouncements on religion and reincarnation contributed to his last illness.

A storm of protest came from religious leaders after Mr. Burbank gave out his statement declaring himself to be an infidel. His home was swamped with letters and telegrams condemning his stand. The stress he was subjected to in defending and explaining his beliefs brought on a nervous condition that his 77 years could not survive. . . .

7. Criticize the following descriptive news story:

Montgomery, Ala., March 15.—Thousands of persons in southeastern Alabama are marooned on housetops and trees, and unless aid reaches them immediately, the death toll will be counted in thousands.

In a flight over the flooded district late this afternoon, I saw hundreds of persons clinging precariously to housetops or floating down-stream with bits of wood or anything that floated.

Just how many of them were already dead and how many others will be dead by morning, there is no way of telling. Damage is enormous. Water is everywhere. Elba is all under water with the exception of two or three of the tallest buildings. Rivers and creeks are raging torrents which struggle grimly to uproot the remaining houses on which the refugees stand to send their piteous cries for help.

On the two-hour flight from Montgomery down to Brewton, back east across the areas of Covington and Coffee county to Elba and then back to Montgomery over Troy we saw the effects of the havoc wrought by the flood.

Down the main line of the Louisville and Nashville to Brewton we found twelve washouts, with the water over the tracks in as many places.

I counted six trains stranded in as many places all along the line. Persons were seen on every train. The huge locomotives had evidently been stranded where they stopped when the waters went above the tracks.

As we reached the town of Brewton, we found this town almost completely submerged. People were seen on tops of the houses and buildings in the downtown area.

Over each town we dropped a copy of the visual code used by aviators in signalling from the ground, with instructions to the citizens to signal if anyone was dead or if they wanted food.

At practically every place the letter ''K,'' which signifies that there have been deaths, was displayed.

The letters were displayed by using strips of cloth twelve feet long on the tops of houses.

The planes carried supplies of food-stuffs which were dropped over each town where signals were displayed. Hardtack, canned meats, etc., were distributed in practically every town.

At Elba the situation was grave despite the fact that rescue boats were carrying people from the tops of buildings and houses as quickly as possible.

At Elba I saw 25 children perched on top of what I took to be the school house. There was not a single adult among the group. They were milling about, apparently suffering from the cold drizzle and were frightened badly. We dropped a supply of food-stuffs and they ate ravenously.

Further on I counted 15 people, men, women and children, in the group, standing on a small tip of high land. They were standing on an area that was hardly larger than six feet square.

At another point over the town I dropped food-stuffs which would land in the water. Men on the tops of the buildings would dive in the cold muddy waters to recover the tins, swim back to the house tops to divide the food among the women and children. They ate like savages.

Every bridge leading into Elba had been carried away by the force of the flood. The Atlantic Coast Line trestle over Pea River had been swept away. All telephone and telegraph lines were down and under water.

On a high spot on the highway outside of Elba approximately 300 people were marooned. There were probably 35 cars stranded in the same area. The persons had evidently attempted to escape from Elba, but were caught by the rising torrents.

The water in Elba ranged from 30 to 40 feet deep in places, while some of the houses, torn aloose from their foundations, were seen floating about in the muddy waters. Groups ranging from five to 12 persons each were atop these houses. Many waved their arms, evidently pleading for aid.

At one spot we saw the walls of a building which had evidently collapsed. This was believed to have been the Elba hotel, which collapsed during the afternoon. We were unable to learn whether any one was in the structure when it went down.

4. Feature News Stories

A news story may give all the facts of an event, though unity and dramatic effectiveness require that many angles, related incidents, or variations of the main facts that would in themselves make interesting reading, frequently be left out or at least remain undeveloped. For example, a straight news story of a football game may do justice to the high spots in the contest, the work of the star players, the conditions of the event, the size of the crowd, and conclude with a play-by-play account of the game. But it would very probably fail to mention the emotional reactions of the star's father and mother as they watched their son's athletic prowess time and again bring the huge throngs to their feet in a delirium of joy. Nevertheless, an account of the emotional crisis in the lives of these parents would interest a large group of readers who never turn to the sport page. Such an account would be called a *feature story,* because it would portray some feature of an event and not the whole event itself.

Feature news stories that are timely and contain worthwhile material are an important addition to what the daily press has to offer. They enrich news presentation by rounding out the portrait of an event. Futhermore, by the freedom they afford in technique, such stories are an excellent medium for the writer who is capable of getting away from the news-story pattern and telling his story in his own way. In the treatment of this type he is privileged to employ skill, imagination, originality, or any of the devices known to the literary craftsman. He is still under obligation, however, to deal only with facts and to give heed to the space limitations of the newspaper.

In feature stories with a high content of human interest, the indirect or suggestive method of presentation is frequently used to advantage. A minor character may be the medium chosen for presenting the details, and the reader gets the information not directly but largely by implication. The same details may reveal the character and unfold the event, thus securing dramatic economy. In good feature stories the writer manages to get the situation clearly before the reader.

For the purpose of this work, feature stories are divided into four groups, namely (1) human interest stories, (2) interviews, (3) personal sketches, and (4) stories for women.

1. **The human-interest story.**—Men and women look to their newspapers not only for significant, timely information, but for a certain type of entertainment. Stories with little or no direct relation to the day's news, but with a high content of human interest values are relied on by the newspapers to supply this sort of reading matter. Little comedies or tragedies in which children, old people, animals, or birds play the leading role often afford interesting reading when handled by a writer possessing sympathy and understanding.

Such stories when well written have the power, in the words of Joseph Conrad, "to release the secret springs of responsive emotions." For human interest stories the writer must look about for those episodes or passing phases of life from which may be gleaned facts that will awaken in readers a sense of pity, delight, beauty, or pain; above all, that will speak to "the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation." No set of rules for finding this type of material may be laid down, but young writers may doubtless learn much from observing the stories appearing almost daily in good newspapers.

The writing of successful human interest stories is in itself an art. Freedom of style and method is of course freely granted, but certain journalistic principles must be observed. The language should be vigorous and apt, and kept within the bounds of sincere feeling and proper emotional tone. The story should have a quality of freshness or unexpectedness. Dialogue, direct quotations, and description will aid in making the story realistic. Avoid stale words or overworked expressions of any kind, and develop as many fresh angles or new twists as possible without betraying the essential truths.

QUEEN MARIE AVOIDS VISIT WITH CAROL IN PARIS TRIP

By Radio from the Herald Tribune Bureau. Copyright, 1929, NEW YORK TRIBUNE, INC. (Reprinted by Permission)

Paris, March 20.—Whenever Queen Marie of Rumania leaves her country to travel west reporters flock around her and circulate the most romantic news about her and her children. They attend her on the train and in hotels; they follow her to the dressmakers, to luncheons and to tea parties. For they are all anxious to announce a new sensational event among the members of the Rumanian royal family who have often supplied the world with so many "human interest" stories.

At present the reporters and the Parisian public are anxious to know whether Queen Marie will meet her son, Carol, who some years ago renounced the heirship to the Rumanian throne and eloped with Marie Lupesco. Although this time the Queen passed only one day in Paris, coming from Bucharest and going to Saint-Briac in Brittany, rumors spread quickly here that she had lunched with her son and had promised to help him return to Bucharest. Leading Paris newspapers printed stories to this effect, but there was no truth in them.

FAILS TO MEET CAROL

Although Carol, hearing of his mother's plan to come to Paris, had rushed to the French capital from the Riviera, where he had been passing the winter, he was disappointed. Queen Marie, from the minute she stepped out of the Simplon express to when she embarked on the Dinard train, was chaperoned by the Rumanian Legation.

M. Diamandy, Rumanian Minister to Paris, had received from his government instructions to meet and accompany the royal traveler. He invited her and Princess Ileana to lunch at the legation. M. Titulescu, Rumanian Minister to London and one of the most active delegates to the League of Nations, came to his rescue to entertain the Queen for most of her time while in Paris.

Meanwhile, Prince Carol was waiting at his hotel for a call from his mother. He was informed, however, that it would be impossible for her to meet him.

But he was made to understand that an interview would be more private in Saint-Briac, where the Queen would be alone with her daughter, Ileana, and her sister, Victoria, Grand Duchess Cyril. The next day Carol left Paris with Mme. Lupesco. They went to his Chateau Belleme in the Orne.

The Chateau Belleme is in Normandy, half way from Paris to Saint-Briac. It would be easy for Prince Carol to dash off from there by motor to pass a day with his mother and to learn from her the exact situation in his country and the possibilities for him to return to Bucharest.

Tires of Free Life

For the exiled prince has not yet abandoned hopes of recovering the throne which he once gave up, preferring a free life. He has now tired of this free life. He is compelled to lead a wandering existence, moving from one hotel to another, passing the summer in Belgium, the winter on the Riviera, the spring in Normandy. But until now all his attempts to induce the Rumanian government to revoke its decision to keep the former heir out of the country have been unsuccessful.

Although one of his bitter enemies—Ionel Bratianu—is dead and another, Vintila Bratianu, has lost power, the new National-Peasant government, headed by Mr. Maniu, has been as adamant as its predecessors regarding Prince Carol. They prefer to have on the throne the seven-year-old boy, Michael, who cannot interfere with public affairs, and they know the Council of Regents lacks the prestige to make any important decisions. On the other hand they fear that Carol, if he returned to Rumania either as King or as regent, would display considerable initiative.

It is not likely, therefore, that even Queen Marie's intervention in favor of her son can help him recover the throne.

A HUMAN SHIPWRECK SEEKS DEATH'S HAVEN

By Andrew Bernhard

(From The Detroit Free Press, by Permission)

Eighty-one years old, destitute, without family and without work, Michael Manning, 527 Beach Street, attempted to find a way out last night by cutting his throat with a pocket knife. He was taken to the receiving hospital at 7:15 o'clock from Jones and First streets. Recovery is doubtful because of his advanced age.

There was nothing about Manning's appearance to identify him as one of the ordinary human derelicts who so often are picked up on the streets of a great city. His clothes, although not expensive and by no means new, were neat and well brushed. His cultured accent and meticulous choice of words aroused the attention of hospital attendants.

After his wound was treated and he had been put to bed in the hospital, Manning explained he was driven to attempt suicide because "the future looked black and I could see no hope ahead."

"I was in debt for my room rent," he said. "I hadn't a penny with which to pay and knew that I must give up the room. I was unable to get work—there is no place for a man of my age. The thought of leaving my room and going out on the street at my age was more than I could endure. There didn't seem to be any reason to go on living, and I had no family, so there was no one to whom I could turn for help and no one who would feel disgrace at what I did. I don't know whether I'm sorry or glad that I didn't die."

About his early life or antecedents Manning was reticent. He was born and reared in Kentucky, he said. His grandfather had helped settle Kentucky more than a century ago. He admitted he had a university degree. Beyond that he told little, and did not explain the circumstances that led him, poor and friendless in the evening of life, to seek death.

"What's the use?" he said. "At my age there isn't a long time left at best. The fire is about spent. Why rake the ashes?"

Mrs. Edgar Opperman, Manning's landlady, appeared greatly distressed at the news of her lodger's attempt to kill himself.

"His rent was paid up," she said, "and we had no idea he was penniless. He had been with us only six weeks and he didn't tell much about himself. He mentioned something once about a daughter and a grandchild who were killed in an automobile accident a year or so ago, but that's all he told about himself. We could see he was refined, a regular gentleman.

"He asked me to let him have a little garden in the backyard and he seemed to take pleasure in tending to it. A while ago he adopted a stray kitten that he seemed to grow awfully fond of. She died Wednesday and I noticed he seemed broken-hearted about it. Maybe the kitten dying was just the last straw for him. You know, old folks take such things to heart."

SERGEANT MOURNS PASSING OF IRISH AUTHOR

By Roelif Loveland

(From THE CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER, by Permission)

Police Sergeant Fred Shutt put his glasses on clumsily.

"What's this?" he asked. "You say he's dead?"

Sergt. Shutt put one blunt finger down on the newspaper before him and read:

"Bandon, Cork, Ireland, June 19.—(AP)—Donn Byrne, widely known Irish writer and novelist, was killed last night near his home when his automobile overturned on the seashore."

Police Sergeant Shutt stared at that six lines of type. He took off his glasses, put them back in their case.

"That's all he gets," said Sergt. Shutt. "Just a couple of lines of type. Donn Byrne gets a couple of lines of type."

. . . .

To begin with, Fred Shutt doesn't look like a book worm, certainly not the type one would expect to fall in love with Donn Byrne's stories. Stories of beautiful happenings in elaborated diction. Chinese, Italians, gypsies, all speaking in a fascinating Irish brogue. And, to be sure, Fred Shutt didn't know whether Donn Byrne was a member of the fire department or a deputy sheriff until one night about four years ago at the old police station.

Some police reporters had come on a copy of Messer Marco Polo. It would be great stuff, they thought, to try it out on Sergt. Shutt. He'd probably say, "Where'd you get that stuff? What's it all about?" Everything was quiet. The paper was about to go to bed and they'd try out Messer Marco Polo on square-jawed Fred Shutt. So they trooped down the battered hall, where there were always crazy shadows and sometimes rats, and they said to Sergt. Shutt in the information bureau: "Sarge, we want to read you something."

"Go ahead," said Shutt, leaning his worn elbows on the glass counter. And one of them read, first explaining that Messer Marco Polo was having a tough time trying to convert the Great Khan to Christianity:

> "Now, don't be taking it too hard," says the khan, kindly. "Sure, there is a power of good you can be doing here. Maybe you can do something with Li Po," says he. "I'd like fine for you to try. The man is worrying the life out of me with his drinking. I never know when he goes out whether he'll come back all right or feet foremost on a door. For he's got

the bitter tongue, when the drinks are in him, and China could ill afford to lose him.

"And there are some of my captains, and the tune they're always piping is 'War! War! War! And let's show up this Alexander who said he conquered the world.' And I'm past the age when you make war for divilment. So let you be helping me out with them, Marco Polo."

But Marco Polo knew this was only meant in kindness and his heart was broken.

"Ah, wee lady"—he turned to Golden Bells,—"wee lady, wee lady, why didn't you let me die in the desert? Why didn't I die?"

"And why should you die, Marco Polo?" her low, sweet voice ran in the heart of him. "Didn't you come here to give your message? And to make converts? And didn't I hear your message? And amn't I your convert, Marco Polo?"

. . . .

Big Fred Shutt didn't say a word when the reader stopped. Somehow it had got under his skin as it had the rest of us, and nobody was surprised a few days later when he admitted, rather haltingly, that he had bought a copy of Messer Marco Polo. And none of us ever spoke of it, for the other coppers might laugh. We didn't want anybody laughing at Messer Polo. It was nice to have him there in the battered old station with us.

"So he's dead," said Sergt. Shutt. "And they gave him four lines of type. It's a damned shame."

And the rest of us said amen, for we had worshipped long.

SKYSCRAPER BABY IS TIMES SQUARE'S NEW ATTRACTION

By Earl Sparling, New York Telegram Staff Writer

(From The New York Telegram, January 23, 1929, by Permission)

Emanuel's mother can paste this away in a scrapbook, and some day when he is old and gray and full of sleep Emanuel will, perhaps, read it and be amused. Or, perhaps, the tears will come to his eyes, and he will wish himself a child again, romping along the skyscraper tops.

Do you smile, Emanuel? Ah, yes, what queer, quaint people we were in 1929, thinking a baby would have to become an actor or a theatre manager or a racketeer just because he was born on a skyscraper roof, twenty-five floors above Times Square.

But in 1929, Emanuel, despite the Bowery influence even then apparent, Broadway was still something of a street. No one, except movie subtitle writers, ever referred to it by this time as the Great White Way, but it was still, as we had a droll, self-conscious habit of saying, something of a Crossroad of the World. And everybody was interested in the Broadway Baby, the infant son of Nathan Bauman, superintendent of the Holland Building, 1440 Broadway.

* * *

Your birth in your father's penthouse apartment on the twenty-fifth floor caused no little of a stir, Emanuel, and today, as this was written, and you only eight weeks old, the stenographers, song and dance men, traffic cops, two-a-day teams, hoofers, hostesses, tune-burglars and vaudeville bookers were already worrying, along with your mother, about your bringing up.

Broadway wasn't accustomed to babies—not your kind. (There was a slang term current, as you, perhaps, know, to designate a certain type of frail, or young woman.)

When you were born almost all the 5,000 persons in the Holland Building wanted to have a look at you. Old and gray, with children of your own, you will smile, perhaps, at the thought of your father having to pass out cigars to such a mob.

"It's expensive having a baby in an office building like this," said your father today. "It takes a lot of cigars. There've been hundreds in here to see him these last few weeks. Of course, it's the stenographers that come in mostly, and that cuts down on the cigars. Here, will you have a cigar?"

* * *

And you will smile, perhaps, at the thought of your mother wheeling you out in a baby carriage and stopping traffic for blocks around.

"The other day," laughed your mother, "I wheeled him out for the first time. It was embarrassing, really. Everybody stopped and looked. You'd think they'd never seen a baby before.

"I got across Broadway without causing much trouble, but when I came to Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. the traffic cop there insisted on stopping all traffic just to let me by.

"Some of the drivers blew their horns very peculiarly, and I know I blushed. I wanted to stop in Bryant Park, back of the library, but I decided not to. A baby in a baby carriage would look so funny there, don't you think?"

In your time, with oil and gasoline almost gone, you'll hardly be able to picture what traffic was like in the Times Square district in 1929.

The brief era of the automobile was then at its height and the internal combustion engine had caused such serious changes in civilization that a Police Commissioner even attempted to ordain the hour and moment at which each show-goer should arrive at the theatre.

A baby carriage in Times Square was a real problem in 1929. And there was also the problem of keeping you from getting under automobile wheels as you grew up.

"Now we'll see that the youngster gets a break," said Jimmy Sullivan, the big traffic cop at 40th St. and Broadway, who was one of the first to look at you after your birth. "The driver that doesn't look out for that boy will have me to answer to."

And Tom Smith, the traffic cop at 40th St. and Seventh Ave., echoed the sentiment.

"That Broadway Baby will get across the street safely if I have to carry him across on my back."

Your mother had already made up her mind, however, that there would be little playing for you down in Broadway. No! No! You would romp along the tops of skyscrapers.

Monstrous Mayan piles would be your building blocks. Great steel girders would be your Meccano set. Millions of human beings toiling and milling far below would be your toy soldiers.

For you especially of all New York the Paramount clock (that amusing item of early American architecture!) would strike off the hours as you grew up.

"You see," smiled your mother today, "we have plenty of room out there on the roof to build him a yard. We'll sod it and make a regular back yard, with swings and a sand pile and anything else he needs."

And when the Paramount clock had gone 'round and 'round so many times you were to have your choice of being any of those things considered desirable along the Broadway that used to be.

* * *

Alfred J. McCosker, manager of the WOR radio station, just a few steps from your home in the same building, was talking today of having you cry into the microphone as first step toward a radio career.

But Charles Griswold, manager of the Roxy Theatre, was certain you should become a theatre manager, and Sergeant James Nolan was equally certain you showed possibilities as a future traffic cop.

And what have you become, Emanuel Bauman? Do you smile at our predictions in 1929?

But perhaps you do not smile. Does any man who has become old and gray ever smile when he remembers his childhood? Your mother was very happy today, Emanuel Bauman, as she held you in her arms and stared out across the skyscraper tops and thought how very, very long it would be before you grew up and went down to mill with the millions.

BLACKBEARD'S BURIED TREASURE FOUND AT LAST

By Ben Dixon MacNeill

(From The Raleigh News and Observer, February 3, 1929, by Permission)

Blackbeard's treasure, buried for two hundred years under the yellow sands of Plum Point where Bath creek empties itself indolently into the Pamlico river, and for two hundred years the object of unending search by generations fed upon the fabulous legend of the pirate, has been found—and lost again.

Two days before Christmas the mysterious chest containing, according to legend, uncounted pieces of Spanish gold was lifted from the little brick vault found eight feet under the sand and carried away into a new obscurity. Three men who might have been duck hunters came up the creek by boat. Nobody knew them. Their coming was scarcely observed, because many sportsmen come to Plum Point for shooting. They went away as many before them have come and gone.

It was the next day, or the next—the stories are in some conflict here—that other hunters making their way through the thick undergrowth that covers the Point, came upon the broken brick vault from which the chest had been lifted. They marked the trail where it had been dragged down to the water's edge and lifted into a boat. Here the boat had been tied to a tree while the men worked.

Not Looking for Vault

The vault was surprising. Everybody had heard that somewhere on the Point Blackbeard had buried a chest containing fabulous quantities of gold taken from the Spanish Main. For two hundred years the earth has been troubled by the digging of those who had been shown in dreams where the chest was hidden, by the shovels of those who had hunches, and who had been told by "diviners," and by those who were just digging in the hope that rewards might come to them.

But nobody had known of the little brick vault hidden many feet under ground. Scarcely a foot of the two or three acres of high ground on the Point but what has been turned by the shovels of seven generations of diggers. In many of them giant trees have grown up. In the center of a crevasse near where the vault was discovered and ripped open two days before Christmas stands a sycamore that is dying under the weight of its years. If the shovels of a hundred years ago had moved three feet further, they would have found the vault.

Digging 200 Years

Digging for the treasure must have been begun on the afternoon of the day when Lieutenant Maynard sailed his ship into the harbor of Bath Town 211 years ago with the head of Blackbeard impaled upon its bowsprit. Certainly it has continued intermittently ever since that day, and despite the fact that rarely has anything been found to give color to the legend, the legend has grown more lusty with each passing year. Here has stood the house of the pirate and here he must have buried some of the gold he brought in from the Spanish Main.

Plum Point is a low triangle of land with the Pamlico river on the south side of it, Bath creek on the west and an almost impenetrable swamp along the other. Around the Point swung the ships when they came up from the sea two centuries ago when Bath Town was the principal center of population in North Carolina, when ships went out from here and down the Sound and the Inlet at Ocracoke and upon such missions as might beckon them to the ports of the world.

Excellent Location

Such peculiar purposes as were required for his residence Teach found adequately provided by Plum Point. There was ample high ground for his house. The Point was not easily accessible, save by water. Only the most hardy could cut their way through the swamp that lay between him and the rest of the community. The wide Pamlico and the creek gave him an expanded horizon across which he might view the approach of the world, if it should elect to approach his seat. Nowhere could the buccaneer have found a more suitable place in which to establish himself.

Legend has, of course, provided him with a tunneled approach from the river front to the cellar of his house. If there was a residence of any consequence all trace of it has been swallowed up by the tropical welter of the swamp, but there is still a trace of what was once a brick tunnel leading from the water's edge inland toward the center of the ground which, to all practical purposes, is an island. Its beginning is about an eighth of a mile up the creek from the Point.

Across the creek, which is nearly a mile wide at this point, is the plantation that was once the property of Tobias Knight, secretary to Governor Eden, who was once a resident of Bath Town and allegedly more friendly with Blackbeard than is regarded as entirely proper for governors in these times when buccaneers have adopted a somewhat less obvious technique in the practice of this ancient trade.

Preserved in Legend

Although there is not an existing document—unless the three strangers who came here two days before Christmas have it—that would establish the fact that Teach was once a resident of Plum Point, there is enough of legend and of tradition persisting through the generations to leave little doubt that he did have residence there.

Of other documented record there is not a great deal to light the career of this most colorful sea-going highwayman, but certainly he was of sufficient importance to enlist against him the available naval forces of the British Crown in American waters, and that he was engaged disastrously in battle at Ocracoke in 1718 and there ostentatiously exterminated. Maynard came to Bath Town in triumph, with the shaggy head of the pirate leering from his bowsprit. Teach was brought home, and following after his head came the making of the legend that his headless body swam three times around the ship after it had been tossed overboard.

Whether there is sound basis for the tradition that he buried much gold in the sands of eastern North Carolina is not a matter susceptible of proof, but it seems fairly safe to assume that Blackbeard at one time or another made rich hauls. He was a successful pirate, because otherwise he would have not been worth the British navy's bothering about him, and successful pirates have chests of gold buried about in places. And where else should he bury the gold except in his own back yard?

Began Digging Early

Whether any of the fabled thirteen wives were there to mourn him when his head was thrown into the harbor, does not appear in any of the legends. If any of them survived him, Bath Town no doubt provided them with adequate sympathy, but one cannot be too sure that the villagers waited until they were decently departed before beginning to dig about the premises for traces of the treasure which all proper pirates bury when they are resting ashore between expeditions of questionable nature.

Bath Town began almost forthwith to dig for treasure and has continued its digging until this day. The most likely spot for their operations was a strip of high land, rising ten or twelve feet above the water. It is perhaps forty yards wide and 300 yards long. Once it might have been a level bluff, with the swamp on one side and the river on the other. At one end is a small creek ten or twelve feet wide. Beside it are several ancient cedars, with some appearance of having been set there.

During the two centuries since the pirate was killed, the ground has been almost constantly stirred. Heaps of earth have been thrown up and deep pits have been sunk into the ground. The place looks like a section of shell-torn battlefield, where armies had contended terribly a long time ago. Creeping vines have come up from the swamp and covered areas of it. The trees are curtained with long garlands of swaying moss. Trees have been cut down in the excavations and other trees have grown into large stature in their place.

Sees Scattered Brick

On Christmas day, or the day before—the stories are confusing as to the time—two men of the community, wandering through the woods after inspecting duck blinds set up nearby, came suddenly upon a new excavation, and to their very great astonishment they saw scattered about through the undergrowth a great many bricks. Coming nearer, they saw the thing that had been searched for through two centuries—the place where the legendary treasure lay.

One end and the top of the little vault had been broken away entirely, and the brick thrown up out of the excavation. They were made of ancient brick, of size and shape identical with those which the walls of the old church in Bath were built. The mortar is of the same ancient texture. The inside dimensions of the vault were approximately eighteen inches wide and thirty-six inches long. The top of the vault was about five feet below the level of the ground.

Chest Left Imprint

The vault appeared to show on close examination that a chest of some sort had been wrenched out of it. Apparently it must have been a wooden chest, bound with heavy iron hoops and studded with bolts. It had been placed in the vault while the mortar was still wet and pliable, and the imprint of the hoops and bolts was plainly marked. Much rust had accumulated through the years, and was left there when the chest was lifted out.

So much they could tell. Leading away from the shattered vault was a trail, where whatever was taken from the vault was dragged a little way to the water's edge. The three men followed the trail and lost it. They went back to study the scene and to stare in bewilderment at the wreckage strewn about the brush. "They must have known where it was before they came here—it don't look like they had to hunt any," observed Charley Waters, and in that simple observation perhaps lies the truth about the thing.

What was in the chest? Who knows? Who found it and carried it away and how did they know where to look for it? Again, who knows? The broken vault is there amid the tumbled piles of earth thrown up by the search. There is the unmistakable and irrefutable imprint of the chest where it was laid in new and not dry mortar a long time ago. About the walls of the little vault there is the evidence of very great age—the old English brick, the old mortar. These things are there, but the chest is gone.

From whence came the three men remembered to have been seen off the point at about the time the vault was discovered and broken, is another question that seems unlikely to have an answer. Somewhere in the world there may have been left a chart to its location. Stranger things have happened. Somehow, it might have fallen into their hands.

Blackbeard's treasure, buried these two hundred years where Bath creek empties itself indolently into the Pamlico, has been—or may have been—found—and lost again.

2. **The interview.**—One of the first things that a reporter learns is the perennial interest newspaper readers have in persons who for some reason or other hold a prominent place in the public mind. The newspapers themselves, by the publicity they give certain individuals, are often the greatest producers of this public interest in them.

Here, then, is a fruitful source of feature material, and the alert reporter is constantly on the lookout for an opportunity to tap it. This is usually accomplished by what is known as an interview, which is simply a meeting or conversation between a reporter and another person for the purpose of getting information for publication.

The reporter, because of his wide knowledge of men and events, knows how, when given an opportunity, to glean the information that will most likely appeal to the readers of his paper. It will vary, of course, according to what the fame or notoriety of the person interviewed rests on. But in any case the competent news writer will seek to satisfy the curiosity of his readers by obtaining information, in the form of personal views or comments, that is fresh, novel, intimate, and revealing.

The best interviews are usually hardest to get. Many persons who have become prominent through either great accomplishments or elevation to high office have little time as a rule for interviews. Others are cautious or reserved, and hesitate about talking for publication. Some very good interviews are obtained from more or less obscure persons who have been through a recent experience of a highly emotional nature.

Fashioning the interview.—Various methods may be successfully employed in the writing of interviews. The aim is not merely to give the subject's views or opinions, but to reproduce revealing details of his appearance, gestures, mannerisms, or any other individual characteristics that will give the reader a vivid picture of what the man is, as well as what he has done. Minor details must be skillfully handled so as not to interrupt the movement of the story or crowd out the main points.

A startling statement, revealing an unexpected opinion or an unknown point of view of a prominent person, may be used in the opening sentence, and if the statement is particularly significant at the time, the rest of the story may be used mainly to amplify it. Sometimes the account begins with a description of the conditions under which the interview was obtained. With important personages such as Pope Pius or John D. Rockefeller, an account of the circumstances connected with the interview is important.

A narrative account with the interest heightened by descriptive elements and dialogue is usually the most successful way to develop the interview story. The following interesting examples are worth studying:

POPE PIUS XI EXPRESSES PLEASURE AT AGREEMENT

By Thomas B. Morgan

United Press Staff Correspondent

(Copyright, 1929, in all countries by United Press. All rights reserved. Reprinted by Permission)

EDITOR'S NOTE: The United Press is privileged to present herewith a direct interview with Pope Pius XI on the recent Vatican settlement.

Significant perhaps of the Pope's changed status toward the world, Thomas B. Morgan, Manager of the United Press Rome bureau, enjoyed the unique honor of being received for the interview in the private library of the Pontiff, instead of the throne room where audiences usually occur.

It was the first time such an honor ever had been accorded any correspondent.

Vatican records show it was the first audience granted by the present Pope to a newspaperman calling in his working capacity. Newspapermen have previously been received by the Pope but only as private individuals.

Rome, Feb. 21.—(U.P.)—Pope Pius XI, expressing his tremendous pleasure at the jubilation by Catholics everywhere in the world over the Vatican's settlement with Italy, told the United Press in an exclusive interview today that the accord itself is only a beginning.

The fruits of the agreement are still to come, the Pontiff said, adding "We now begin to put into force the things we have established, and there is still much work to be done."

He did me the honor of receiving me in the intimacy of his library.

After being ushered through the gorgeous surroundings of the various ante-chambers, between guards with drawn swords and ushers in livery, the writer was taken through the final throne room into the presence of the Pope, seated at his desk in his private library.

The Pope was wearing a white cassock, and his little zucchetto or skull cap. He seemed in perfect health, cheeks a good color, his voice clear and direct and his gesture firm and steady.

"You are indeed welcome," he said, first in Italian then in English. He motioned me to an armchair on his right beside the desk.

The Holy Father began speaking.

"You have had plenty of work during these last days," he commented.

I told him it was indeed so and that Rome correspondents had tried to portray the momentous developments attending the settlement.

The Pope paused, and then said:

"It is wonderful to hear news from all over the world on how the great event of the past few days has been received. We have received a real avalanche of telegrams of jubilation and a real world-wide expression of delight from even the most remote places."

His keen memory was a revelation. He recalled names and places in all parts of the civilized world from which thousands of telegrams had come, and he recalled individual names from among the thousands of prelates who had sent congratulations.

The Pope expressed pleasure at the joyful response of Catholics, and with the manner in which they flocked to the churches to observe the event.

"From North America and South America have come hundreds of telegrams," the Pope continued. "From even as far away as Australia they come in by scores and then, too, from far-off New Zealand. It is very gratifying to us to learn of these expressions and to feel that the whole Catholic world has received the events of the past few days with this remarkable joy, which shows that they have understood with us and that they rejoice with us."

The Pontiff spoke calmly and deliberately. His very sureness of manner showed he was perfectly satisfied that the accord between Italy and the Holy See, in which he played an outstanding part and for which he publicly accepted responsibility, had placed the papacy and the Roman Pontiff on secure ground.

His person seemed to radiate power. As sovereign Pontiff on whom the spiritual responsibility for 300,000,000 Catholics depends, he seemed fully to express that lofty responsibility and to embody it. Although the Pope will celebrate his 72nd birthday on May 31, he bears his age well.

His cheeks slightly ruddy and his eyes clear, he appears robust and active, and the usual signs of age are lacking in his actions.

The Pope leaned back in his chair with his hands on the arms and regarded his listener as he continued:

"People all over the world have crowded churches to offer thanks, as if, indeed, this reconciliation were a part of them, and it was a part of them. The fact that it was so far away from them in distance did not lessen their great enjoyment, but even added to their enthusiasm. It was as if there were a real festive occasion in their own country."

Then the Pope thought for a moment and began recalling places from which telegrams had come.

"We have received telegrams from Providence, Rhode Island, and from San Antonio, Texas, and naturally from New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington and Boston," he said. "They all express this great joy."

The Pope next began recalling names of cardinals and bishops who had sent felicitations.

"Yes," he said, "from Cardinal Hayes and other Cardinals came wonderful telegrams and from Monsignor Schrembs, of Cleveland, and from Monsignor Hickey, Bishop of Providence. They say the churches never were so full and the people never so enthusiastic in responding to the feeling of joy which this great event means.

"From all parts of South America came cablegrams showing the joy there is just as great as everywhere. And we share that joy, for we believe it has been God's will."

The Holy Father turned to the subject of the agreement itself, and after noting that the justice of the settlement had been recognized by such a great part of the world, he said:

"Well, it is accomplished now, and what is more, the fruits of it are still to come.

"It is in the future that we will see the good that it will bring, for this is just the commencement. We now begin to put into force the things we have established and there is still much work to be done."

The Pope listened attentively when the correspondent told him how the news of the agreement was carried by cable, telegraph and wireless throughout the world. He asked how many newspapers were served from Rome by the United Press and the countries into which the news went.

The audience now had lasted 15 minutes. The Pontiff again alluded to the work of the press and expressed his good wishes that it should prosper. It was said in the manner of a final greeting, signifying that the Pontiff was drawing the interview to a close.

The correspondent arose and as he prepared to depart, the Pope imparted his blessing in a fatherly and kindly way. He raised his hand over my head and pronounced the benediction. As I moved aside a little, he looked down at his desk and then lifted up his eyes and said:

"Tell all your collaborators that they have our blessing and carry to them my invocation to God for their welfare."

As I stepped backwards towards the door, the Pontiff raised his hand and said smilingly in English, "Goodbye."

One of the secret chamberlains entered and escorted the correspondent from the Pope's presence into an ante-chamber. Professor Franz Behounek, Czecho-Slovakian scientist who accompanied General Nobile on the Italia polar expedition, appeared for his audience.

Except for the informality and graciousness of the Pope himself in his library, my visit was accompanied by all the dignity and ceremony that surrounds Vatican procedure. Arriving at 12:15 p.m., I walked up the famous Scala Regia to the Clementine Hall, used as a guard room by the Swiss guard. About 20 of the latter were on duty, in their lavish yellow and blue medieval costumes, the design of which has been attributed to Michelangelo. The hall is rich in frescoes and a heavy chandelier bearing the papal arms hangs from the ceiling, which is covered with paintings.

From the Clementine Hall the way led to the first reception room, where ushers clad in quaint red livery conducted the writer through the first ante-chamber, where two Papal gendarmes stood on guard, wearing black tunics and white breeches, with high boots and tall busbies. Long sabres dangled at their sides.

In the next room were two Noble Guards in semi-full dress, standing at attention with drawn swords. Here the visitor was met by Major Charles Vaughan, papal chamberlain and descendant of the same family that gave Cardinal Vaughan and other famous prelates to the church.

Major Vaughan led the way into the first throne room. The walls were hung with red damask and contained a white throne in gold and red over which was suspended a red and gold canopy. Against the two side walls were marble tables with Egyptian statuettes on each. The carpet was rich with gold and red and subdued green.

Major Vaughan next led the way into another ante-chamber where there were portraits of Pope Leo XII, Pope Pius X and Pope Benedict XV, the immediate predecessors of the present

Pontiff. We waited there until Monsignor Caccia, master of the Papal household, appeared and announced that the Pope would see the United Press correspondent next.

The next room could be seen through the door, containing another throne. Finally a chamberlain in purple emerged from it, bowed, and invited the visitor forward. To my amazement he led the way through the throne room to the Pope's private library, where I discovered that the Pope was going to receive me with unusual honor—an audience beside his desk.

Pope Pius hitherto has exhibited a rather shy attitude towards the press. During the interview, however, he surprised me by recalling that the United Press Rome bureau had translated the historic encyclical of January, 1928, "Mortalium Animos," in which he had given his pronouncement on various movements dealing with church unity.

On that occasion the entire encyclical of 5,000 words was cabled by the United Press to New York, transmission starting at midnight in Rome and the encyclical arriving in the United States in time for the morning papers. The incident came to the attention of the Pope, who expressed his pleasure at the achievement.

BANKER, AT 88, LAUGHS AT IDEA OF RETIREMENT

By Earl Sparling

(New York Telegram Staff Writer. Reprinted by Permission)

Click, click, click went the clock, the relentless, stealthy, infallible, almost soundless electric clock on the wall.

And watching the long, leaping hand, Crowell Hadden, venerable banker of Brooklyn Heights, had little time for an interview.

Eighty-eight years old, forty-five years head of the Brooklyn Savings Bank, Clinton and Pierrepont Sts., Brooklyn, Crowell Hadden was busy closing up his desk for a younger man to take over, and here was a newspaper man asking him to discuss the long past and to predict the even longer future.

"I haven't much time. I'm very busy today."

"Retire? Not Yet!"

Click, click, click.

But five minutes, a mere five minutes? Well, he might give five minutes if the intruder would ask his questions quickly.

Yes, he had resigned the presidency on New Year's Day. No, he had no intention of retiring. He didn't intend to "be put on the shelf." He would be chairman of the board of trustees and would "come around to the office every morning to (he smiled obliquely) open the mail."

And why should he not want to be put on the shelf? Why should he desire to go on working even in his eighty-ninth year? Had he not when younger dreamed, as most men dream, of some day retiring to enjoy the fruits of his labor?

Behind the desk he had regulated for almost five decades, the immaculate, white-haired old banker of Brooklyn Heights regarded his questioner with a gentle amusement.

"Work," he explained, "is one of the few sources of real pleasure. I don't see how any one could wish to be idle. No, I have never dreamed of retiring."

Click, click. Five minutes at the end of a lifetime.

Opinions of the Present

And what did this man of the past think of the present, he who had lived eighty-four years on Brooklyn Heights while the spires across the river had soared one by one toward a sooty heaven, he who had been married sixty-three years ago just a block away and who had lived happily ever afterward, even into an era when matrimony had become publicly suspect and love hedonistically progressive?

"What do you think of the congestion of modern New York?"

"I don't mind it. When we were married my wife and I lived in our own home. Now we live in an apartment. The apartment is better."

"They say this is an age of young men. What do you think about that?"

"The young men seem to be doing very well. When they are placed in responsible positions they seem very capable and well informed."

"Then you approve of the modern day?"

The old banker sat straighter in his chair. His face grew sterner until he almost glowered.

"No. I do not approve!" he pounded, he who has had two sons and five grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. "These girls with their painted lips and their drinking and their dresses half way up and down the back: If I had a daughter like that I would put her out."

Click, click, click. The present already the past. Five minutes of eternity on an electric timepiece.

"Would you like," the newspaper man asked softly, "would you like to see New York and America a hundred years from now?"

NOT EAGER TO SEE THE FUTURE

"No," glowered the old banker of Brooklyn Heights. "Not ten years from now. Not five years from now."

"Do you think things would be better if youth listened more to the wisdom of age?"

But the old banker had his eyes on the long, leaping hand of the clock.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I can't take more time now."

He shuffled the papers on his desk, on one corner of which lay the current issue of the magazine of which his grandson, Britton Hadden, is editor, the magazine *Time*.

ANZIA YEZIERSKA STUDIES IN COLLEGE

(F. V. V.[1] in THE MILWAUKEE JOURNAL, by Permission)

Anzia Yezierska, who came from Russia in 1901, who made her way in America by working in the sweatshops of New York and as a cook in private homes, who survived her early struggles against poverty to tell her story in a series of novels which have gained for her an international reputation, is in Madison seeking the advantages which the University of Wisconsin can offer her.

A self-educated woman, she has been awarded a Zona Gale scholarship at the University, and is entered as an adult special student. With her is her daughter, Louise Levitas, who is also enrolled in the University, a freshman with advanced standing in the school of journalism. Mother and daughter together climb the hill which leads to Bascom Hall.

Mrs. Yezierska, who is best known, perhaps, for her books entitled "Children of Loneliness," "Bread Givers" and "Arrogant Beggar" and for "The Fat of the Land," which was adjudged the best short story of 1919, refuses to be "the professional immigrant." Yet that is what newspaper interviewers invariably try to make of her. She refuses to talk of her early life. "Why should I?" she asks. "In my books—there you will find it, my story. I am an American now; my early life, that is far in the past."

A woman in her early forties, Mrs. Yezierska came to America as a girl of 16 or 17. Asked, however, how long she has been in this country, she replies: ‘‘Oh, I don’t know! A long while—perhaps twenty years. What is time? I sometimes doubt if it exists.’’ In 1912 she became a naturalized citizen of the United States. In 1918 she began writing short stories of East Side tenement life in New York.

---

[1] F. V. V. are the initials of Floyd Van Vuren, Literary Editor of the MILWAUKEE JOURNAL.

In her plainly furnished little room, some ten or twelve blocks from the university campus, seated behind a card table, upon which are scattered her writing materials and a book or two, Mrs. Yezierska hardly looks the part of the successful author. She is a small woman, short, and slender, and youthful in appearance. It is not until she talks that one gets a glimpse of what she is really like. Eagerly, earnestly, passionately, she expresses herself, with only now and then an accent to betray her foreign tongue. . . .

Mrs. Yezierska is at the university seeking objectivity as a writer. In the past she has written only of herself, only of her own experiences. Now she is seeking release from her ‘‘selfness,’’ from the limitations of always being autobiographical. And she expects to find it here. . . .

In praise of Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn and his experimental college she cannot say enough. ‘‘I had heard so much about it in New York,’’ she says. ‘‘I was so interested in it. And when I came here I sought to enter it. I did not know that it was only for boys.’’

Her criticism of American universities is the factory-like methods which they have adopted. ‘‘Even among the Ph.D.’s and the M.A.’s one finds the same desire to speed things up that one finds in big industrial plants. Real education consists of lying on one’s back and looking up at the sun. Teaching cannot be done in wholesale classes where students do not come into individual contact and infusion with their teachers.’’

Suddenly she shifts the conversation. ‘‘I’ll tell you a subject for editorial comment in your paper,’’ and immediately she grows intensely serious. ‘‘Write about the exploitation of students here at the university. It is a shame to such a great, wealthy institution. Students who come here to earn their way through school must work for 35 cents an hour. Or, if they are earning their board, they must work four hours a day for two meals. It is the university itself which sets this low wage scale. It is all they pay the students who help in the libraries, who work in the hospitals and the dormitories.

‘‘I have in mind a young student friend of mine. He is an Armenian and is attempting to earn his way through school by washing dishes and mopping floors in the university hospital. Six hours a day he works and then he goes to his classes. He is tired, worn, and finally he becomes ill. I go to the hospital and do his work for him for two days, washing the dishes, mopping the floors. And I am exhausted. Is it any wonder that he should grow sick, that he should become discouraged?

"The difference between 35 cents an hour and 50 cents an hour is the difference between courage and mere hope. And the students who must work can do nothing about it. Once they plan a strike, but their jobs are immediately taken by others; there are so many who want the opportunity to work their way.

"Write about this in your newspaper," she pleads. "Perhaps it will help to make the university realize the shameful situation."

And as the conversation turns to her daughter, this woman, who the moment before has been so vigorous in the expression of her ideas concerning the exploitation of students, becomes all smiles.

"She is youth—my daughter," she says. "Gay and carefree. She does not live here with me. I believe young people should live with other young people, and so I put her in a house where only young girls live. I sometimes wonder what we can give our children to take the place of the struggles we ourselves have known. But, then, it is natural, is it not, that we should want to spare them our hardships?"

SURVIVOR TELLS THRILLING STORY OF TRAGEDY AT SEA

By Paul A. Dana, on a sick bed, as told to Lorena A. Hickok, Associated Press Staff Writer

(Paul A. Dana, representative of the Radio Corporation of America in South America, and a passenger on the Vestris, and Mrs. Clara Ball, a stewardess on the Vestris, were called the pluckiest pair he had ever seen by Captain Schuyler Cummings, of the American Skipper, who rescued them. They had been floating in the water for 22 hours at the time of their rescue. Dana tells the story in the following.)

New York, Nov. 14.—(AP)—"Our first night out, Saturday night, the Vestris began to hit rough weather. As the night progressed the storm got worse, until, before the night was over, we were in the worst storm I ever saw on the sea.

"It was late that night—perhaps a little after midnight—

that a thing happened which I believe started the trouble that ended in the tragic sinking of the Vestris.

"Two big waves hit her, almost simultaneously, bow and stern. The ship quivered from end to end. You could almost feel her wrenching. The next day she developed a leak and I believe that one of her plates must have been wrenched loose.

"It was rough Saturday night—and Sunday was rougher. Only four of the passengers besides myself were down for breakfast.

"The minute I stepped out of my cabin that morning I began to feel uneasy. The Vestris was listing. I had been on steamers before that listed, but I had never seen quite such a list before. It looked bad.

Menacing List

"In the dining salon that morning I ran on Capt. Frederick Sorenson, and we started to talk things over. He did not like that list either. Inasmuch as he was a sailor, I decided he must know what he was talking about—that he was a good man to stay with. We spent most of the day together.

"Whether the other passengers were uneasy, I don't know. Most of them were violently seasick and spent the whole day in their bunks. As I said, there were only five down for breakfast. No more showed up for lunch or dinner.

"By the middle of the afternoon—while the storm still continued with no apparent let-up—the list had become so pronounced that all the furniture that wasn't fastened down in the dining salon and in the smoking room had slid over to the starboard side, where it was crashing around as the ship rolled.

"After dinner Sorenson and I went into the smoking room and started for the bar. We managed to find two chairs wedged in on the starboard side of the smoking room from which we could reach around into the bar. I had a couple of whiskeys and sodas, felt a little better, and went to bed about 10 o'clock. After wedging my bed into a corner of the cabin so it couldn't slide around, I got to sleep.

Water up to Windows

"My cabin was on the top deck, starboard side. When I woke up at 8 o'clock Monday morning there was the water—right on a level with my windows. There was water sloshing around on the floor of my cabin, too.

"My steward came in, groaning, with a badly-wrenched shoulder. There was apparently a leak, he said, the hold was filling with water, and he had been bailing—with a bucket—all night. The cargo had shifted too, and the ship had tipped clear over until the water was on a level with my windows on the top deck.

"I dressed as quickly as I could, ate the banana which was all my steward could get for my breakfast, and went up on the bow port deck.

"The crew was throwing the cargo overboard—all the stuff they could handle. It looked like bales of cloth and such stuff. Their derricks were not working, so they couldn't get rid of the heavier things, like automobiles.

"A little crowd of men stood up there, leaning over the railing and watching the crew throw the stuff overboard. Some of them came out with their life preservers on. They looked badly scared. Although I had dressed myself that morning with the idea that I'd probably have to leave the ship before the day was over, I tried not to take such a dark view of the thing. Some of us did what we could to cheer the more timid ones—told them this was just a precaution and so on.

"The sky had cleared during the night, and now the sun was shining brightly. The wind still was blowing hard, however—and those waves, great, towering black waves—they looked 40 feet high.

"'Well, anyway, we've got a nice day to be wrecked on,' one of the men remarked with a grin.

Officers Silent

"Officers were going about, cheery, but non-committal. They never told us anything. I never knew until after the Vestris had gone down that they had even sent out an SOS, although, when I went into the smoking room for a little while that morning and tried to read and divert my mind, I thought I heard the radio sort of sputtering.

"Once I went back to my cabin to try to rescue my money that I had left in a trunk. No use—the trunk was under water and wedged in under my bunk. I got my passport, stuck a pack of cigarettes in my pocket, and left—for good.

"The ship kept on tipping. It looked to me as though she had a list of 45 degrees. You could hardly walk on the deck.

"At 10:30 the women and children were brought up and were told to put on life preservers. Still we got no definite information from the officers or crew.

Women Wonderful

"The women were wonderful. Some of them were crying quietly, but there was no hysteria. One of them held in her arms a baby not more than eight months old. All the children had been bundled up. They knew now that they would probably have to leave the ship.

" 'Isn't this fun?' I said to one little fellow with bright blue eyes, trying to cheer him up. He looked at his mother, who was crying, and nodded—solemnly.

"At 11:30 they started to launch the lifeboats, over the port side—the side that was up as she listed. Then the trouble began. It took them two hours to launch those boats, an operation that usually takes about 10 minutes.

"The difficulty was that the lifeboats kept catching on the side of the ship. The outsides of the lifeboats were covered with clapboards, like a frame house, and these would catch on the overlapping steel plates of the ship's hull. They tried to hold the lifeboats out away from the ship by pushing with their oars. It was a slow and painful process.

Patched Lifeboat

"Boat No. 8—the lifeboat to which I was assigned—had a hole torn in her side as they were letting her down. They patched it up with a piece of tin before they let us in, but the tin didn't hold.

"When the boats were about 20 feet from the water, they told us to climb down the rope ladder and get in. Two boats were filled with women and children before they filled No. 8.

"In No. 8 before I got in, were 10 women and 2 children—two youngsters about six or eight years old. One of the women was Clara Ball, with whom I subsequently floated on the piece of wreckage. Another was Mrs. Inuoye, wife of the counsellor of the Japanese embassy at Buenos Aires. The ship's bar-tender was aboard, and our crew consisted of four Negro sailors.

"Three minutes after we pulled away, the Vestris keeled over on her side and sank.

"I think one of the funniest things I ever saw was 40 men—apparently all those left on board—racing madly down her side and diving off from her keel.

"One boat never got away at all. It was still on deck when she sank. They had to launch some from her starboard side, but they had to cut them away before they could be filled. These were rowed around to where her keel had been when she went down, and they picked up a lot of the swimmers.

Boilers Cold

"She went down silently—with just a little puff of steam. Her boilers must have been cold. The engine room had not been functioning all morning.

"Just a few minutes after we pulled away our lifeboat began to fill with water. The tin patch tore away. She had air compartments, however, so that we could stay in her even after she was under water.

"Still the women tried to keep calm, although the tears streamed down their cheeks. There was no screaming.

One of the children started to whimper. His mother—hastily drying her eyes—tried to comfort him.

"It wasn't long before a big wave came along and capsized us. I got caught under the lifeboat as she turned over. I wasn't hurt, except for a little scrape on my neck. As I struggled out from under, I saw a woman's foot bob up. I grabbed it and hauled her with me. It was Mrs. Ball.

"One of the women had been drowned when the boat tipped over. Most of the occupants came up, however, including the children.

"We all got on one side, pulled, and managed to right it again. The women and children climbed in.

Mighty Waves

"But the waves were pounding it to pieces. The air compartments, stored under the seats, tore loose. She was breaking up.

"Great black waves—they looked to be 100 feet high from where we were—kept pounding down on us.

"The children disappeared, and the women—all except Mrs. Ball.

"I saw a piece of wood-wreckage—floating in the water nearby. 'Come on,' I said. We swam to it.

" 'Take hold of one end,' I told her, 'and I'll take the other.' Silently she did so—never a whimper out of her. We then proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as we could—to wait for help.

"The water was warm—warmer than you find it in an indoor swimming tank. It was so warm, in fact, that you hardly gasped when you plunged in. The fact that it was warm probably helped to save our lives. But it was enervating, too.

"Mrs. Ball was fully dressed—with a coat and sweater on under her life preserver. She had on gloves, which certainly saved her hands. Mine are all cut up.

"'What in the world is that you have stuck in the front of your life preserver?' I asked her.

"She grinned and pulled up a slipper. Her feet were so narrow, she explained, that she had a hard time getting shoes to fit, and she wanted to save this pair if she could.

"Throughout the afternoon we clung to the spar. It wasn't so bad, except for the waves. Our life preservers held us up, and having something to cling to made it easier to keep our heads out of the water. Only every now and then a great big wave would come crashing down on us, almost knocking the life out of our bodies and smothering us in foam.

Never a Whimper

"I think the hardest thing was to keep from getting excited and floundering. We had to save our strength and not move about unnecessarily. Mrs. Ball was wonderful. She showed iron nerve. Never a whimper out of her.

"Several times during the afternoon we tried to hail the life boats, but they couldn't hear us or see us because of the waves. I don't think they passed us deliberately. It's pretty hard to spot a swimmer in waves like those.

"Toward sunset it began to cloud up. Then a thought flashed into my mind that made me feel a little sick all over. Sharks!

"I don't know whether Mrs. Ball ever thought of them or not. If she did, she kept still about it.

"During that long night of waves and wind and rain we clung to the spar—talking intermittently. She told me that she was a stewardess. When we made for the spar and for several hours after we had attached ourselves to it, I had no idea who she was.

"I confess that we spent a good deal of time cussing out Captain Carey for not getting those radio messages out earlier. Mrs. Ball had heard that one went out at eight o'clock Monday morning and had been cancelled.

"We agreed, though, that it was a tough break for the captain. Nobody likes to admit he's licked until he has to. Probably he thought the Vestris would ride it out.

Called too Late

"I'd like to know if it's true, though, that he sent out an SOS at 8 o'clock and then cancelled it.

"The night wore on. Several times we saw the searchlights of ships. They were too far away to see us then, but it gave us hope. And several times fish brushed against my body in the water and I squirmed. Mrs. Ball never said a word, if she noticed them. If she was undergoing what I was, she never let on at all. I decided to hold on anyway and wait until a shark actually attacked me before I let go.

"At daybreak came the worst moment of all for us. As the dawn broke—not a ship was in sight. And our piece of wreckage was beginning to break up. We had to hold it together while using it for a support.

"At about 11 o'clock we sighted the Wyoming. She must have been 20 miles away. But our spar was practically gone.

"'How about it?' I asked Mrs. Ball. 'Shall we swim for it?'

"Without a word, she started off toward the Wyoming. I kept by her side.

"We had been swimming for an hour when I looked back and saw the American Skipper. She was only about a mile away, and coming toward us.

"I tore off the tail of my shirt and waved it wildly in the air. They saw it. A boat was lowered.

"As we got up alongside, they threw out a rope. I fastened it about my body, under my arms, and grabbed Mrs. Ball. I had an idea that when she would give in, she'd go quickly. I was right.

"They hauled us into the boat and then hoisted us up in one of those rope cages they use for hoisting cargo. We never could have made it climbing a ladder. We were much too weak.

"I never was treated more wonderfully in my life than I was on the American Skipper. The doctor ripped my clothes off, gave me a couple of shots of whiskey and an alcohol rub and told me to go to sleep, which I certainly did. When I woke up, the steward was ready to shave me. My clothes were all dried.

"I guess there's just one thing more. About five minutes after we were hoisted aboard the American Skipper, a body floated alongside. And two sharks——"

3. **Personality sketch.**—When a feature story presents the characteristics of a person rather than his views, it is called a personality sketch. It may be largely descriptive —an impressionistic picture—or it may be a narrative account of the man in action, the particular instances being selected which will enable the reader to arrive at an understanding of the subject from what he has done.

Newspaper readers are deeply interested in the human and personal side of those who are much in the public eye. What the President of the United States reads, or Mr. Edison thinks; whether Henry Ford is happy; how much an author makes out of a "best seller," and a host of things that belong to the intimate, personal life of these who figure in the day's news may be counted upon to entertain countless newspaper readers. There is danger, in fact, that because of this curiosity the personality sketch may be overworked.

Readers are also interested in success stories. Revealing incidents that throw light on the sterling elements in the character of those who have achieved success are avidly read because of their inspirational value.

Closely akin to the appeal of the human side of famous men or women is the kindly concern that persons of perhaps less importance but great sympathetic understanding often show for their fellows as they go about their life's work. Stories of this kind should be carefully handled, as tender emotions must be treated delicately.

In the writing of personality sketches the reporter is free to use any method that will produce the desired effect. It is well to avoid an excess of enthusiasm, and, as a general rule, to keep pretty well out of the picture. An examination of the following stories will reveal successful methods.

BRITAIN'S YOUNG MAN OF DESTINY

By Sir Philip Gibbs

(From The New York Times Magazine, Sunday, January 27, 1929, by Permission)

What destiny awaits that young man, the Prince of Wales, who by some rare combination of quality, a supreme gift of personality, has won the heart of the world? How will he shape up to the duties of kingship when the burden of the crown is laid upon his boyish-looking head and that fair hair which has the glint of gold in it? Will he be crushed by its weight and lose his individuality, his sense of humor, his devil-may-care gallantry in the deadening atmosphere of court etiquette and the ceaseless routine of royal duty which is killing to all but the strongest character?

There is something odd—amazingly unusual—about this young man. It is no exaggeration to say that he has been adopted by the world as the Prince of Youth. When the illness of King George was revealed it was not only the thoughts of his own people which reached out to the wilds of Africa where the Prince was following the trail of big game, nor only England which was impatient for every stage of that home-coming journey when he beat the record by train and boat, not waiting to change his hunting kit, in a dash to his father's bedside.

The American people gave him first place in the day's news. The Germans, who might be expected to hate him, if they still believed in hate, called him "the Prince," as though he belonged to them, and they speak about him, as I know, with affectionate admiration. In France it is the same. There is always a cheer when his face is shown on the screen in Paris or the provinces. I truly believe there is not a country in the world where a portrait of the Prince of Wales or some word about him, does not brighten the eyes of men and women, old and young. A magic gift!

He stands for this modern youth of ours, for good sportsmanship, for courage and high spirit, for chivalry and good nature and laughter and the eternal boyhood of life.

People have heard tales about his willfulness, but they like it. He has the reputation of being a philanderer; quick to spot a pretty girl. Well, even the sternest old Puritan relaxes the line of his lips. "Boys will be boys"—and especially the Prince of Wales, who refuses to grow up, like Peter Pan. He is reported to be keen on jazz, night clubs, parties where prohibition is not rigidly enforced, to say the least of it. A modern Prince Hal, says the world, who one day, poor lad, will have to turn his back on boon companions and frivolous delights and steady down to kingship. "Don't grudge him a good time while he can get it," says the man in the street. Anyhow, if he stays up late at a party, playing in the jazz band, singing negro songs, dancing between drinks, he rides out early in the morning and is first in the hunting field. If he happens to fall off his horse—and he seems to make a habit of it—he is quick to risk his neck again over the next fence. Most hunting men fall off their horses, but they do not get photographed so much, and they do not take so many chances of a spill over difficult country. The Prince takes everything, throwing his heart over first. That's his way. He doesn't care a damn when there's any danger.

What is the secret of this spell he has put over the imagination of the world? By what odd freak of heredity or experience did he acquire this character of his? Or is it really a myth built up by imagination around a very ordinary young man? Personally I believe that heredity has a good deal to do with it. There is more than a touch of his grandfather in him. He has the resistance to "stuffiness" which enabled King Edward to break away from the stifling influence of his early Victorian boyhood. But it goes further back than that, along that strange twisted thread of the hereditary chain which links him up with his predecessors, as that Charles Edward Stuart—"Bonnie Prince Charlie" of the Highland legends—and that other Charles, afterward the Merrie Monarch, and back again to Prince Hal who heard the chimes o' midnight on old London while he quaffed sack with Falstaff and his ragamuffins, and still further back to young Edward Prince of Wales who took three feathers for his crest at Crecy and won his spurs in France. By a trickle of blood those old ghosts live again in the young Prince and help to make him what he is.

Then there is environment and the spirit of the age. I remember seeing him on the morning when his father was proclaimed King by the heralds at St. James's Palace. A small boy then, called David by his family, he stood watching this ceremony over the garden wall of Marlborough House. Did he understand then that one day the trumpets would sound again for him and that the heralds would proclaim him in his turn King of Great Britain and Ireland and the Dominions Beyond the Seas, Emperor of India, Defender of the Faith? He looked wide-eyed and wondering.

I saw him again when he was invested at Carnarvon Castle as Prince of Wales. In the hot sun blazing down between the castle walls, where 100,000 people waited for his coming, he appeared like a figure from some old fairy tale—Prince Charming—or from a chronicle of chivalry—a boy with golden hair dressed like a medieval prince in white silk embroidered with gold. He was shy and solemn that day and had none of his future jauntiness.

It was the war that developed his character. He was out in France early as a "pup" Lieutenant, and was rather at a loose end before he served with the Welsh Guards. Nobody bothered about him much. He saluted Generals and Colonels as repectfully as any other young officer of his own rank, to whom these "high birds" were remote and awful beings. I saw him salute like that on an old hill in Flanders where a group of Generals had gathered to watch an attack which failed because our guns were firing shrapnel for lack of high explosives in those early days when British gun power had not yet reached its strength. The Prince stared across at the German lines, and Sir John French, then Commander-in-Chief, took no notice of him. He was unrecognized except by a few of us when he rode on a "push bike" along the roads of war crowded with guns and transports and marching troops.

Later, with the Guards, when he had a job to do, he lost some of his shyness and became a typical young subaltern like thousands of other boys of his age in France. He joined them in their "binges" behind the line, in old estaminets where there was good red wine and a pretty girl or two to wait on them—Marguerite of Amiens or Susanne of Cassel on the hill—and a piano out of which some talented fellow could get a tune—"The Long, Long Trail," "Hullo, Hullo, It's a Different Girl Again!" or "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile." Great stuff!

He went up to the front line under shellfire, and down into captured dugouts, and through the ruins of towns and villages almost wiped off the earth by high explosives, but still "strafed" by enemy guns so that death might meet him at any moment between one heap of bricks and another. Prince or private, it made no difference. I remember that one day he walked through the ruins of Vermelles, which was no health resort, as I knew under my own tin hat. He left his car behind a broken wall and went on to the front line, with its piled sandbags. When he came back he found his driver with his head blown off. It was not the only time he missed the same fate by a useful yard or two, and did not turn a hair. The stench of the war was in his nostrils year after year. He saw its abominations—close up. He saw its massacre of youth. And he found, as others found, the comradeship, the laughter between spells of beastliness, the sense of deadly adventure which made life more precious while it lasted.

• • •

It was in the war that he learned to laugh with that sudden rush of humor in his eyes, those little puckers about the lips, which make some of his photographs good to keep on one's desk or mantelpiece. It was in the war that he learned to look at life with those humorous eyes which are sometimes very sad. On one morning toward the end and when thrones were toppling in Europe and kings were slipping off to exile he came down into the Guards' mess and announced in a cheery voice, "Crowns are cheap today, gentlemen!"

I saw him two or three days before the end of the war in a town called Denain, still close to the German lines, when the inhabitants came up out of their cellars to greet their liberators. A girl presented a bunch of flowers to a young Captain of ours, who was the Prince of Wales, and he bowed and smiled and blushed, and shifted about from one foot to another. He is quick to blush even now, and it is a rare gift these days.

After the war he visited most of the British Dominions, year by year, and there is no heir to the throne who has known the empire so well. He has a special fondness for his Canadian ranch, where he lives with great simplicity, friendly with his neighbors and keen on a sing-song in the evening or any kind of game after a hard day in the field.

During his visits to the United States he became a popular favorite, and there is a lot of truth in that amusing song of the American cutie, "I've Danced With a Man Who Danced With a Girl Who Danced With the Prince of Wales." The United States likes the look of that young man, I think. They thought him a good type of English youth, so bold and so shy, who was always touching his tie to hide his embarrassment when thousands of eyes were upon him.

He slipped off now and then to parties of his own, scandalizing the pomposities, and consorting with people who were too bohemian to be admitted to the exclusive set of Long Island and New York. It was not well advised of him, no doubt. It was too free and easy. It was a breach of tact and good form, people said. It was very worrying to his secretaries and those who had to keep an eye on him. But perhaps it was necessary to the soul of a young man who has to fight against boredom and etiquette as the two dragons waiting to devour him. The Prince has declared war on those two monsters and so far has kept them under his heel at some cost to his reputation among the bigwigs and baldheads. If he had not done those naughty things he would not be so merry.

This young man of destiny has a supply of nervous energy which he must liberate or choke. He must find an outlet for it in violent exercise, hard play at any kind of game and incessant activity. He tires out his attendants. During his voyages about the world their great anxiety at night was to get him to bed at a decent hour. They needed sleep after deck games which had made their bones ache. At last he would yawn and go to his stateroom. Thank God for that! The others would say good night and turn in, with the exception of a conspirator or two. After half an hour or so the Prince would reappear, merry and bright, ready for a new lark, a little amateur work with the orchestra, a rough-and-tumble in the saloon. Inexhaustible!

After his return from India last time he saddled his own horse next morning and rode at a gallop around the Row through mud and rain, hell for leather, before the usual riders had yawned themselves awake. After his dash back to his father's bedside, when he nearly froze in the London fog, he warmed himself up by a two hours' game of squash rackets in a club to which I happen to belong.. The Duke of York, who played with him, could not compete with this terrific energy. Few people can. And it is all nervous energy in a slight, slim body.

He suffers real torture at formal banquets where he has to sit through dull speeches. Boredom, that old dragon, begins to bite him. One sees a gloom gradually envelop him. As the dinner proceeds he becomes more and more melancholy. He sighs deeply. He is restless in his chair. If only he could get up and dance with the Lady Mayoress or one of those pretty girls at the end of the room! If only some one would start chucking bread about so that he could put up a sham fight and have some exercise! If only those old buffers boring him to death would start a game of leap-frog around the banqueting table! But to sit still for three hours. Oh, God!

And yet when his turn comes to play he makes a very good speech. Doubtless the dull parts have been made up for him by private secretaries, but he generally manages to give his own lightness of touch, to wedge in an amusing story or to work off a bright phrase or two. To a gathering of film producers and photographers I heard him say: "I am the raw material of your industry, gentlemen," and they appreciated the wit and the truth of that remark.

* * *

He is not a mere philanderer of life, as some people imagine, just devoted to sport and amusement. He has a serious and even spiritual side to his character, as may be seen in his devotion to a society known as Toc H, which lights lamps of remembrance to comrades who fell in the war and has a religious and mystical ceremony once a year with the object of perpetuating the spirit of service and comradeship in English manhood. The Prince takes part in these ceremonies with a spiritual sincerity which no one can doubt.

Beyond that he drops in occasionally to the hotels for young men belonging to that organization, sits on the floor among them and joins in their sing-songs. He has no "side" whatever, unless people try to take advantage of his good nature. Then he can freeze them with a steely glance. He will talk to a stableboy or a workman or a cabman exactly as he talks to a duke or an Oxford undergraduate. He is at his best, I am told, in a certain English family of no high rank or wealth, where he feels perfectly at home and where every one is devoted to him because of his simplicity and affection, which admits of no ceremony. This is his private paradise.

The English people, young and old, of all classes, have a romantic love for the Prince of Wales. He could lead them anywhere in charity service or adventure. And yet they are a little anxious about him. They are not only afraid that he may break his neck one day by taking a reckless chance, but some of them are afraid that he may break his heart or his spirit. The inevitable restraints of his high position, those royal barriers to liberty, may spoil him. They would like to see him marry some charming English girl, as his brother married the present Duchess of York, so dainty and sweet-natured. They suspect that he has given his heart to some lady whom he cannot marry for reasons of State or social rank, but there is no such reason which would weigh with them if he said, "Here is the lady of my love!" They build up all sorts of stories, without any evidence, to account for his long bachelorhood. Whatever the truth may be, they would hate to see him lose his smile, his boyishness, his wonderful charm, because of private grief or public burden.

They are anxious lest one day when the crown is placed on his head they may find that this Prince of Youth turns suddenly into a careworn man, trying to forget his enormous responsibility by self-indulgence, and becoming moody under the strain of boredom and ceremonial and royal routine. They would like him always to be the leader of sport and adventure and social life, and to restore the spirit of enthusiasm for service and comradeship which somehow dwindled in England after the war. Some of us remember that "Bonnie Prince Charlie" did not fulfill the promise of his gallant youth. Some of us understand how difficult and dangerous it is for a constitutional king to use his personal influence in a time of democracy. A King of England has to be so careful not to step beyond his privilege and power that unless he has unusual strength of character he is reduced to impotence.

Personally I believe that the Prince of Wales will never be reduced to the position of a puppet. I feel sure that when the crown touches him he will hold his head high with new resolve and that courage of his, letting slip the frivolity of youth without losing his sense of humor and steadying down to duty and work. His personality cannot be stifled unless he is choked. His energy will seek a new outlet in public service. As no other man in England today he could speak words which would be like a trumpet call to the spirit of the younger generation. He could call to the old spirit of adventure and be sure of the romantic allegiance of the English people and of his dominions beyond the seas.

As King he could fulfill the promise of his personality when Prince of Wales, as a leader in the social life of the nation, as a comrade of all men who were in the war with him, as a gentleman of the old tradition, courageous, keen, simple, humorous, without snobbishness, a lover of England, a friend of all good fellows in the world. He knows his world pretty well. He has seen war and knows the infernal waste of it. As the world's favorite, he has an international influence which he could use for conciliation and peace. He may play a good game for England and the younger generation everywhere, not finding it too boring, as Edward, Rex et Imperator, good sportsman and unafraid. That is our hope for him.

BELOVED STREET CAR CONDUCTOR LAMENTED

By Andrew Bernhard

(From The Detroit Free Press, by Permission)

Riders on the Hamilton avenue street car line looked in vain yesterday for Patrick O'Conner, who for 22 years had rung up fares and called streets on that line. O'Conner was killed by an automobile late Wednesday night, as he and his wife, Augusta, were crossing John R. street at Trowbridge avenue.

Mrs. O'Conner, seriously injured, was reported by Providence hospital attendants to be somewhat improved last night.

Large Acquaintanceship

Twenty-two years of service on the same street car line are bound to give one a large circle of acquaintances. If you're a conductor with a smile that goes with your Irish birth and have a pleasant word of greeting for the regular patrons, it's not hard to see how that circle widens.

For years and years—none of his friends seem to know just how long—O'Conner had a night Hamilton line run. He went to work at 8:40 in the evening and got through at 5:20 the next morning.

Passengers who travel on street cars after midnight are night workers who leave for home at the same hour every morning. They get to know each other, get to know the street car crew they ride with, and the crew gets to know them.

Held Car for Friends

For years O'Conner's car left the downtown district at 2, 3:20 and 4:40 a. m. O'Conner would take a look at the crowd. Here and there a face or two might be missing. The car would be held a few minutes. If the absent ones appeared, well and good. If they didn't, O'Conner would hold the car as long as he dared, take a final look down the street to make sure he wasn't passing up an old friend, and signal the motorman to leave.

"Sure, I know it's not exactly abiden with the rules," he'd say. "But we can make up the time out on the line. And if we left a few seconds before the boys got here, so they'd be left behind, then they'd be late at home, and their wives'd be wondering if all was well."

It was the same out on the line. Maybe your street was located between the two regular "skip stops." If O'Conner knew you to be a "regular," he'd be likely to halt the car at your street—also against the rules—if it was a rainy or a particularly stormy night. Again a regular passenger going to work early in the morning and who boarded the car at a particular corner, might be missing. The car would halt and wait a moment for the tardy one. If he didn't appear, "Ah, the boy's turned over for another wink after the alarm clock woke him up. Too bad, for he'll maybe get a bawling out when he comes to work late."

Not Like "Toonerville"

"'Toonerville' trolley?" you ask. Not a bit of it. Just O'Conner's idea of service. Not a passenger thought of complaining, for each knew he might be glad of the same little grace tomorrow. It is not on record that O'Conner's car ever missed a possible connection which might sentence an "owl" rider to a 40-minute wait in the cold.

Six months ago O'Conner was transferred to a day run. He hated to leave the night run, and all the patrons whom he learned to know.

"But a man likes to have a little diversion, now and then, with his friends. And if you're working nights when they're having a good time and they're working when you're off, when can you meet them?" he indicated. Besides, his wife liked to go out for a quiet evening at cards and she couldn't well go out alone. You know how it is about letting your wife go out alone evenings, what with the automobile accidents and the holdups to worry you.

So O'Conner transferred. He reveled, his friends say, in the idea of working days, even though he did go to work at 4:40 in the morning—an unseemly hour to most of us. He had the long afternoons off and in the evening there were friends to visit, or friends to greet. O'Conner liked it. "He seemed like a new man," said John M. Keating, 166 Worchester avenue, one of his fellow employes. "Not a week but Pat and his wife would be up to play cards with us an evening," Keating said, "or else we'd be down to play in their home."

Young Andries Driver

Had O'Conner remained on his night run he likely would be living today, his friends lamented yesterday. For if he had been at work he naturally wouldn't have been crossing John R. street with his wife Wednesday night. Crossing just in time to be struck by an automobile driven by 17-year-old Edward Andries, 111 Josephine avenue, son of the Detroit board of health secretary, Henry A. I. Andries.

"You never can tell," the friends said. "It just goes to show you never can tell."

Arrangements for the funeral await the arrival of relatives from Charleston, S. C., where O'Conner had two brothers and two sisters. With O'Conner dead and his wife in the hospital, friends are looking after their house at 156 Tennyson avenue, Highland Park. The couple had no children.

HOW THE VISION OF A CHICAGO LAWYER OPENED THE EYES OF THE WORLD

By John B. Stone

(From The Chicago Daily News, December 19, 1928, by Permission)

Salmon O. Levinson of Chicago was spending the summer in Maine when the shock hit. It almost stunned him.

Europe had gone to war. The stock market was closed. The bottom had dropped out of values that men believed certain—things on which they had built their lives.

That night Salmon Levinson, accustomed by training and by inclination to think things out, tried to think this thing out. But every avenue of thought was blocked. His boys stood in the way of sane reason—his boys whom this thing in Europe might swallow up now that they stood in the doorway to mature life, one foot across the threshold.

Salmon Levinson thought long that night, but all he could think of was Horace and Ronald—two little pieces of squirming flesh in their mother's arms; Horace and Ronald mussing up the house with their toys and their make believe; Horace and Ronald, their keen minds eager to take up life; Horace and Ronald, his boys.

Before he slept that night Levinson declared to himself, "They can't. They can't." But he knew all the time that they could—they could blow out the lives of his boys in a second.

* * *

That night left a deep mark on the character of Salmon O. Levinson. It started a chain of thought, which, according to many trained observers, led directly to the signing of the multilateral treaty to outlaw war. It was the first foundation stone in a new philosophical structure.

Next morning Maine sunshine and the NEW YORK TIMES brought relief to the troubled thinking of Mr. Levinson.

"There is no cause for worry," the newspaper blandly assured him. "War isn't what it used to be before the Hague conventions. The persons and property of civilians and neutrals will be respected. The issue will be settled on the battle field by trained soldiers."

"In other words," thought Mr. Levinson, "the world has not reverted to savagery. This is a gentleman's war to be fought by gentlemen."

Perhaps there was a faint current of subconscious thought that went: "It can't be. War is war, unrelenting, unmerciful, ruthless." But it is easy for minds, even minds so matter of fact as Salmon Levinson's, to arrive at conclusions so passionately sought as he sought safety for his boys.

Today Salmon O. Levinson would seat you in soft leather, fill his large, quiet loop office with genial good-will and tell you with a broad smile, "I was naive enough to believe that then."

But the smile is a bit wry. It expresses something deep beyond words. It is an echo of utter disillusionment.

Mr. Levinson was a well-known corporation lawyer before the war. He would go into the tangled affairs of a railroad gone wrong, unify the hundred jarring elements among stock holders and bond holders; find out—by cutting away red tape—what was wrong; slice out the bad parts with a surgeon's skill, and supply new pieces to take the faulty fabric's place.

Mr. Levinson had grown to rely on the honesty of men. But the days of slaughter, dragging on into weeks and months and years, taught him that men had been lying when they said Europe was fighting a gentleman's war.

Disillusionment comes hard to most men. It came hard and bitter to Levinson. But it started in him an energy the power of which no one would doubt, merely looking at the man. It lighted the fire of the prophets in the blood of this, their descendant. And the outcome of the fire it lit was, as many believe, the world treaty of Paris, the renunciation by the nations of the world of the sovereign right to slaughter the men of other nations.

* * *

Days of research, nights of solemn study, pleas to friends, queries to intelligent men, the leaders of thought in the land, followed the birth of Mr. Levinson's idea. He started as a novice in international affairs; he emerged an authority on treaties, courts, protocols, sanctions, war itself.

He dived into the maze of the work that had been done for peace and found there a few hints. Our sovereign colonies, in forming the United States, had agreed that they would make no war upon one another. That stuck in his mind. Writers on war stated that it was the most legal thing in the world—the sovereign right of nations. That, too, stuck in his mind.

Gradually he acquired his facts. He found that war was morally damnable; that it was legally exalted. "What is this thing that makes its rules as it goes along—that shatters all other laws, all the inherent rights of the individual when they get in its way?"

All this while the world was warring. Mr. Levinson regarded the world as he would have regarded a great corporation in trouble. Cutting through the red tape, he found what was wrong.

Then, after months of thought, the solution came. The power of war is in its legality, he reasoned. Law should always back up what is morally right and stigmatize what is morally wrong. The great men of the world grant that war is morally wrong. Why not make it legally wrong? Why not outlaw war?

That was the genesis. Levinson wrote a paper about it. He took the paper to John Dewey, the philosopher, and asked him to rewrite it and publish it under his own name.

"I have lived an honest life so far," said Dewey, "and I see no reason now to stoop to plagiarism."

So Mr. Levinson rewrote the article and the *New Republic* published it on March 9, 1918, under the title "The Legal Status of War."

That was the launching of the great enterprise. The work was just begun.

* * *

The idea percolated to M. Briand, France's foreign minister. He broadcast a message to the American people on April 6, 1927, the tenth anniversary of America's entrance into the war. "France," he said, "would be willing to subscribe publicly with the United States to any mutual engagement to outlaw war, to use an American expression, between the two countries."

Levinson was immediately on the job. He sailed to Europe. He made a tour of Europe. He was received by more high officials, probably, than any other man who had no official capacity. He was accorded private conferences in high places. Things moved so fast that on June 20, 1927, M. Briand submitted a formal outlawry treaty.

Mr. Kellogg replied to M. Briand's proposal that the treaty should include not one but many nations, should be multilateral, not bilateral, and finally, on August 27, the treaty was signed.

In ten years, Levinson's idea had revolutionized public thought.

* * *

This treaty does not necessarily mean there will be no more war. It means that the people who are against war are legally right. It means that the civilized world denounces and renounces war, and makes it henceforth disreputable.

Millions will soon be singing "On Earth, Peace, Good Will Toward Men." The high feeling of Christmas is here. In the quiet thought of after-emotion, it may be that the song will seem more of a reality, more realizable, because Salmon Levinson, in a vision, saw his two boys walking through "the valley of the shadow of death."

(Copyright, 1928, THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, Inc.)

4. **Stories for women.**—The modern newspaper makes a definite bid for women readers. Both the big city daily and the country weekly devote considerable space to news of interest chiefly to women readers. Many articles that furnish timely and useful aid to women's work in the management of the home, the garden, health, and other interests of the family are printed, as such matters are of primary concern to housewives. While some of this material is of doubtful value, much of it is helpful, and the woman's page in the better class of newspapers tries hard

to serve its public and it may rightfully be considered a constructive phase of journalism.

News and articles on the woman's page generally take such forms as fashion news, health articles, ethical problems, formulas, hints for the gardener, stories for the children, nature studies, first aid in emergencies, personal sketches of successful women, and the like.

Newspapers that consider the woman's page important usually put it in charge of a competent editor who prints a well-balanced selection of news stories and articles that are likely to appeal to women readers. The trivial stuff is passing, and in its place appear thoughtful articles or information on practical subjects prepared by experts. The best papers use an easy, chatty style in their stories and articles. Accuracy of statement and purity of diction are usually insisted on. The appeal is almost always to serious-minded women, and there is often a dearth of articles in lighter vein.

(Society reporting, which has been called "the difficult task of chronicling the more intimate and personal doings of society men and women," might properly be discussed here, but it is treated as a separate classification under departmentalized stories.)

AN OPEN DOOR OF FRIENDLINESS

(From The Christian Science Monitor, by Permission)

For over 25 years there has been at least one latchstring out to the people of Chicago every Sunday afternoon during the months of January, February and March. This door which stands so invitingly open is found on the ninth floor of a down-town building, leading into the beautiful quarters of the Chicago Woman's Club, overlooking Lake Michigan.

The original idea of the organization in providing this open door to nonmembers was to offer a pleasant Sunday afternoon home to many girls in Chicago who would otherwise be alone. But as time has progressed it has been the older men and women rather than the young people whom the club has sought to reach, although all are welcome. Young people have much done for them today, but there are many grown-up people in a big city like

Chicago, so the club thinks, who are, temporarily at least, socially underprivileged, or who find Sunday afternoons very lonely during the long cold winter months, or who, it may be, feel overburdened with family problems and after an hour or two in an entirely different atmosphere return to their duties refreshed and uplifted.

Varied Programs

The Chicago Woman's Club (which by the way is one of the oldest clubs in the United States, and one of the most conservative in the city, with a limited membership) has not found this responsibility either arduous or expensive. It has been fortunate in having as the chairman of its Open Door Mrs. S. S. Frackleton, who is admirably suited to this unique position, which requires an understanding heart, a kindly warmth of manner, and a wisdom born of a wealth of human experiences. For nearly 20 years she has presided as hostess on these happy Sunday afternoons and extended the right hand of fellowship to her stranger guests.

At 2:30 the doors are thrown open. From 3 to 4 o'clock a program is provided, after which the guests are invited to stay for refreshments and a social hour. The programs are provided by Chicago artists, who are generous in offering their services freely to the Open Door. Mrs. Frackleton always has more names on her list to call upon than she can use. These programs are varied, including speakers, readers, musicians, and other artists. The season closes with a gala program on the last Sunday in March. It is thought that after this the generous acres of forest preserves and parks will provide out-of-door joy for these same people.

The writer spent two delightful Sunday afternoons recently at the Open Door. On one occasion there was a charming bird talk, illustrated with moving pictures of birds. On the second, the program consisted of songs and readings. The audience seemed greatly pleased and welcomed the artists with generous applause.

During the social hour one felt very free to go about and talk with anyone present. No introductions were necessary. The whole atmosphere was one of friendly informality. Mrs. Frackleton greeted everyone present. There were something like 200 guests, with women very much in the majority.

"I haven't missed an Open Door for 11 years," said one guest enthusiastically to the writer.

Another one said she had been in California for several years and had missed the Open Door very much on Sundays. She was very glad to get back to them.

"It's nice to have the women invite us," said a third. "I always come. You see, I never got the habit of reading when I was young and I get sort of lonely on Sundays. You always feel so comfortable here. You never have to dress up. Just wear what you've got. The club women dress so plain—without any show, but everything just nice and homey."

BECAME FRIENDS

Another one told about three old ladies from different parts of the city who met here and became friends. Ever since, they have used these Sunday afternoons as the occasions for their weekly meetings. Still another said it was her first visit, but she was surely going to be on hand when the doors were thrown open next winter.

One incident after another could be given to show how this Open Door has very definitely been able to lift many human beings out of a sense of despondency into one of hope. The Chicago women have reason to be proud that their venture has been a genuine success. Recently inquiries have come to them from sister clubs in other parts of the country, expressing the desire that they, too, might have an Open Door and join in the happy work of sharing friendliness and hospitality.

NOTED THANKSGIVING DINNERS AND DINERS

(From THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, November 23, 1927, by Permission)

Turning from cook books to histories, Nell B. Nichols, New York cooking expert, has discovered the menus for Thanksgiving enjoyed by some of the great Americans.

The first is a famous Thanksgiving dinner given at the home of Daniel Webster in 1842, in which a special chestnut stuffing was the feature. Charles Dickens, who was the guest of honor, in letters home praised the stuffing highly, but referred to the huge wedges of pumpkin pie, sweet potatoes and opossum as too indigestible. Webster, however, was noted for his famous dinners.

A second famous dinner that found its way into history books was one given by Hamilton Fish when he was secretary of state in 1852, with the English writer Thackeray as his guest of honor. It was at this time that ice cream of the type in use today was introduced to supplant frozen ices which had hitherto been used. Other dishes were turkey surrounded by mounds of cranberries and celery curls, another innovation; baked pumpkin, spiced peaches and pears for salad and ice cream as one of the deserts.

Theodore Roosevelt, while president, received a request from the Japanese ambassador to permit his chef to prepare the prize turkey sent the president. When it appeared, its golden brown plumage, its red head and adornments and its claws had been spared. A slight movement removed all of these and the bird, browned to a turn and seething in rich gravy, was disclosed. It was boned and within the turkey had been placed a capon, within the capon a pheasant and within the pheasant a grouse. One serving consisted of four delicious meats.

WOMEN WHO'VE WON

By Lillian G. Genn

DR. LILLIAN M. GILBRETH

Industrial Engineer and Mother of Eleven

(From The Baltimore Evening Sun, by Permission)

Almost any woman would consider that having a family of eleven children would be a big enough job for her.

However, Dr. Lillian M. Gilbreth not only is the mother of eleven children but she has also found time to become America's leading industrial engineer. In addition, she is the author of several books, including "Fatigue Study," "The Homemaker" and "Living With Our Children."

Should you think that Dr. Gilbreth has had to neglect her home and children for her work, she will immediately dispel that notion for you. She has organized her home and her work so well that the two fit together perfectly. Of course, now that her children are older, they are well able to relieve her of many of the household tasks, so that she can devote more time to her work.

Dr. Gilbreth is a tall, slim woman, with large blue eyes and a ruddy complexion, and is much too young looking to be the mother of so large a family.

"Were you an industrial engineer before your marriage?" I asked.

"No," she smiled. "I had gone to college with the idea of preparing for teaching. I had specialized in psychology and education and was studying for my doctor's degree, when I met Mr. Gilbreth, who was well known as a construction engineer. Mr. Gilbreth believed that to build up a home happily, husband and wife should have a common interest and work together. He therefore asked me to join him in his work.

"Naturally I was flattered, but I did not see how I could do any work and have a home and children.

" 'You can,' my husband said to me, 'if we organize our family life so that you have sufficient time in which to work.'

"But, since I knew nothing at all about construction engineering, I didn't see just how I could be of any help. However, my husband's organization had accumulated a great deal of material on their various experiments, and the first thing he wanted me to do was to gather this material and prepare it for book form.

"The more my husband and I worked together, the more we realized how large a factor of the problem in engineering was the handling of the human element. My training in psychology and education was of great help to me, but in order to get the last word on these subjects I went to Brown College. And my husband joined me in my studies. Industrial engineering was then a new field. Large factories, offices, banks and department stores were all interested in the work and eager to apply the methods of scientific management.

"I fixed up an office and laboratory in our home so that I could do my work without being away from the children. I had some one to help me with the cooking, but everything else I did. I even bathed, fed and dressed the children. As soon as they were old enough each child had a part in the housework.

"Of course, I had no time for tea parties, bridge, movies and the like. Not that I don't care for them. I certainly do. But I had to cut down somewhere if I wanted to continue with my work and I was not going to cut down on anything that related to the home. So the social activities had to suffer.

"Then four years ago Mr. Gilbreth died. As he had long been preparing some papers for a lecture to be given at a congress on 'Scientific Management' in Europe—which was meeting at his suggestion—I could not bear to have all of his efforts wasted. I knew, too, how much it meant to the congress, as this was its first meeting. Since I was acquainted with the material, I took his papers and went to Europe to deliver the talk. When I returned numerous colleges and organizations that had previously asked my husband to lecture invited me to come and take his place. And I did.

"Now that it is imperative for me to engage actively in a career, I have a woman to supervise the house while I'm away. But no matter how much work I have, I am up at 6 in the morning with the children and I remain with them until they go to school. Then I try to make it a point to be home with them for dinner, and we are together until bedtime. You see, I am really with my children just as much as any other mother whose youngsters are away at school during the day.

"I believe that every woman should so organize her home that she can engage in some outside work. Otherwise, in later years, she will find that she has nothing stimulating to offer her family. Nor will she have to make that groping effort to do something to occupy her time when the children marry. And if she can make her husband's work her work, she is so much the more fortunate."

Assignment.

1. From several good newspapers, clip feature stories that appeal to you. Select only stories that were prepared by members of the regular staff or by the press associations.
2. Classify the stories under the three divisions in the text: human interest stories, interviews, and personal sketches.
3. Take up each classification and reclassify according to subject.
4. Trace the probable sources of all the stories in your collection.
5. Make a list of possible sources of feature material in your city.
6. Visit these sources until you get enough material to write at least one original story of each type.
7. Compare your productions with the stories in the text and those you have clipped as to style, arrangement, and so on.
8. Will your descriptive passages raise pictures in the reader's mind?
9. Are your sentences a good length for newspapers and sufficiently varied to make pleasant reading?
10. Are your words sufficiently concrete?
11. Have you used too many adjectives?
12. Does your story read easily and smoothly?
13. Does it show freshness in point of view and phrasing?
14. Is the tone of your story what you want it to be?

15. Interview a professor and obtain his views on some current problem that comes within his special field of study.

16. Obtain particulars from a straight news story and write a humorous feature story.

17. Write a personality sketch about some person who has impressed you.

18. Write a 300- to 500-word theme on your experiences in connection with obtaining feature material.

19. Write a 300- to 500-word theme on the difficulties you have experienced in getting the desired effects in your stories.

20. Examine several women's pages from both dailies and weeklies and write a 500-word theme on what you think a good page for women readers should contain.

5. Departmental News Stories

Modern newspapers contain a great deal more news than the vast majority of their patrons have time to read. To enable busy readers to find quickly the news of their choice, the newspaper segregates certain kinds of news and related matter in departments. These include finance and markets reports, sports, society, radio, automobile, and so forth. The special principles involved in the preparation and presentation of departmental news will be adequately explained, it is believed, by a consideration of the first three named.

1. **Finance and market news.**—The modern daily prints many columns of finance and market news each day. In addition, much copy pertaining to business transactions of one kind or another, including business forecasts, is handled by newspapers.

The collecting and handling of stories, tables, or other news of business, finance, stocks and bonds, livestock, real estate, and the like, is a highly specialized phase of newspaper work. Financial editors and reporters must know the business centers, be familiar with the technique of obtaining and preparing this type of news, and be sufficiently well informed touching financial transactions to grasp quickly the significance of the various happenings in these circles.

The actual writing of the story after the news material is obtained, checked, verified, and its meaning understood, is relatively easy. The stories and articles are written simply, although they usually contain a number of technical terms that are part of the language of those in Wall Street or other financial centers.

The following stories and articles will serve to illustrate finance and market news writing:

STEEL LEADS STOCKS TO HIGHEST AVERAGE LEVELS EVER REACHED

(From THE NEW YORK WORLD, August 29, 1928, by Permission)

The stock market took a new turn yesterday when United States Steel common, jumping nearly $4 a share, reached a record high price of $155. This started a general buying movement which lifted the average price of stocks to their highest level in history.

More than a score of stocks reached record highs on the New York Stock Exchange as professionals and public alike poured in orders. The tape was eight minutes behind the market as the gong rang at 3 P. M.

Favorable earning reports and static interest rates stimulated trading. Big interest and dividend payments Sept. 1 caused a big investment demand. The record low attained by the pound sterling yesterday was cited as a possible move toward easier money conditions here, since it might start a return flow of gold from Europe, which in the last eleven months has taken $500,000,000 in yellow metal from these shores.

Adams Express jumped $12 yesterday. New highs included International Nickel, American Express, Allis-Chalmers, Fleischmann, Victor Talking Machine, Commercial Investment Trust and Loose-Wiles Biscuit.

HIGHER RATE OF REDISCOUNT IS FORESEEN HERE

By O. A. Mather

(From THE CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE, March 20, 1929, by Permission)

It was persistently reported in La Salle street yesterday that the Chicago Federal Reserve bank again will take the lead in another upward revision of rediscount rates for the federal reserve system. The directors of the Chicago reserve bank will meet on Friday and are expected to advance the rediscount rate from 5 to 5½ or 6 per cent.

There have been reports for several weeks that the Chicago bank was considering a higher rediscount rate and it is no secret that an increase has been discussed at several recent weekly meetings. However, after each meeting it was announced that no change had been made. But the basis for expecting action this week, or not later than next week, appears better founded than heretofore.

It was shown in this column yesterday, however, that the member banks of the reserve system have made small progress in reducing their borrowings from the reserve banks.

Upward Revision Logical

Upward revision of rediscount rates would be in line with the policy of the reserve board to curtail the use of reserve credit indirectly in speculation. This policy was clearly enunciated in the reserve board's sharp and public warning in the first week of February, when loans to brokers and dealers in securities reached the highest total ever recorded.

It is recalled that most of the revisions in rediscount rates in the last year and a half have been initiated by the Chicago reserve bank. This custom followed the controversy between the Chicago institution and the reserve authorities following the action of the board in September, 1927, in arbitrarily ordering the Chicago bank to reduce its rediscount rate from 4 to 3½ per cent. At that time the Chicago bank's directors strenuously objected, asserting that easier money rates would encourage speculation and credit inflation.

The Standard Oil Company of Indiana distributed its big stock melon yesterday and thereby created one of the strangest situations in stock market history. Stockholders who were registered on Feb. 16 received the 50 per cent additional stock voted by the old board of directors on Feb. 4. This stock dividend required issuance of 4,642,334 additional shares.

Brokers Fear Trouble

Standard of Indiana stock is listed on the New York curb exchange, which ruled that the shares should not sell "ex" the stock dividend until further notice, which has not been given. The result was that sellers of the stock since Feb. 16 have been required to execute a due bill, or waiver of their right to the stock dividend. Now, however, such sellers have received the new shares and may have received the proceeds from the sale of the old stock. Therefore, Chicago brokers fear considerable trouble in collecting the new shares.

The action of the New York curb market resulted from fear that the controversy between the Rockefeller interest and Robert W. Stewart, who was dismissed as a director, might lead to rescinding the stock dividend. The practical result, however, is that trading continued yesterday in the old stock, which has technically ceased to exist, and there is no market for the new shares. Based on yesterday's price of around 90½ for the old stock, the new stock should sell around 60, as also would the old stock "ex" the stock dividend.

STOCK SLUMP INCREASES IN FORCE

(From THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER, March 27, 1929, by Permission)

(Special Dispatch to *The Enquirer*)

New York, March 26.—In the most hectic market ever experienced on the Stock Exchange, during which more than 8,000,000 shares changed ownership for the first day on record and in which the tide of victory swung violently from Bear to Bull, stock prices today finished the day with net fluctuations about evenly divided between advances and declines.

As the most sensational anti-climax to the tremendous success of the bearish element during the past week, establishment of a 20 per cent call money rate, the highest charge in nine years, initiated a recovery in prices which was the most ambitious demonstration of strength since the violent bullish activity of weeks ago.

For virtually a week the stock market has been at the mercy of the bears, who have been hammering away at quotations without let-up since the Federal Reserve entered the contest with its repeated "warnings" against continued speculation.

MARKET OPENS QUIETLY

Since Thursday of last week the bears had succeeded in unloosening the greatest volume of liquidation experienced in stock market affairs since the March crash of 1926, when prices simply faded away.

The market opened comparatively quiet, considering the violent decline of Monday. Before the first hour had elapsed, however, selling broke out anew and the ticker began to fall behind trading.

At 10:30 it was 10 minutes late, but by the noon hour the flood of liquidation which poured into the Exchange from all parts of the United States and foreign lands was forcing down prices in a fashion which caused the greatest nervousness in years. The ticker was then 26 minutes late and falling further behind the "floor." It finally finished the day 93 minutes late, and it wasn't until 12 minutes past 5 that the final quotation appeared.

Losses Total Billions

It is safe to say that the depreciation in stock exchange values during the past week, at the bottom of today's decline, totals into many billions of dollars. Hardly a single issue, regardless of its fundamental strength, prospects and other considerations, escaped the flood of liquidation.

In all, 8,246,740 shares changed hands, exceeding by more than a quarter million the previous peak of 6,954,020 shares established November 23, 1928. The turnover in individual issues likewise was of enormous size, more than half a million shares of General Motors changing hands, with 437,800 shares of Anaconda Copper and 379,500 shares of Radio being transferred.

Call money, the fluid which to the stock market is comparable to blood in the human body, had renewed at 12 per cent officially, or 3 per cent above the preceding day, but the great majority of loans were renewed at higher levels, some at 15 per cent. Then the rate began to jump.

It soon was 14 per cent, equaling the preceding day's highest level, but this failed to bring out much funds. Successively it was advanced to 16, 18, and finally in desperation, perhaps, bids were made at 20 per cent, while frantic efforts reported "outside" the Stock Exchange to obtain money as high as 25 per cent.

The official rate of 20 per cent, however, seemingly worked wonders among the banks, for a deluge of money came into the market and a plentiful supply was available at this charge, the most expensive since February 5, 1920. The preceding day nine years ago, witnessed 25 per cent call money on the Exchange, while the record since the war was 30 per cent on November 12, 1919.

Whether or not there was concerted action among the banks to withhold funds from the market until the 20 per cent rate had become effective, may never become known, but it was significant that this rate brought all the money into the market that was demanded.

ROCKEFELLER-STEWART BATTLE INVOLVES BUSINESS ETHICS

(From The New York Herald Tribune, January 20, by Permission)

The 9,231,540 shares of stock of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana on March 7 will arbitrate a question of ethics between John D. Rockefeller Jr., who controls 22 per cent of the stock of the corporation, and Colonel Robert Wright Stewart, chairman of the board of directors of the company.

Both have their elements of strength. With 22 per cent of the stock in hand, Mr. Rockefeller has to win over only 29 per cent to his way of thinking to obtain a majority. Great blocks of the stock are held by wealthy men and big interests that are expected to follow the lead of Mr. Rockefeller.

He is potentially, perhaps, the most powerful man in the world. But it has been his policy to refrain from putting forth his strength, and from interfering unnecessarily in the management of companies in which he is a minority stockholder. The position of leader in a great financial war is new to him.

This war is unique. It is a civil war in a billion-dollar company, or one which hovers near the billion-dollar mark, and it is not a struggle for supremacy between Napoleons of finance, but a fight on an issue of right and wrong.

It is a fight to clean house, but to clean it by turning out one of the ablest, most aggressive and most successful administrators that a great business ever had, and one of the most highly colored personalities in American industry. It is an effort to turn out a man who had made millionaires by the hundreds because, in the rough-and-tumble of the oil scramble, he is alleged to have stepped across the borderline which, in the opinion of Mr. Rockefeller, separates honest from doubtful business practice.

Stewart a Dashing Figure

At sixty-two years Colonel Stewart is still a dashing, handsome man, autocratic, magnetic, intellectual, pugnacious, every inch a leader. Born on a farm in Iowa, he drove an ox-cart, did chores and walked tremendous distances for a schooling. He got to Yale, worked his way through, got a law degree and became a reporter on a New Haven newspaper.

Coming to New York looking for a job he read that South Dakota had been admitted to statehood, felt that a young lawyer would have a chance there, pawned his watch and bought a ticket to Pierre. He became a great pleader, holding juries in the hollow of his hand. Entering the service of the Standard Oil Company he moved to Chicago. A riding, shooting, fighting man, he joined Roosevelt and served as a major in the Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War. After the Standard Oil Company was split up he found himself with the Indiana company.

Wins Capitalist's Admiration

Under his aggressive management the Indiana company grew probably faster than any of its sister companies. When he took hold it had 4,000 stockholders, a number since multiplied by nearly fifteen. Through his policies 18,000 employees became stockholders. Young Rockefeller's admiration for Colonel Stewart was unbounded. He has testified to it repeatedly in the days before the oil scandal, in Mr. Rockefeller's opinion, involved Colonel Stewart.

Colonel Stewart has appealed to the 18,000 employee stockholders to stand by him. He has also appealed for support to the other stockholders who have reaped harvests of cash and stock dividends because of the dynamic power with which he drove the company ahead.

The appeal to the employees is another feature which distinguishes this from all other financial fights. Employees have never been called on before on such a scale to pass judgment on the man who stands at their head. There is no secret Australian ballot, either. The stockholders must sign a power-of-attorney. The employee must stand up and be counted.

Dilemma Confounds Employees

It will be a painful dilemma for many. It is human nature for the employee to feel that, if he votes for the losing side, the winning side will not feel kindly toward him. Many an employee will doubtless solve this problem for himself by selling out.

Associates of Mr. Rockefeller have denied that he is buying stock in the open market. The stock has been soaring and diving, as it has been traded in heavily. This may mean that the two sides are pouring millions into the fight. It may only mean that speculative traders believe they will pour millions into the fight and are buying in anticipation of that development.

Mr. Rockefeller is abroad, making a trip to Egypt to see the Pyramids and to look over the digging which he has financed on ancient sites. Before he left, Mr. Rockefeller, it is said, considered the matter of issuing a statement specifying his charges against Colonel Stewart. He refrained, feeling that this would be persecution. Although loath to put forth a detailed arraignment of his adversary, Mr. Rockefeller may feel it necessary to do so, it was said. His attitude will be determined by developments. . . .

STOCK MARKET HAS BULLISH OUTBURST

By Stanley W. Prenosil

(Associated Press Financial Writer)

New York, March 14.—(AP)—The lid that Federal Reserve officers have been trying to clamp down on the stock market to force a reduction in brokers' loans was blown off today in a spectacular series of bullish outbursts led by the new and old stocks of the Radio Corporation of America.

Radio Corporation old stock, recently ordered a split-up on a five for one basis, soared $33.75 a share to a new high record at $501, and closed at the top. The stock, which has never paid a dividend, sold as low as $85.25 last year, and as high as $368 last week. The new stock, which is to be outstanding after the split-up becomes effective, advanced nearly $7 a share to $100.87½, closing just below that level, on a turnover of more than half a million shares.

Others Sell Higher

More than a score of other issues, including such favorites as Bethlehem Steel, Paramount Famous Lasky, Underwood Elliot Fisher, and Commercial Solvents were pushed into new high grounds on gains running as high as $12.50 a share.

The Associated Press index of 50 leading industrial stocks advanced five points to a new high record for all time. Trading, which has been hovering around the 3,000,000 share level for the last fortnight, ran above 4,500,000 shares.

Re-discount Rate Involved

Retention of the 5 per cent re-discount rate by the Boston Federal Reserve Bank, and the 5½ per cent rate by the Bank of England, which was correctly interpreted as forecasting the maintenance of the 5 per cent re-discount rate by the New York Federal Reserve Bank, announced after the close of the market, provided the background for the general buying movement. Brokers' loans showed a shrinkage of $20,000,000 in the week ended Wednesday, despite the fact that radio stock, which previously had been traded on a "when issued" basis, had to be paid for this week.

Expect Radio Consolidation

Large blocks of Radio Corporation stock are owned by the General Electric and Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Companies, as well as by investment trusts and wealthy individuals, such as John J. Raskob, William F. Kenney, Michael J. Meehan and Arthur W. Cutten. Despite recent denials of a Radio-Western Union merger, the stock has been accumulated in large blocks by persons who believe that such consolidation eventually will take place.

2. Sport stories.—Sporting events and athletic activities of one kind or another are fruitful sources of news and will doubtless remain so, as is evidenced by their enormous following. Amateur athletic spectacles count their "fans" by the hundreds of thousands, baseball games and prize fights attract large numbers of spectators, and tennis courts and golf links allure an ever-increasing army of men and women for wholesome recreation.

Moved by this deep and widespread interest in athletic activities on the part of a large portion of their readers, the newspapers devote, as everyone knows, much space to sporting news and information. This phase of newspaper work has its own problems. Sport "fans" are often impatient and always exacting. They demand news of the big events speedily and accurately told. Sport writers, particularly those who serve the afternoon newspapers and the news-gathering agencies, must be thoroughly familiar with the rules of the game, bout, or race they are covering, and capable of speed and accuracy in preparing or filing reports. For the morning papers the technical report of the game or other major sport event of the preceding afternoon or night is subordinated to a graphic story of the spectacle, with the high lights incident to the contest, the crowd, and the conditions surrounding the event all there. In addition, comments appraising the performance of the star contestant or contestants are usually interspersed throughout the story.

Major sport events do not occur every day, however, and to furnish readers with a sustained sport diet, pictures of well-known performers and a great deal of material related to the sport world are published. These stories are gathered by industrious sport writers and include information and gossip gleaned from training camps during preliminary periods of financial arrangements for professional events, schedules of college games and contests, changes in rules pertaining to intercollegiate athletics, the hiring and firing of football coaches, news of baseball officials, and a host of feature and interpretative material of varying degrees of interest to readers of sporting news.

Only a few specimens of sport stories are included here, and these, collected almost at random, show the present tendency of sporting-news accounts to be sober in tone, specific in statement, and relatively free from slangy or technical expressions. The spirited narrative and descriptive sport stories are rarely well done, and should perhaps be left to recognized craftsmen. The young sporting-news writer will do well to master a simple, clear, readable style.

MARYLAND OUTPLAYS YALE

New Haven, Conn., Nov. 10.—(AP)—Maryland came to the Bowl this afternoon to defeat a surprised Yale team, 6 to 0, by completely outplaying the Bulldogs until the very last minutes of the game.

Stunning Yale with a brilliant attack, centered around the running of the brilliant fullback Snyder, and the passing of Roberts, the visitors proved superior to Yale in ground gaining and put over the winning touchdown in the third period.

Pass Contributes Win

A pass from Roberts to Snyder, who ran five yards after taking the ball, gave Maryland its second victory over Yale in three years.

Maryland's opportunity to score was presented by Johnny Hoben, the Blue's quarterback, who failed to hold Roberts' punt, although he had allowed it to touch his hands. Madigan scooped up the ball for Maryland on Yale's 13-yard line.

First Period

Maryland showed unexpected strength in the first quarter and held a slight advantage in the scoreless first period.

Snyder carried the ball to Yale's 13-yard line after a 50-yard march, only to have a penalty ruin the Maryland team's hopes. Roberts then missed a long try for a field goal.

Yale's one threat carried to the 18-yard line, but there Maryland held the Blue for downs. Score: Yale, 0; Maryland, 0.

Second Period

The second period was uneventful, with Maryland still flashing some fine football through long passes and the running of Fullback Snyder. They were unable, however, to gain through Yale's line at critical moments.

The majority of the play took place in the center of the field, the half being studded by fumbles and loose handling of the ball by both teams.

YALE LOSES CHANCE

Yale had a good chance to score at the very start of the period when Captain Eddy recovered Snyder's fumble on Maryland's 21-yard line. On the next play, Yale threw its chances to the wind when Loud fumbled and the ball was recovered by Madigan. After that it was a period of back and forth with Maryland having what little advantage there was. The score at the half: Yale, 0; Maryland, 0.

Third Period

Besides continuing to hold Yale in check, Maryland took advantage of the first major break of the game and pushed over a touchdown. Madigan fell on a Maryland punt after Hoben had touched it, and Maryland gained the ball on Yale's 13-yard line.

SNYDER CROSSES GOAL

Two line plays and a forward pass failed to gain an inch, but on fourth down Roberts shot a pass to Snyder, who raced five yards to cross the line for a touchdown. Dodson missed the point.

Yale rallied near the end of the period and had the ball on the Southerners' 30-yard line as the period ended.

Score: Maryland, 6; Yale, 0.

Fourth Period

With Maryland obviously stalling for time, Yale's attack improved perceptibly, but was unable to put over a single score, although it had three golden opportunities. Yale had the ball within striking distance of the Southerners' goal.

Running Attack Fails

On two occasions Yale tried to pass on fourth down, and both times the ball was grounded. Yale then selected a running attack, with Switz carrying the ball, but this also failed. A fumble by Roberts and a blocked kick gave Yale its two chances to score near the end of the period, and it appeared certain that the Elis would at least tie the score. But Maryland's defense came through to stop the attack effectively. Final score: Maryland, 6; Yale, 0.

Yale		Maryland
Walker	L. E.	Dodson
Marting	L. T.	Fisher
Greene	L. G.	Wondrack
Charlesworth	C.	Madigan
Stewart	R. G.	Crothers
Eddy (capt.)	R. T.	McDonald
McEwen	R. E.	Lombard
Hoben	Q. B.	Evans
Garvey	L. H.	Roberts
Dunn	R. H.	Radice
Decker	F. B.	Snyder

Referee—Thorpe, De La Salle. Umpire—Crowley, Bowdoin. Field judge—Palmer, Colby. Head linesman—McCabe, Holy Cross.

GIANTS AND YANKEES ARE FACING MOST CRITICAL SPOT OF SEASON

(From The New York World, by Permission)

In the fading baseball season the biggest day sees the two New York clubs, Giants and Yankees, at the most critical spot in the year's play.

When the St. Louis Cardinals lost to the Brooklyn Robins yesterday, they fell back on even terms with the Giants as to games lost in the National League race. If the Giants win two games from the Cubs in their double-header to-day they can come to a tie with the Cardinals, even if the latter win their game in Boston. It can easily happen that everything will depend on the last game of the year between the Giants and the Cardinals at the Polo Grounds Sunday.

Also playing a double-header in Detroit the Yankees face a crisis. If they win two they can practically clinch their hold on the American League flag, whether or not their rivals, the Philadelphia Athletics, win a single game in Chicago. If the Yankees lose, the Athletics will have a last chance to overhaul them and win, provided they can take four straight from the White Sox.

Should the Athletics lose one game to the White Sox, the Yankees will need to take only two games in their five with Detroit to close the season ahead, as the Philadelphia club has an unplayed game with the Boston Red Sox, which was dropped from the schedule and cannot be contested.

STAR-SPANGLED BANNER SAVES CAGLE

By Robert Harron

(From the BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, Oct. 30, by Permission)

If Cadet Christian Keener Cagle—it's a name with a pleasing lilt, fitting well the boy who carries it up and down the gridiron with his loping, deceptive stride—could have disguised himself in civilian clothes to sit around some of the uptown clubs for an hour or so yesterday, he might have heard some conversation on a subject to interest him.

In the clubs, where the middle-aged youngsters who played their college football fifteen or twenty years ago gather to talk about the Saturday games, they were comparing Christian Keener Cagle with some of the gridiron greats of bygone days. They were recalling the Thorpes, the Mahans, the Caseys, the Oliphants and some of the others.

It's a discussion that will still go on, perhaps, when Lieutenant, or Captain, or Colonel or—shucks, as well to make it Brigadier General—Cagle sits in the officers' club of some remote army station, five or ten or thirty years hence, enjoying a radio-television reproduction of the Army-Yale game.

We have encountered no one since leaving the Yale Bowl on Saturday afternoon who has called his running with the ball anything short of football genius. Especially was that second touchdown a thing of sparkling beauty as he cut back sharply from the left almost through center, slipping unchecked past off-balance Eli linemen who were going laterally to head him off.

And Cadet Cagle, with his 167 pounds and 5 feet 9 inches of stature, is more than an offensive back who can tote the pigskin he loves to clutch. In games of the two recent Saturdays against the Crimson and the Blue, his defensive play as he has come up fast from his wingback's position to reinforce the flank and to make some teeth-rattling tackles, has been superb. He's a running, kicking, passing, tackling beauty.

Even if he doesn't again this season enjoy such a day as he enjoyed in the Bowl, Cagle will be the "people's choice" for an all-American halfback berth, with nominations for his particular place on the ticket closed. About the only defense that would have stopped him on Saturday was the one the Penn band used at Franklin Field when the horde of midshipmen bore down on them after the game, with playful intentions of celebrating a happy victory. The Penn musicians played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and order was restored as every blue-clad midshipman snapped to attention. It would have taken something like that to stop Cagle in the Bowl.

HAYNER MAKES HIS ALL-CONFERENCE FOOTBALL CHOICE

By Fred A. Hayner

(From The Chicago Daily News, November 23, 1927, by Permission)

All-Star Big Ten Football Elevens

First Team		Second Team
Oosterbaan, Mich. (c)	L. E.	Heston, Michigan
Raskowski, Ohio State	L. T.	Lewis, Chicago
Baer, Michigan	L. G.	Cutterton, Indiana
Rouse, Chicago	C.	Reitsch, Illinois (c)
Dart, Northwestern	R. G.	Crane, Illinois
Nowack, Illinois	R. T.	Nelson, Iowa
Fisher, Northwestern	R. E.	Grange, Illinois
Almquist, Minnesota	Q. B.	Crofoot, Wisconsin
Timm, Illinois	L. H.	Welsh, Purdue
Gilbert, Michigan	R. H.	Mendenhall, Chicago
Joesting, Minnesota	F. B.	Lewis, Northwestern

The selection of Big Ten football stars, always a hard task, has not been easy this year because there was so much similarity of play in the line and back of it and all rather below the average of the past.

Some good ends have shown this season, those standing out being Benny Oosterbaan of Michigan both for his passing, his receiving of passes and his tackling; Fisher of Northwestern, rather frail and with a tendency to be hurt but with plenty of class; Grange of Illinois, astute follower of the ball and recoverer of upfield fumbles; Apis of Chicago, and Taylor of Michigan, who was hurt too early for the big games. Oosterbaan and Fisher are selected as the best pair.

Incidentally Oosterbaan, who twice previously has won a position on the mythical All-American elevens, looks like the best end of the country again this year and easily wins the decision in the race for outstanding star of the year.

Hard to Pick Tackles

In tackles the choice is not so easy. Raskowski of Ohio stands out in the class of Reitsch and Rouse at center. Of the others Nelson of Iowa played a strong game and with better support would have gone farther. Among other fine tackles are Lewis of Chicago and Weislow of Chicago, Schleusner of Iowa, Pommerening and Gabel of Michigan, Muegge and Diemling of Illinois, Johnson and Maeder of Minnesota and Schiler and Karstens of Northwestern.

Guards were strong this year, among whom I consider Baer of Michigan as one of the outstanding players for general aggressiveness, and fine defensive work. Crane of Illinois, whose blocking of a kick beat Michigan and who led in the Zuppke interference on end runs, was a power. He was awarded a place on the second team because he weighs only 170 pounds. Greenebaum of Chicago playing with injuries, made a wonderful showing at guard and as assistant to Rouse at center. Dart of Northwestern on account of his general aggressiveness won the other coveted first team position.

As to the centers the choice was between Captain Reitsch of Illinois, a great defensive player, but rather weak on passing, and Rouse, who excelled as a passer and who as roving center backed up his line in great form. Rouse is selected solely on his good passing. Reitsch is a leader and a fine player. Bovard of Michigan was a steady passer and good on defense.

The quarterbacks loomed up strong with some good at open-field tackling like McDonough of Chicago, fine aggressive play like Almquist of Minnesota or open-field running by Crofoot. Almquist is selected for the first team because of his class in directing plays, advancing the ball and in general as an inspiration for Joesting at full.

TIMM IS FLEET RUNNER

Timm of Illinois was a fleet runner to the side lines for a turn up field. He is selected to fit in with Gilbert and Joesting. Among other fine backs are Hugh Mendenhall of Chicago, Welsh of Purdue, Bennett of Indiana, Houston of Ohio, Armil and Glassgow of Iowa and Gustafson and Holmer of Northwestern.

Fullbacks are plentiful, with Joesting of Minnesota leading with his weight, speed and driving power. Lewis of Northwestern did wonderful work in the Ohio game, but fell away later with a losing team. Other good fullbacks were Rich of Michigan, Rebholz of Wisconsin, Leyers of Chicago, Humbert of Illinois and Roawn of Ohio.

3. **Society news.**—Society copy, though often lacking in news value, is allotted liberal space and handled with care by all good newspapers. Every precaution is taken

to avoid practical jokes getting into the paper or inaccuracies in the printing of names, initials, dates, receptions, teas, or any other of the various society functions. Most newspapers illustrate the society section with pictures of women prominent in local society.

Two characteristics of society news should be noted: (1) the emphasis on the personal element as shown by the free use of names and photographs, and (2) the formal, conventional style of presentation.

Society reporting has been for many years the main entry to the newspaper profession for women. As a form of introduction to a newspaper career, it has many disadvantages, but it serves to bring the novice into contact with a great many people, whereby she learns the relative news values attached to individuals and events and, more important still, the desirability of accuracy, even in apparently unessential details.

Specimens of society accounts are included here:

MILITARY RECEPTION IN CAPITAL

(From The Baltimore Sun, by Permission)

Special Correspondence.
Washington.

President and Mrs. Coolidge brought the official White House season to a close Thursday night when they entertained at a state levee in honor of the officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps and the ladies of their families, this being the last of the series of receptions and the last great social function of this Administration.

The military personnel, some two or three thousand strong, was out in force, in dress uniforms, and a thousand or more other guests were asked to meet them. The Marine Band, as usual, played, and the event was colorful and brilliant.

"Cabinet dinners" in compliment to the President and his lady will continue up to February 19, when the Secretary of Labor and Mrs. James J. Davis will be their host and hostess.

Last Tuesday the Cabinet dinner was given by the Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Curtis D. Wilbur, who invited to meet their guests of honor Justice Harlan Fiske Stone, of the Supreme

Court, and Mrs. Stone; Senator Hiram Johnson and Mrs. Johnson; Senator Theodore E. Burton, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Charles F. Hughes, Mrs. Henry A. Strong, Mrs. Ralph Wortley and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick M. Paist, of Wayne, Pa., relatives and house guests of Secretary and Mrs. Wilbur.

The following evening Secretary and Mrs. Wilbur were the honor guests at dinner of Mrs. M. de Clare Berry, who entertained a company before the White House reception.

JUNE SHAW ANNOUNCES ATTENDANTS

(From The San Francisco Chronicle, by Permission)

Miss June Shaw, who will be married at 9 o'clock on the evening of April 6 at Grace Cathedral to Lawrence Lanser, has selected the members of her bridal party. Miss Jane Moore has been named maid of honor and Mrs. Alfred Whittell will be matron of honor. The bridesmaids will include Mrs. Coy Filmer and Miss Dominga Russell, Miss Margaret Gibbons, Miss Louise Dohrmann, Miss Virginia Boardman and Miss Marie Lanser, sister of the future bridegroom. Martin Lanser, brother of the bridegroom-to-be, will be the best man.

Many parties will honor the popular bride-elect. Mrs. H. M. A. Miller will entertain at a luncheon at the Miller home on Pacific avenue next Wednesday and Mrs. Gouveneur V. Packer will have a luncheon for Miss Shaw on March 9 at the Woman's Athletic Club. The same day Miss Louise Plincz will give a tea for Miss Shaw at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mrs. Joseph R. Nixon will give a luncheon for Miss Shaw at her home in Berkeley on March 23.

MR. AND MRS. H. E. MANVILLE ANNOUNCE DETAILS OF WEDDING OF THEIR DAUGHTER TO NEPHEW OF KING OF SWEDEN

(From The New York World, by Permission)

Details of the wedding of Miss Estelle Romaine Manville to Count Folke Bernadotte, nephew of King Gustav V. of Sweden, were announced yesterday by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Edward Manville of Pleasantville, N. Y.

The ceremony will be performed Dec. 1 at St. John's Episcopal Church, Pleasantville, by the Right Rev. Ernest Stires, Episcopal Bishop of Long Island, assisted by the Rev. Dr. E. T. Burrill, rector of St. John's and the Rev. John N. Lewis of Waterbury, Conn.

Miss Manville's maid of honor will be Miss Marion Willard, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Ethel Schniewind, whose engagement to the bride's brother, H. E. Manville, Jr., was recently announced; Miss Rene Baruch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard M. Baruch; Miss Lydia Dadmun and Miss Elizabeth Kountze.

Prince Gustavus Adolphus, eldest son of the Crown Prince of Sweden and heir apparent to the throne after his father, will be best man. The ushers will include Count Carl Bernadotte, elder brother of the bridegroom; Baron Siegfried Ralamb, aide to Prince Adolphus; Baron Carl Eric von Platen, Count Pher Sparre, and three Lieutenants of the King's Horse Guard—Lieuts. Enhoning, Lagercrantz and Cauli.

Miss Manville will wear a bridal veil of Brussels lace inherited by Count Folke Bernadotte from his grandmother, the late Queen Sophia of Sweden. Following the ceremony there will be a reception at Hi-Esmaro, the Manville country home at Pleasantville.

Prince Adolphus, who is twenty-two years old, will sail from Gothenburg with the bridegroom and his brothers and sisters on Nov. 17, and since the wedding is to be a family party will arrive here in a strictly private capacity. After the wedding he will return by the new motor liner Kungsholm, leaving New York Dec. 8. This will get the married couple back to Sweden for Christmas.

Count Bernadotte is a descendant of Napoleon's Marshal Bernadotte, who was elected to the Swedish throne in the early part of the nineteenth century. The Count's father, Prince Bernadotte, married Miss Ebba Munck, of Fulkila, Sweden, forfeiting his right to the throne by marrying one not of royal birth. He was given the title of Prince Bernadotte, Count of Wisborg, on the accession to the throne of his younger brother, King Gustav V.

Miss Manville, who has had success as a sculptor, is a descendant of Jeoffrey de Magnavil of the Duchy of Magnavil in Normandy, who was one of the adherents of William the Conqueror in the conquest of England. She is also descended from John Manville, who came to America in 1674. The late Charles Brayton Manville was her grandfather. Her father, H. Edward Manville, is head of Johns-Manville, Inc., large asbestos company.

DEBUTANTES AID SILVER BALL AT GARDEN, JAN. 14

(From The New York Herald Tribune, by Permission)

Sixty-four young women in society, debutantes of this season and last, and young married women, wearing silver and blue costumes, will form a plastic statue on a silver stage set in the middle of Madison Square Garden on Monday evening, January 14, as the finale to the elaborate program which will be a feature of the Silver Ball, given to aid the building fund of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children.

Blue moonlight will flood the ballroom focusing on this pageant of young women, designed by Mr. Ben Ali Haggin, to symbolize the spirit of the Silver Ball and the object for which the ball is being given. Mr. Joseph Urban has designed the stage with four ramps leading up to and circling it so that each member of the pageant will be visible from every point of the large auditorium as she comes in and moves up to the stage. Sixteen girls will ascend each ramp, weaving in and out as they ascend, thus giving the effect of a complicated blue and silver Maypole dance culminating in a symbolic statue.

Will Represent Skyscraper

Mr. Haggin has designed the pageant so that each member, visible as she will be from all points of the Garden, will be a prima donna. The costumes will be individual ones though each will be carried out in the silver and blue of the ball.

When completed the plastic statue formed will represent the new, modern skyscraper hospital which will rise up on the site of the old New York Infirmary for Women and Children, bringing health and hope to the thousands of women and children who need its care.

The infirmary has been listed always as a Grade A hospital by the College of Physicians and Surgeons and by the American Medical Association. For this reason and because the staff of forty-five prominent women physicians in New York were doing such excellent work in a hospital lacking in modern conveniences and with inadequate equipment Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse, chairman of the ball; Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip, secretary; Mrs. Henry Wise Miller and a few other women, who have always supported efforts by women, decided last spring that the hospital should be rebuilt.

They began their efforts of raising a building fund of more than $1,000,000. The Silver Ball is an outcome of this effort and has been organized that an appreciable amount might be added to the fund.

DEBUTANTE'S LIFE HELD NOT SO EASY

New York, Nov. 24.—(AP)—The life of a debutante has become a serious business.

The little stenographer who envisions nothing but roses and starlight for her debutante sister, who sighs at her own lengthy hours, may take a look at the butterfly's schedule and draw a long breath. The New York debutante's days may be full of glitter, but the glitter goes on far into the morning hours, and the days of luncheons, dinners and dances follow each other in crowded succession.

At the Christmas holidays, the climax of the season, as many as a dozen parties are given in one evening. The debutante dashes from one to the other, from hairdresser to modiste, and always she must appear fresh and well-groomed and vivacious. She sleeps when, and if, she can.

Season Is Stretched

Although the social season itself promises to be short this year, due to Lent's early advent, the debutante season has been stretched longer than ever by the simple process of beginning sooner. Some of the debutantes made their bows in Newport, Southampton and other resorts as early as September.

Dinner and supper dances bid fair this year to be the most popular method of introducing debutante daughters.

Luncheons are coming strongly into vogue as a mode of introducing debutantes. In this case the girl makes her bow only to other debutantes and young matrons, but such an entertainment has the advantage of being much less expensive than an elaborate dinner or dance.

Customs Change

Time was when a prospective "bud" was introduced to society at an afternoon reception—and introduced to all of it—her mother's friends as well as her own. Not so now. She "comes out" first at an affair where only young people comprise the guest list and generally meets the friends of her parents later at a more staid function.

Time was, too, when the debutante was the "whole show" at her own party. But those days have gone. Today she is surrounded, even in her own home, by elaborate and unique decorations, a "trick" orchestra and cabaret entertainers. She shines as best she can.

Assignment.

1. Clip from a newspaper all the finance, market, and business news items, articles, and tables.
2. From these clippings make a list of technical terms

used in such reports and enter in each case the meaning of the term in the sense in which it is used in financial circles.

3. Write a 500-word report covering the form in which financial and market data are presented in a newspaper.

4. Clip from a daily all the sport items. Classify them under reports of events, announcements, human-interest features, and the like.

5. Analyze a descriptive-narrative account of a major sport event and comment on its structure.

6. Compare the report of a baseball or football game in an afternoon paper with the account of the same event in a morning paper. Account for the differences.

7. Write a 500-word paper showing how the results and summaries of the various athletic and sport contests are handled in a good newspaper. Discuss the exact form of entry, showing the use of figures for scores or types of events, abbreviations, punctuation, and so forth.

8. Clip from the society pages of good newspapers various types of items that chronicle society doings. Classify these under such heads as formal announcements, accounts of weddings, less formal social functions, and personal items concerning society persons. Throw out everything that in your judgment extends beyond the boundaries of good taste.

9. Analyze the structure and style of the formal items and tell in 300 words what you find.

10. Report a wedding, getting in all the names, necessary facts, and human-interest details without violating the standards of good society reporting.

11. Make a list of society affairs to be given during a season in your city, such as charity balls, opera, weddings, receptions, teas, and so forth.

12. Make a list of the names of persons in your city who are socially prominent. Give particular attention to the spelling of unusual names in your list.

13. Make a list of possible topics for society notes, such as the buying or selling of a historic house or of a collection

of antiques, or other events in your community that may be classed among the doings of Social Register folk.

6. "Good" Stories[1]

If the stories in the previous groups have been carefully read and the qualities and technique of each properly considered, the merit of the stories in this group will be apparent. Comment on them is therefore withheld, but the reader is asked to bear in mind that the unusually good news story is not easily written. Henry Edward Warner, of The Baltimore Sun, has expressed the verdict that has been pronounced on the great majority of newspaper stories in his poem "The Fall-Down," which is included in his interesting volume *Songs of the Craft*.

"The Fall-Down" is reproduced in full as follows:

You missed the story, boys! . . . You missed the story clean!
You got the facts in your lines, but not the story in between!
You registered pep and accuracy, you fine-tooth combed the town
For facts; but getting too many facts is where you chaps fell down!
You got the Woman, you got the Man, you got the Child, and then
You wrote them into the story with the stub of a gummed-up pen!
You missed the story, fellows! . . . You only wrote the truth;
But back of the facts, that tragedy! . . . the elegy of youth!

You missed the story, boys! . . . You didn't see the Heart!
It was a wonderful story, but you only wrote the part!
You wrote of the Man, the Woman, and the Child; and then you slept
On the only point that was worth the ink—the place where the angels wept!
That story reached the depths of Hell! . . . You only skimmed a tale;
You only touched the hem of Truth—and that is where you fail!
You missed the story, fellows! . . . Go, sleep yourselves with pain!
Go *feel* the thing that you write about, and write it over again!

---

[1] The placing of the sixth group of stories under the head "Good" Stories is done without prejudice to the equally good stories that have appeared in the previous groups, but have been used to illustrate the particular qualities under discussion in the respective classifications.

The writers of the following stories, it is believed, have chosen the better way.

LINDBERGH LEAVES NEW YORK AT 7:52 A.M.

By Russell Owen

(Copyright, 1927, by THE NEW YORK TIMES Company.
Reprinted by Permission)

A sluggish, gray monoplane lurched its way down Roosevelt Field yesterday morning, slowly gathering momentum. Inside sat a tall youngster, eyes glued to an instrument board or darting ahead for swift glances at the runway, his face drawn with the intensity of his purpose.

Death lay but a few seconds ahead of him if his skill failed or his courage faltered. For moments, as the heavy plane rose from the ground, dropped down, staggered again into the air and fell, he gambled for his life against a hazard which had already killed four men.

And then slowly, so slowly that those watching it stood fascinated, as if by his indomitable will alone, the young pilot lifted his plane. It dipped and then rose with renewed speed, climbing heavily but steadily toward the distant trees.

The spirit of unconquerable youth had won, and "Slim" Lindbergh was on his way to Paris.

All the romance which had surrounded this boy since his meteoric flight here from the Pacific Coast a week ago reached its climax in that take-off. The uncertainty of it, the frightful disaster which threatened him, the quick recoveries which showed a cool, keen mind fighting for mastery, made veteran pilots gaze in fascination.

"God be with him!" exclaimed Commander Byrd fervently, when at last it seemed that Lindbergh was safely on his way.

The boyish, smiling lad, with the quiet confidence of bravery and belief in his own ability, has won the hearts of every one who came near him. Until two weeks ago he was hardly considered a factor in the race to be first through the air to Paris, that long, treacherous flight of 3,600 miles. And then he came on with speed of the wind, making only one stop between the Pacific Coast and New York, and while rival camps squabbled over money or worked through long, tedious tests, Lindbergh rolled his plane out and got away, all alone.

Youth Breaks All Barriers

It may not have been the safest kind of flying; perhaps it was only a daring gesture, but it was magnificent. It was youth refusing to admit obstacles, breaking down barriers, and it brought him luck. For even as Lindbergh prepared his plane the fog that had choked his path to Newfoundland rolled back, and all the way from New York to Europe stretched a clear path of fair weather, with gentle favoring winds. Even the sun came out as he started, and it seemed that the fates which deal with brave men's lives were smiling at the youth who had defied them.

When Lindbergh made his decision to start just before midnight on Thursday, it seemed the height of folly. Heavy fog settled over Roosevelt Field under inky black skies which dripped slow drops of rain. It was dismal and threatening. But the young pilot, who has guided his temerity with a keen and thoughtful mind, saw in the late weather reports the possibility that the skies might clear to the north. All he needed was one look at Newfoundland before he left the land for his long, weary flight across the sea which had already claimed Nungesser and Coli.

The huge hangar in which his plane was housed was closed to every one except the mechanics, who went over the plane with zealous care and partly filled the gasoline tank. Lindbergh, after a parting word with them, went to the Garden City Hotel at midnight for a brief sleep. He lay down with orders that he be called at 2:15 o'clock in the morning, but before 2 o'clock he was downstairs.

While he had been resting weather reports indicated that the fog was lifting all along the coast, although it was depressingly wet at the field. The clouds had opened and poured down a short deluge, which left puddles in which shone the glare of many lights. Through a small opening in the hangar door the silver nose of Lindbergh's plane gleamed through the glancing raindrops.

Hundreds of people had gathered at midnight, but the rain drove many of them away. There were still about 500 standing patiently, disdaining soaked feet and drenched clothing, in the hope that they might see one of the great dramas of the air. They were rewarded by an early scene which they will not soon forget.

Orders Plane From Its Hangar

Soon after Lindbergh arrived at the field the rain stopped for a time and he ordered the plane taken out. In front of the hangar, policemen had cleared a wide space, with lines stretching far out into the darkness. Behind these lines faces shone pale in the light of flares. The people stood silent, waiting. Now and then a flashing red light on the hangar roof would light up the scene with a lurid glow. The policemen's motorcycles roared. There was a brief, tense moment, and then the great doors of the hangar were rolled back, and the graceful plane, with its wide wing, could be seen resting, as if eager to be away.

A truck was backed up in front of the building and the plane was turned around and its tail lifted to the truck and fastened with ropes. It was done with great care, so that nothing might be injured or strained on the long ride across the fields to the runway. Its body was a bright silver, the wings seeming to be slightly darker because of the shadows on the curved surface.

An order was given and the motorcycle policemen surrounded the truck, riding in front and wide on each side, and the silver bird was trundled away, tail first. Ignominious as this movement was, it could not rob the plane of its aspect of graceful power. It lurched and swayed across the fields, and men stooped now and then and felt of the wheel bearings for fear they might get heated under the load of more than 200 gallons of gasoline already aboard.

Weird Procession in the Dawn

Only two or three cars were permitted to follow it, and none of the spectators was allowed to pass through the lines and join the strange procession through the night. It was then about 5 o'clock and at intervals the rain came down again. It seemed impossible that Lindbergh could get off. There was not a sign of clearing.

The road was a long winding way across the dark field. The lights of the automobiles behind the plane threw a bright glow on the nose of the plane as it was dragged across the grass. There was a dingy canvas cap over the motor, and the wing jumped first to one side and then the other as the rough spots in the field were encountered. Now and then the plane was stopped for a time, to enable the bearing to cool or to refasten the ropes which held the tail of the plane in place.

It was a long way across the field, and by the time the big gulch in the centre had been evaded and a sharp tug up a little hill was over, light was beginning to show through the gray clouds. There was a wait by a road with deep ruts in it, while pieces of wood were found to bridge the holes. And when the plane was dragged across it was possible to see that on each side stretched paths of blue violets, their petals just visible in the dawn.

Men not given to sentiment looked at them and at the plane, which so soon would carry the lion-hearted Lindbergh to either great honor or death.

''All the dreams of a boy,'' said one, and it was enough.

Plane's Nose Is Turned Toward Paris

A few moments later the plane was resting at the head of the runway. It was pointed in the opposite direction to that in which Commander Byrd will take off, and in which Fonck took off last year in the Sikorsky plane, which crashed and burned two men to death. It was on the edge of a slope which dropped down about twenty feet to the lower level of Curtiss Field. Down that the Sikorsky rolled, crashing its landing gear and turning over, to become a pyre of flame. Lindbergh did not look at it, but in the centre of a still blackened area stood a bent propeller, a tragic monument to those who last used the runway on a transatlantic flight.

The plane was turned about facing down the runway to the east, toward Paris. There was only a slight cross wind and Lindbergh did not think it would bother him. He had not followed the plane across the field, but had waited and come later in a large closed car. He was in his golf stockings, riding breeches and tight woolen sweater over a shirt which he had worn since he arrived here.

Near the plane a truck with special gasoline on it was standing. This gas had been made particularly for the flight, and the drums in which it was shipped were sealed. They were opened and the work of filling the tanks was begun. Red five-gallon cans were filled from the drums, passed to the men standing on the nose of the plane and poured in.

As Lindbergh stood there men came up to him and greeted him. One of the first to arrive was Commander Richard E. Byrd, whose big Fokker is being prepared for the same flight. He grasped Lindbergh's hand and slapped him on the back.

''Good luck to you, old man,'' said the aviator who had flown over the North Pole. ''I'll see you in Paris.''

Bert Acosta, Byrd's pilot, and Lieutenant G. O. Noville, who will also go on The America, also wished Lindbergh good luck. Byrd asked Lindbergh if he objected to Byrd's taking off in a trial flight on the runway while the young pilot's plane was being prepared. So the large three-motored plane went aloft and circled about over the field for some time, landing just before Lindbergh got ready to start.

Chamberlin Wishes Him Luck

Clarence Chamberlin, pilot of the Bellanca monoplane, which was waiting with tanks filled and equipment aboard, also came over and greeted Lindbergh.

Raymond Orteig Jr. and Jean Orteig, sons of the man who has given the $25,000 prize for the first successful flight to Paris, were in the crowd which wished Lindbergh success. They said they would cable their father at once when Lindbergh started, and that if M. Orteig hurried from his present stopping place in the Pyrenees he might get to Paris in time to greet the flier.

G. M. Stumpf, representative of the St. Louis Chamber of Commerce, which is sponsoring Lindbergh's flight, was there and so was B. F. Mahoney, President of the Ryan Air Lines, which built the plane, and many other men prominent in aviation.

After a long wait the tanks were filled. They held 451 gallons of gasoline, 145 gallons more than Lindbergh had ever taken up, but both he and Mahoney were confident the plane would lift the load. By this time the roped-off enclosure was surrounded deeply by spectators and cars, and off to one side of the field, far from the runway, were hundreds more cars in a long line.

The police arrangements were much more efficient than at the Sikorsky attempted take-off, and hardly any one was on the field in the line of flight.

At last the plane was ready, and the motor was turned over. Lindbergh had donned his fur-lined flying suit and was sitting in a closed car, resting, his helmet shoved back and his goggles on his forehead. He seemed the most unperturbed man on the field, although he frequently glanced at the sky and sometimes gazed far away, as if wondering. It was the most serious moment he had ever faced in his life.

Lindbergh Climbs into Plane

Lindbergh climbed into the pilot's seat and warmed up the motor. After idling it for a time, he opened the throttle and let it roar, the plane shaking and vibrating under him. Again it died down, and Frank Tichenor, editor of *The Aero Digest*, walked over to him.

"Are you only taking five sandwiches?" asked Tichenor, who had been told of Lindbergh's meagre rations, although he carried seven days' emergency army fare.

"Yes," smiled Lindbergh. "That's enough. If I get to Paris I won't need any more, and if I don't get to Paris I won't need any more, either."

He had two canteens full of water hanging beside him, having refused a vacuum bottle of coffee, and that and the sandwiches were his only provisions, aside from his emergency fare.

Lindbergh settled back on his seat and beckoned to Edward J. Mulligan, field engineer for the Wright Company, which made his motor, the same 200-horsepower motor used by Byrd and the Bellanca. Incidentally his load yesterday, 5,200 pounds, was the heaviest ever lifted by a 200-horsepower engine.

"How is it?" asked the young pilot of Mulligan.

"She sounds good to me," replied the mechanic.

"Well, then, I might as well go," said the cool-eyed youngster. It was just 7:52 o'clock.

He turned to the opposite window and smiled at some one he recognized. Then he turned to the other side and waved his hand at a friend.

SAYS "SO LONG" AND IS OFF

"So long," he said, as if he were starting off on an automobile trip.

The blocks were pulled from beneath the wheels, the motor roared and the heavy plane lumbered ahead.

It moved with disheartening slowness. The field was wet and the wheels sank in deeply. A harder stretch was reached and the plane suddenly moved ahead and began to gather speed. And then a soft spot was struck and the speed dropped again.

Half way down the runway went the lumbering plane, its wing lurching a little as it met bumps in the ground. It did not seem to get anywhere near flying speed, and those watching it groaned inwardly. Lindbergh was holding the tail down, as the plane was slightly nose heavy and he did not want to take the chance of letting her nose over and upsetting her. He was hoping she would get speed enough to lift of her own accord.

Still the motor roared and he lurched onward, hitting more rough spots, and still the plane did not get up flying speed. He had passed the point of safety, the point where he could stop his motor and try over again. Now he must either lift the plane or pile up in a gully at the end of the runway which he was approaching more and more rapidly.

Plane Jumps into the Air

Suddenly the plane jumped into the air. It had hit a bump which threw it upward, and apparently Lindbergh helped it go, in order to get rid of the sticky soil which clung to his wheels. The slight leap gave him a little more speed. But how quickly he came down, in a sort of leap-frogging jump!

Again the plane left the ground, sailed a little further and again came down. It did not have flying speed yet, and the end of the runway was just ahead of him. Commander Byrd, standing in front of his big machine, Bert Acosta in the cock-pit, others near the end of the runway, looked on in fearful fascination. The boy had to make it or die.

It did not seem possible that he could get off. And then, at the last moment, the plane began to go up. Those on the field felt as if Lindbergh, with his great courage, were lifting it from the ground, making it take the air. Defeat and death stared him in the face and he gazed at it unafraid, intent only on the task which he had set himself.

A few feet in the air he sailed by a little group of men. They saw his face for a moment outlined by the tiny window of the cabin. His head was slightly bent forward, eyes fastened on the dial which showed the revolutions of his motor. His jaw was set, his whole face grim with determination. The boyish lines had vanished in the terrific moment. Only the man of the lion heart was left, using his brain and the instinct of the trained flier to avoid destruction.

Narrowly Clears Obstructions

The wheels of the plane cleared by a bare ten feet a tractor which lay directly in his path. A gully was ahead into which he might have plunged, but which he left safely below. Over the telephone lines he passed with a scant twenty feet to spare.

Ahead was the rolling open country of a golf course. A line of trees on a slight slope lay beyond, a mile or two away. The silver plane dropped a little as if to gather speed and then lifted upward again, but so slowly! It could barely be seen to rise, and men watched it with anguish in their gaze.

The plane turned a little to the right and then swung back again toward the lowest point in the tree line against the sky, as if Lindbergh had been sweeping it with his periscope, looking for an opening. And then, very gradually but surely, the wide silver wing lifted toward the skyline at the tree tops, over it, and a space of pale sky showed between it and the green line beneath.

A soft glow came above the clouds, the first of the sun breaking through. Far off above the trees the silver wing dipped and was gone.

Lindbergh was on his way to Paris.

WOODEN CROSS BARES SOUL OF MOST INCORRIGIBLE BOY

By Thomas R. Henry

(From THE EVENING STAR, Washington, D. C., January 7, 1929, by Permission)

NOTE: *This is the second of a series of articles telling of the remarkable experiment in the redemption of boys who have proved unmanageable in ordinary schools, which is being carried on by the District of Columbia public school system.*

"E'en though it be a cross."

Peter was one of the worst problem children the District schools have known in recent years.

Harold D. Fife, principal of the Gales Special School, has a stack of letters in his desk about the child. Some express unmitigated disgust; others sympathy, but hopelessness. Peter had been tried with all sorts of teachers. The strict disciplinarians found him unmanageable and dangerous. The gentle, motherly kind wasted their tenderness. The mental research department classified him as a dullard.

Peter was ragged, dirty, and a thief. His adolescent mind was a sewer of filthy thoughts. Girls weren't safe in the same room with him. When he was asked a question he would reply with a string of oaths and nastiness that would have shocked a mule driver. He took no interest in anything offered by the schools. He was an habitual truant.

Here, it seemed, there was a congenital delinquent, if such a creature ever existed.

As a last resort Peter was transferred to the Gales Special School. He was a stubborn case. Week after week Fife tried to find some point of contact with whatever spark of goodness there might be in the child. His personality was impenetrable. Even among the problem cases he was outstandingly bad. Nothing could be found which interested him upon which to condition other interests. Here at last, Fife thought, was the exceptional case where his theories didn't work.

Tried to Make Friends

Day after day the teacher talked with the boy on his own level and tried to make friends with him. The net result apparently was only a slight lessening of the animosity which the child felt for all teachers and all authority.

That point of contact in the child's personality with decency and aspiration which Fife thinks exists somewhere in every one could not be located and there seemed no alternative but to abandon him to a reform school—and probably to a succession of prisons after that—for the protection of society.

Suddenly, strangely, beautifully, came the break.

Peter had been showing the world an artificial, self-created shell of a personality. Behind this he had hid his real self—a highly spiritual, luminous, saintly self with Christlike elements about it.

He came to Fife's desk after school one afternoon.

Query About Crosses

"Yer know dem crosses dey sticks on de stiffs out in Arlington?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, what I wants to know is how much the —— things cost."

"I don't know—about $50, I should think."

Fife noticed the boy's face fall.

"As much as that?"

"Yes. You see, they have to carve them out of a pretty big piece of stone and there is a lot of heavy work."

"Don't they ever make 'em of nothing but stone that don't cost so much?"

"Yes. You might make one out of wood."

"Could I make one?"

"I should think you could. I'd help you some. Why are you interested in crosses, Peter?"

The old look of hostility came over Peter's face at this question. The teacher saw that he had made a mistake, that it was too soon to ask.

"I want to make a cross," the boy said.

Fife took him to a room downstairs where there was some lumber and a few tools. He showed him rapidly how the tools were used.

Made Many Mistakes

"Go ahead and make your cross," he said.

From that time on he didn't bother Peter with school work. Every morning the boy went to the lumber room, shut himself in and worked. He made many mistakes. There was much to be done over. But he seemed absorbed in his work.

Never before had Peter shown any mechanical interests. For the first time something had been found which kept him out of mischief. Fife visited him every day and coached him a little. Peter rather resented this coaching, but he listened and profited by it. He grew more and more friendly with the teacher.

Finally Fife judged that the time was ripe to try once more to go a little deeper.

"Peter, you've never told me why you are interested in crosses," he said.

"Oh, didn't I? Well, you see, it's like this——"

A marvelous transformation had come over the dirty, foul-mouthed boy in that moment.

His mother had died 10 years before, leaving his father, a poor day laborer, with a large family.

Outline of Stones

The family was poor. The mother had been buried in a corner of one of the Washington cemeteries. They had put no headstone over her grave. Brush and weeds had grown over it. The poor woman was cast utterly out of the world's memory.

But there was an outline of stones around the space into which her coffin had been lowered. Peter had put them there.

Twice a year little Peter had trudged to the cemetery and filled in the gaps in that outline of stones. He had been doing this, unknown to any one else, all the time that his school teachers had been calling him the worst boy in Washington. He had been doing this all the time that his tongue was so filthy that the most hardened teachers, men and women, couldn't endure listening to him.

There he would kneel in the long grass, replacing the scattered stones.

All around him, over the graves of the mothers of other little boys, rose monuments and crosses. Each of these pilgrimages only made him worse. He would get even—the boy would clinch his fists and curse the Lord in Heaven—he would get even with a world which had treated his mother like this.

Over her nameless grave he had promised to get even. He was keeping his word.

The father was a well meaning man, but his thoughts were with the living and not the dead. His slender wage barely sufficed to feed the hungry mouths dependent on him. He tried to clothe them decently and made a terrible job of it, to judge by Peter.

NOT HUNGRY OR COLD

Every time the boy had suggested that a headstone be placed over his mother the father had dismissed the idea rather curtly. She was dead, wasn't she? She wasn't hungry or cold any more. She was comfortable enough there in the ground. Why bother with her when the kids needed clothes?

He was not an unkindly man, but he had no motherliness about him. He was too tired to mother the kids when he came back from his day's work.

The human touch had gone out of Peter's life the day his mother's body in a bare wooden box had been carried out of the door of the shack where they lived.

The spiritual, Christlike Peter had gone out of the skinny, unwashed little body and crept into the coffin. There all these years he had snuggled in her arms. The poor dead woman had crooned to her baby there in the graveyard.

The Peter of the District schools, the Peter who swore at teachers, stole everything he could lay his hands on and assaulted girls, was not Peter at all. Peter was in his mother's arms in her nameless grave.

Fife gave the boy money to finish the cross, to buy paint and other trimmings. It was a work of art when it was done. There was a soul in it.

One day the teacher and the boy went out together and cleared away the weeds from the grave. But for the setting up of the cross Peter went alone one Sunday.

CROSS OF GOLD

"It looks better than any of the others in the cemetery," he said when he came to school the next morning. "Do you think she knows about it? Do you think she will like it because it's wood and not stone?"

"That cross is made of gold, Peter," the teacher said. "She will know it is made of gold."

So the soul of Peter was raised from his mother's grave on the cross his hands had carved.

He has never given any trouble since.

"I have known many boys," says Mr. Fife, "but I never knew another so spiritually-minded as Peter is today. He is all spirit. And he is the one boy sent here for whom nobody had any hope."

Fife hesitates to psycho-analyze this strange case of dual personality in a child.

One school would explain it perhaps in terms of mother fixation twisted in some curious way.

Another would find an inferiority complex—the motherless child, whom the world so despised that it would not even accord his mother the poor honor of a cross over her grave, developing a superiority complex in compensation which drove him to make the world pay attention to him by the very extent of his depravity, the way which offered the line of least resistance at the time.

But the mystic would find here the symbols of holy and unseen things—of Christ descending into hell at the behest of the Holy Mother.

Perhaps all are right. Who knows?

BERNARD SHAW CALLS ON ADOLPHE MENJOU

(From THE EVENING BULLETIN, Philadelphia, June 4, 1928, by Permission)

In a recent issue of THE LONDON DAILY MAIL there is a most interesting report of the talk between George Bernard Shaw and Adolphe Menjou. Here it is:

Time, Saturday (May 19) midday.

SCENE: *A suite in the Carlton Hotel, London. Every table and corner of the room banked with exotic flowers. A tall, dark, good-looking man, beautifully dressed, walks nervously up and down. Muffled sounds can be heard from an inner room of a girl trying frantically to be dressed in three-quarters of an hour.*

The good-looking man who has to be given police protection against his own popularity, for at least five thousand people mob him whenever his movements are announced in advance—he is Mr. Adolphe Menjou—speaks anxiously. "Say! Is he really coming to see me? I just can't believe it. What shall I say to him? Doesn't he hate Americans? I wish I could ask him for his autograph, but I can't can I? Mr. Bernard Shaw calls on Mr. Adolphe Menjou!"

The telephone rings. Mr. Menjou answers it. "Can I see

Mr. Bernard Shaw? Gee! You bet I can. Ask him to come right up."

He walks nervously up and down again, his lips moving. There is a knock at the door.

A tall man with pink cheeks and a large, shaggy white beard enters, almost with a bound. The muffled sounds in the inner room grow still more frantic. Three-quarters of an hour is nothing like long enough, anyway, for a Hollywood leading lady to be dressed for a real occasion.

Mr. Menjou and Mr. Shaw were at once involved in conversation and here is what they said:

Mr. Menjou: This is the greatest honor of my life. I would have run to Moscow to have met you. Just fancy you coming up to see me here in the hotel. You really ought to go to America; they would be crazy about you.

Mr. Shaw: I am getting too old for that; besides there is no point in it. All nice Americans go to England and then come straight to see me. I believe Mr. Chaplin called on me, but, having rung the bell, he got frightened and went away.

Mr. Menjou: Mr. Chaplin is the only genius on the film stage. It was Mr. Knoblock who first discovered me when I was playing the part of a doctor years ago in a film called "The Faith Healer." But it was Chaplin who gave me my first big chance in "A Woman of Paris."

Mr. Shaw: I agree, Mr. Chaplin is the only genius in films today.

Mr. Menjou: He is absolutely sincere. And he is a twenty-four hour man; he works all day and all night, and he never loses his temper. I have had to go through the same scene with him thirty-five or forty times before he got it right, but it never happens. Today I can get through a film in fifteen days, and seldom take more than a month.

Mr. Shaw: That is the great point about films. When I am rehearsing a play I go and see it thirty or forty times—not once do they ever get it at all right, but each time there are one or two bits which I feel are just right, but it never happens that everything is right at the same performance. I can keep in my mind's eye each separate bit that has been right at the various rehearsals and so I very seldom go to see my own plays. But in films, I suppose that with a sufficient number of trials you can get it all right?

Mr. Menjou: Absolutely.

Mr. Shaw: But then I suppose you do not always have good directors—some directors may like all the bad bits and cut out all the good bits? That cannot happen on the stage, and so you can never have a real atrocity as you can in a film with a bad director.

Mr. Menjou: I am very greatly interested in the new talking film process. In New York a few days ago I saw a film called "The Tenderloin," in which both the two big dramatic moments —particularly where the heroine is subjected to a third degree examination by the police—were done in talking films. It was tremendous, and after that all the captions seemed dull and flat.

Mr. Shaw: That interests me a very great deal. Two or three days ago a huge wagon with batteries and various kinds of mechanism arrived at my front door in the country. It was this Movietone process, and they wanted me to talk and act in front of it. Well, I made an experiment to see what it could do. I tomfooled around the lawn and said all sorts of things.

These American camera men, full of punch and go, then told me that instead of being able to see it—the result, I mean—within twenty-four hours, they had to send it all the way back to America to get it developed.

Once before I was interviewed on a talking film, I behaved just as though it was on the stage. (Mr. Shaw then got up, walked to the end of the room, puffed out his chest, strode around the room, raising his arm and lowering it.) That was what it looked like when it came out on the film. Everything was exaggerated to a ludicrous degree. They ought to have told me that before.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell has had a film test, but she says that she was no good in it at all. The reason, of course, was that she had not been told to minimize every movement, because it comes out in so emphatic a way on the screen. By the way, would you like to come to lunch? My wife is a very great admirer of yours, and it would be a delightful surprise for her.

Mr. Menjou: What a shame! I have got a long standing engagement which I can't break.

Mr. Shaw: Yes, my wife is a great admirer of yours. A fortnight ago I was in Llandudno, and it was advertised in the papers that your film, "The Ace of Cads"——

Mr. Menjou: A very bad film——

Mr. Shaw: Was going to be shown. I knew it was all up then, and that my wife would force me to go with her. When we arrived, the manager showed us into our seats. I looked round for a moment, I thought that we were the only people in the cinema; then I saw three small children also in the audience.

That was all. (At this stage Mr. Menjou maintained his imperturbable smile, but with a little difficulty.) I told the manager that this was most extraordinary. In London, I pointed out, people have to queue up a week beforehand to book seats. "Oh," said the manager, "the trouble is that Mr. Menjou is appearing also in 'Sorrows of Satan' just across the road."

MR. MENJOU: You know, Mr. Shaw, we have got an entirely wrong impression of you in America. We imagine you to be an austere man, uttering bits of biting sarcasm. I had no idea that you were such a genial man.

MR. SHAW: It's a very good thing for me. If I give that impression of being sarcastic, I can then behave in a perfectly ordinary way in private life.

MR. MENJOU: I always thought that your flat in the Adelphi was a kind of prison.

MR. SHAW: Oh, I have given that up now, and am living in Whitehall Court. Do you know that until I left Adelphi Terrace I had been uncomfortable for thirty years without realizing it. Now I am beginning to know what comfort means.

MR. MENJOU: I am thinking seriously of making a film in England early next year, and am looking for good material for it.

MR. SHAW: Why don't you do "Arms and the Man"?

MR. MENJOU: I would like very much to discuss it with you when I come back next January. Of course, it is not my business to talk money to you, or discuss details; but if you would care to come over to the studio during the time the film is being made I would be only too glad.

MR. SHAW: Ah, but that would cost you another £20,000! They would be my producer's fees. I always have to ask for such big money as practically to ruin people. Unless you do that they think you are cheap and don't have respect for you.

Mr. Shaw rises to go.

MR. MENJOU: This is a very great honor. Are you really 72, Mr. Shaw?

MR. SHAW: Yes. And I sometimes feel it.

MRS. MENJOU: You will never look as young as that, Adolphe, if you ever reach that age!

MR. MENJOU: You say that? Why, we have only been married four days.

Exit Mr. Shaw.

MISS GUINAN CHATS ON RAIDS IN COURT

By Courtenay Terrett

(From THE NEW YORK TELEGRAM, August 6, 1928, by Permission)

Miss Texas Guinan was awakened at 8:30 this morning by the singing of a bird. The bird is named Addie and was born in middle Harlem twenty-seven years ago. She gets $35 a week, which is more than any canary can claim.

Shortly after this occurred Miss Guinan got up. She spoke to her mother. She nearly always speaks to her mother. There is no one she does not speak to.

The next two hours were consumed in victualing and caparisoning Miss Guinan for an expedition to the United States District Court, one of Miss Guinan's favorite resorts, where Judge Meekins wanted to ask if she were guilty, or not guilty, of selling night-club liquor until June 28, when several Federal employes interrupted.

The Telegram cannot do more than merely chronicle these intimate facts, but it may be added, pardonably, that the eating did not take more than five minutes and that Miss Guinan's bathroom is lined with blue taffeta.

Texas' Outfit Complete

When she was dressed the naked eye could discern these items of costume:

One black straw hat, the brim faced with black silk.

One rope of pearls. She said they were pearls.

One lace-edged black veil, last used at Valentino's funeral.

One black dress, the hem trimmed with black thingummies.

One pair of gray silk stockings, both without holes.

One pair of patent leather slippers, with rhinestone buckles extending almost to the knees.

One pair of white doeskin gloves, very refined.

One sandalwood fan painted with blue forget-me-nots.

One diamond ring weighing three-and-a-half pounds. She once hooked a five-pounder, but it got away.

Perfume and Rouge

In addition to these adornments and coverings, Miss Guinan wore four ounces of "Sin," a perfume sold only on the Atlantic City Boardwalk, and six square inches of "Solferino," a rouge sold only at Coney Island.

A modest box of Smith Bros. cough drops completed her ensemble.

As she emerged from her apartment at 17 W. Eighth Street, she asked, "Have you one of those Old Gold blindfolds?"

New York Telegram Undercover Operative No. 7-G said he did not.

Irving Strouse, her public relations counsel, asked why. He knew there was a pretty good gag coming if he'd only give her a chance.

She said, "Because I want to show the chauffeur I can tell him the way to the Federal Building with my eyes shut."

Mr. Strouse and the Telegram operative laughed. The chauffeur did not. He is hired to drive the car.

Car Heads Southward

The car, a Packard, headed southward. There was considerable traffic. Miss Guinan said, "It looks like the whole 107th is in our way."

At Park Place and Broadway a plump traffic cop strolled over, put his hand in, and said, "Hello, Tex." She said "Hello" back at him. He said, "Why don't you leave these federal guys alone?" She said, "Why don't they leave me alone?" Nearly everybody laughed. The chauffeur was busy looking for a place to park.

The party entered the building, rose up in an elevator, proceeded to Room 331, was met by a marshal, informed to rest comfortably in Room 314, did so.

In Room 314 several reporters entered. One of them said, "How do you think you'll look in stripes, Tex?" She said, "Well, I can wear 'em now. That's why I reduced."

Her Lawyer Tired

Walter Solinger, her Monday lawyer, entered the room. He had relieved her Sunday lawyer at midnight. He looked tired. Pat Cody, Miss Guinan's stage manager, entered soon after.

Several photographers entered. They asked Miss Guinan if she wouldn't like to come up to the press room and have her picture taken. She liked to, very much. So did Mr. Irving Strouse. Mr. Solinger did not object.

Several pictures were taken. One was with Miss Guinan seated at a table with a deck of cards laid out as for solitaire. The cards, it was said, were left in the press room by Horace Greeley, when he was promoted to cover City Hall.

Miss Guinan picked up the historic Jack of Spades, which bears the attested thumb-prints of Richard Harding Davis, Arthur Brisbane and Izzy Kaplan, and said, "The card says I am going on a long journey." Everybody laughed.

Meets a Bondsman

Miss Guinan went back downstairs to Room 314. Mr. Moe Levy, alias Kahan and several other names, greeted her. Miss Guinan said he was her favorite bondsman.

A bondsman is not a serf or a peon. He is a man with diamond rings who writes, or has written for him, bail bonds for persons accused of wrong-doing. Mr. Levy-Kahan is more than a bondsman. He is also an indicted defendant in the twenty-six prohibition cases which had caused Miss Guinan's attendance at the Federal Building. He achieved this by being connected in some way with the Furnace Club. He wore brown and yellow sport shoes.

He said, "Are these dog-wrappers O.K. for Atlanta, Texas?"

She said, "I don't know the exact social requirements there. I've never been there—just invited."

Everybody laughed. Miss Guinan laughed six seconds, but Mr. Levy-Kahan laughed louder.

Mr. Levy-Kahan introduced to Miss Guinan one of the employes at the Furnace Club, a negro named Clint Morton. The negro said, "I'm all in black, too." He wasn't. His shirt was yellow. Miss Guinan said, "Yes, boy, charcoal would make a white mark on you." Everybody laughed.

Guarded Against Agents

The talk was directed to the federal agents who had obtained what she laughingly referred to as "the evidence." She said that she was cautious and guarded in her social contacts with them. She said she was very glad she had been. She said, "It just shows a girl can never be too careful."

The late-arriving photographer asked if he could take his pictures after she got through talking. Everybody laughed. Miss Guinan said, "Can you wait that long? I'll be dead when I stop talking." Everybody laughed.

Ray Mulligan, first deputy U. S. Marshal, entered. He said, "Hello, Tex." She said, "Hello, Ray." Nobody laughed.

Miss Guinan made several remarks. She said she would like to give a benefit for the widow of a Hoboken stevedore shot by a

Federal Customs man last week. She said she was going out to the Coast to make a "talkie."

Not a Quitter

She said that Helen Morgan was a sweet girl. She said that Tommy Guinan should have gotten up to come to court, anyway, seeing that he had been indicted. She said she was not a quitter. She said there was no evidence against her. She said she was hired as an entertainer. She said she thought several newspaper men who write pieces about her are very clever. Only two reporters blushed.

Miss Guinan went to Room 331 once more. She sat in a front-row seat. She saw that Miss Morgan did not appear, nor did others, when their names were called. She said, "But that isn't etiquette—this is an invitation affair." Mr. Strouse laughed quietly.

A deputy marshal remarked to Miss Guinan that this arraignment was just a formality, that she would get a letter telling her when her trial was coming up.

She said she hoped that he would not be in any hurry about his correspondence.

About forty of the 138 indicted persons failed to show up. Judge Meekins arranged that they should be handed autograph warrants by federal marshals. Miss Morgan's name was to be put on one, and Mr. Tommy Guinan's on another, and Mr. Nils T. Granlund's on another. Later, when lawyers promised to have these absentees in court tomorrow, the order for warrants was canceled.

Miss Guinan's name was called and she said, "Here." She murmured loudly that Judge Meekins looked like a lovely fellow. The young assistant prosecutor asked that the original $1,000 bail for Miss Guinan and for John Johnnidis and Nick Prounis, her alleged partners in the Salon Royal night club, should be raised to $2,500.

Judge Meekins said he thought $1,000 was high enough.

Miss Guinan said, positively, that Judge Meekins was a lovely fellow.

CHAMBERLIN SAVES TWO GIRLS IN PLANE BY DARING LANDING

(From The New York Times, April 25, 1927, by Permission)

Two little girls jumped gaily into the cabin of the Bellanca monoplane at Curtiss Field at Mineola yesterday, sat down beside the smiling pilot, Clarence D. Chamberlin, and smoothed down their dresses and put their hats on straight. They were going for a ride in the airplane which was soon to fly across the Atlantic to Paris, there were crowds of people about watching them and they were very much pleased with themselves. It would be such fun.

The quick nervous figure of John Carisi, the factory superintendent for G. M. Bellanca, the designer of the plane, stowed itself away on top of the piano-shaped tank in the fuselage. Chamberlin raced the motor, the girls waved to their parents and the plane taxied down the field. As it turned and headed back it lurched just as it lifted from the ground. One landing strut hung loose and the left wheel was tipped in uselessly.

"Oh, my God!" said a man almost in a whisper, who knew what it meant. The girls smiled down as they whisked overhead, the plane gathering speed quickly and straightening out after the lurch. They didn't know anything was the matter. Neither did Chamberlin nor Carisi. But those on the ground knew. Pilots and mechanics muttered helplessly under their breath for a moment and then jumped into the instant action which such as they know is needed so immediately when anything goes wrong.

Parents Unaware of Danger

Below, their parents stood watching the plane with interested but unconcerned eyes. They did not know at first what was wrong. They were Charles A. Levine, owner of the plane, and Ralph Jonas, President of the Brooklyn Chamber of Commerce, which is sponsoring the Bellanca's transatlantic flight. The girls were Eloyse Levine, nine years old, who had just broken a bottle of ginger ale over the bow of the plane and named it Columbia, and Grace Jonas, fifteen years old. Mr. Levine with Mrs. Levine and Mr. Jonas turned to follow the big, graceful shape of the monoplane, and then turned to each other to chat. Their girls were all right. Hadn't that plane flown fifty-one hours for an endurance record, and wasn't Clarence Chamberlin piloting it? But back of them in a hangar two men were tearing at the wheel of a dolly—a small truck—trying to get it off quickly so that Chamberlin could be made to understand by pantomime what was wrong, and out on the field a pilot was yanking madly at the propeller of a plane, getting ready to take off. As men ran out with the wheel Gene Smith, the pilot, opened up his motor, his mechanic grabbed the dolly wheel and he jerked his plane into the air with a minimum run. As he tore after the Bellanca the mechanic held the wheel out and pointed down at the other plane's landing gear.

''I guess we have lost our landing gear, John,'' said Chamberlin to Carisi.

Another plane piloted by Everett Chandler hummed alongside, and he also pointed down until he was sure that Chamberlin had seen him. The big Bellanca circled slowly and smoothly around, the two escorting planes hovering near as if to aid but helpless to do so, for several minutes, and word began to spread among the thousands on the field of the predicament which confronted the boyish faced pilot up aloft with the lives of two girls and Carisi in his keeping.

Chamberlin's Skill Only Hope

Spectators jumped out of cars and ran out into the field so that they could better follow the circles of the plane. Their faces were all turned upward, where a few minutes ago they had been chatting, or sauntering about with only casual glances toward the few planes in the air. It seemed incredible that tragedy rose up there on the broad wing of the Bellanca with only the skill of young Chamberlin to ward it off.

''What will he do?'' the watchers asked. Pilots were less pessimistic. They had seen men land with one wheel before, but they knew that almost anything might happen when a plane came down with only part of its landing gear.

This landing gear spreads down from the bottom of the fuselage of the plane, the two struts which hold the wheels at their lower end extending away from the plane at an angle of about 40 degrees. The left struts had given way just as the plane went up, letting the left wheel swing in so that it would not sustain any weight. Chamberlin and Carisi could see this as they leaned over the side of the plane, but Chamberlin thought that probably his right wheel and strut was still sound. He had to take a chance that it was. It was the only way out.

Prepare for Crash of Plane

When Smith and Chandler came down in their smaller planes, having done all they could, the field was cleared by motorcycle policemen, who ran up and down the edge of the crowd, forcing it back. Men dashed off for fire extinguishers, in case the plane nosed over as it landed and caught fire. Two automobiles filled with Curtiss mechanics, each one carrying an extinguisher, were sent for by ''Casey'' Jones, the famous Curtiss pilot and manager of the flying field. A field ambulance arrived from Mitchel Field, the army flying field nearby, its big red cross shining in the rays of the setting sun.

Then the watchers began to realize more completely just what might happen if that big plane turned over with the two children, and Mrs. Levine gripped her hands and began to cry softly as she watched the plane circling overhead with her daughter in it. It was so far away and she was so helpless to do anything. She could only wait, and it is probable that with hers many a silent prayer went up from Curtiss Field yesterday. Men used to seeing pilots take chances could not bear the thought of those gay children, so pleased with their ride, crashing before them.

In the plane the smiling and cool Chamberlin was doing everything he could to allay the fears of the girls. They probably never realized the situation which confronted them.

''One of our wheels is loose,'' said Chamberlin to the girls beside him in the pilot's compartment.

''When we come down we may turn around or turn over and get jarred up a little, but I won't let you be hurt. You will be safe enough.''

He laughed reassuringly at them, and the girls smiled back. Chamberlin is a boyish, good-looking man for all his experience in the air. His smile is worth watching, and it has won him many friends. So the girls felt confident that he would get them out all right.

Carisi Hangs From Plane

Carisi then leaned out of the side of the cabin and tried to reach the landing gear. He saw that it was dished in and thought that he might pull it out so that it would bear the weight of the plane for a moment at least. So he crawled over Chamberlin's lap and hung head down in the blast from the propeller as the pilot clung to his legs, while he held the control stick between his knees. If he had slipped Carisi would have plunged like a plummet to the field below.

He found he couldn't do very much and back in the plane he and Chamberlin talked over the situation. They laughed often so that the girls who watched them with round eyes would not be frightened. It was just a problem of getting down, that was all. The first thing to do was to drop ballast, and Carisi crawled back and forth over the gas tank, getting bags of sand from the tail of the fuselage. They dropped 400 pounds in all.

''It was hard to know where to drop it without hitting somebody,'' said Chamberlin. ''When we let the first bag go over

Roosevelt Field a motorcycle policeman went after it like the Twentieth Century Limited and we had to run away from him before we could drop another. Then another motorcycle cop came out after that.''

The policemen thought that the fliers were dropping messages telling what they wanted done on the ground, and so went chasing the sandbags.

Waits for an Ambulance

Chamberlin circled about for some time after the sand was dumped, and he said later that he was waiting for the ambulance to appear.

''I didn't think anybody would be hurt badly, but I didn't want to take a chance with the youngsters,'' he said.

When it did arrive he feared to take a chance on landing on Curtiss Field, which is somewhat bumpy and was populated too thickly to suit him. So he flew low, his motor idling, until he was only 100 feet from the ground, and yelled down: ''Roosevelt Field.'' His words were heard distinctly, and the girls' heads could be seen, the gay color of a hat showing through the cabin window beside him. Roosevelt Field is east of Curtiss Field and is larger and smoother. It is where the Sikorsky plane tried to take off last year, crashing and burning two men to death and it was there also that the Bellanca took off on its endurance record flight and where it will take off for Paris.

By this time, however, some one had suggested that Mitchel Field would be better because the crowds could not get there, and Ed McMullen, a Curtiss pilot, chalked ''Mitchel'' in big letters on the side of his yellow plane and went up to let Chamberlin see the word. Chamberlin waved his hand and started for the army field, circling there for a few minutes so that the army ambulance, which raced across the field, could reach there also.

Protect Girls for Landing

Carisi crawled back inside the fuselage back of the tank and told Eloyse, the 9-year-old girl, to come with him. She worked her way bravely back into the closed fuselage, where she couldn't see anything. Chamberlin wanted to get weight on the tail of the plane to keep it from nosing over, and also thought the rear would be a good place for one girl.

''Is this far enough?'' Carisi shouted to him.

Chamberlin waved him back further, and Carisi finally sat down with his back to the rear partition, two-thirds of the way to the rudder. He piled a few sandbags in front of the tank ahead of him, the big tank built to carry nearly 400 gallons of gasoline, and then lifted Eloyse in his arms. He tucked the little girl's head against his chest, and put her legs under his arms and waited, holding her tight. Carisi had done all he could.

Grace was told to take Chamberlin's seat pad and hold it against her face, so that if she were thrown forward her head would be somewhat protected. With her other hand she braced herself against the instrument board in front of her. The rest was up to Chamberlin.

Those below knew that the critical moment had come. Automobiles rushed from Curtiss Field to Mitchel, where they jammed the road leading to the post. The occupants jumped out and raced toward the field. Mrs. Levine in her husband's car, sat with strained face, as the chauffeur drove at full speed toward where the big plane was settling. Mr. Bellanca, who had watched through binoculars all during the flight of nearly an hour, hurried to a car and started. Somebody asked him what effect it would have on the Paris flight if the plane were damaged. The mild-mannered little man, who never seems excited or anxious, showed the tension under which he labored.

"To hell with the Paris flight if those girls and those boys are not hurt."

Swoops in Big Circle

Chamberlin at the controls was as cool as if on the ground. He swooped in a big circle closer and closer to the field, losing speed gradually, going slower and slower, nestling closer to the earth. As he came within thirty feet or so of the ground he threw the big plane up on its side so that the sound landing gear would hit first and drifted in. The plane looked like a wounded bird coming to rest.

So gently that the heavy plane hardly jarred as the one wheel hit the ground. At almost the same second the tail came down and the right wing tip also scraped along the grass. It rolled that way, first at a speed of about thirty-five miles an hour and then slower for about 200 feet until the speed was not sufficient to sustain the wing and it dropped down.

As the broken landing gear drove up under the weight of the plane the wheel crashed through a wing strut and held the wing from other than a slight jar as the end hit the earth. There was a slight shock, the plane swept around in the opposite direction and came to a stop. Chamberlin jumped out, his face wreathed in smiles, and the two girls dropped down into his arms to the ground.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Chamberlin, for the nice ride," they said to him, holding their hands out. Chamberlin took them and laughed.

"Glad you liked it," he said.

"Oh, we did, and we would like to go with you again some time."

"All right," said Chamberlin laughing at their evident lack of comprehension of what might have happened.

"I didn't think anything very serious would happen," he said later, "but I was afraid we might turn over on our nose, perhaps flop over on our backs, and that wouldn't have been so very pleasant. Somebody might have been hurt. I didn't know what shape that second strut was in. If that had gone too it wouldn't have been so pleasant. We were rather lucky."

Crowd Congratulates Him

In a moment the pilot was surrounded by army and civilian fliers congratulating him on his landing. Colonel Benjamin D. Foulois, Commandant of Mitchel Field, said it was "the most adept work I have ever seen." And there were many present who thought that Chamberlin's work had won for him the right to fly to Paris. Bellanca ran up, embraced him and cried out: "I knew you could do it."

The two girls were taken to the officer's club, where they heard the exclamation of surprise and pleasure that they were not hurt. Then they went out again and thanked Chamberlin, this time for saving their lives. Mrs. Levine, tears in her eyes, kissed him, much to Chamberlin's embarrassment.

Carisi, when he got out, looked over the strut and swore volubly when he found that a bolt holding the strut had been sheared off clean, letting the strut and wheel hang loose. It was found, however, that only the wing strut had been broken, and that apparently the wing was undamaged. Mr. Bellanca said he thought the damage could be repaired in not more than two days, while the instruments are being installed, and that the mishap would not delay the start of the Paris flight a minute.

This is the second accident this year to transatlantic airplanes, Commander Richard E. Byrd's big Fokker having crashed only a short time ago in its first test flight. A singular fatality seems to hang over the transatlantic attempts, for less than a year ago the first plane to make the attempt to fly 3,600 miles to Paris, the

Sikorsky plane, crashed and burned up. Every one was hoping yesterday that this would end the jinx which seems to cling to these flights.

GIRL TELLS OF EXPERIENCES

Grace Jonas went home to her mother at 129 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, last night in great excitement. Mrs. Jonas had not been at the field, but Mr. Jonas had telephoned of the mishap and that it had turned out all right. Grace said she remembered hitting a ridge just before the plane went up, but didn't think anything was wrong until the planes came out holding up wheels.

"Mr. Chamberlin told us what was wrong. He was just wonderful. It was very exciting, but I wasn't worried because I knew Mr. Chamberlin would look after us. He had Eloyse go back with Mr. Carisi to the rear of the plane to balance it, and Mr. Carisi threw out 350 pounds of sand ballast. Eloyse was so brave that I had to be brave, too.

"Mr. Chamberlin told me to cover my face with a quilt and to hang on tight and to brace myself as much as I could when we were going to land. He said that the glass in the front of the plane might break when we came down and told me to keep my face covered so that I wouldn't be cut. I did what he said and didn't worry and everything came out all right.

"We came down and there wasn't much of a bump. I've never been up before so I don't know how much of a bump there usually is when a plane lands, but this didn't seem to be very bad. There was just that little bump and then it was all over."

Mr. Jonas said he had been under considerable strain while waiting on the field for the plane to come down but declared that his confidence in Chamberlin's ability as a pilot had made the situation easier. Mr. Jonas's daughter is a pupil at the Packard Collegiate Institute in Brooklyn, where she is preparing for Wellesley.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, GOLFER

By Paul Leach

(From THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, February 20, 1929, by Permission)

Ormond Beach, Fla., Feb. 2.—"Have you a wife?"

"I have."

A second shiny dime, tarnished black on the rim, probably from contact with the rubberized silk pocket of John D. Rockefeller's golf coat, was dropped into my hand. The first dime was for me.

"Any children?" The freckled old face, drawn into deep wrinkles that center upon a puckered, thin-lipped mouth, looked up inquiringly.

"Yes, sir."

"How many?"

"Two."

Two more dimes with oxidized edges were slipped by a dexterous thumb from the stack held in the thin hand. They were all dated 1926. Some people in Ormond and Daytona say that "Neighbor John" acquires dimes in carload lots. If so, apparently, the last consignment came some time ago.

"Your mother living?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bless her!" A fifth dime.

There was a fleeting twinkle back of the heavy amber sun glasses. The remaining coins went back into the rubberized pocket. I have a father and a brother, too, and various assorted relatives by marriage, but Neighbor John did not ask about them. Nevertheless, it appears, his gifts to me were more than the average. Ordinarily he bestows only one dime.

Emil Ludwig, writing a biographical sketch, asserted that Mr. Rockefeller gave dimes to persons who attracted his attention for one reason or another, because he liked to share a symbol of his power. Neighbor John has not explained this diming idiosyncrasy, but he did like that Ludwig sketch, a lot.

"When he puts his hand in his pocket, change the subject quickly," Arthur Shumway of the Daytona Beach News-Journal had advised me seriously. "That means the interview is ended."

But this interview had not started. The subject could not very well be changed; it had only just been broached.

We had waited at the putting clock of the Ormond Beach Golf club for nearly half an hour. Mr. Rockefeller, who usually rolls up in his big car with the husky driver and huskier footman at exactly 10 o'clock, was late. It was 10:20 o'clock before his car arrived and his foursome started toward the first tee. The 89-year-old sage of Pocantico Hills was in good humor. The sun was bright and hot. A glance at the high, clear sky and he shed his topcoat but still wore a short light gray coat over two silk suede jackets, his long gray trousers hanging carelessly over well-seasoned tan golf shoes.

A dozen or so tourists hung around the entrance to the putting course.

"Have I had the pleasure?" the Oracle of Oil asked, reaching his hand to a woman, who got as big a kick out of that as she would have got out of meeting Lindbergh, Dempsey, or Queen Marie. There is something in that Midas touch, you know—a superstition, I mean—"to touch the hand that can count so many millions——"

The lady introduced herself. So did the others. So did I. Now was the time to try what I had been told in Chicago and in New York could not be done.

"I would like to walk around with you," I suggested.

"Why—well—you'll have to speak to Mr.—uh—what's 'is name—Mr. Potts. You'll have to speak to Mr. Potts."

Though Mr. Rockefeller had hesitated, he seemed willing enough. Mr. Potts, it developed, was superintendent of the golf club. He stood a few feet away, bareheaded, feet planted apart, the very picture of an unmovable Scot. Mr. Potts said everything but no.

"I give ten minutes of my valuable time every morning to see that people don't bother Mr. Rockefeller," said Mr. Potts.

But, since Mr. Rockefeller was willing, Mr. Potts, more grudgingly than Barkis, was willing, too. And so, at the first tee, the subject was broached again.

"Why, that is all right, I'm sure," Mr. Rockefeller agreed. Then came the dimes, also a problem in conduct. Did the dimes mean that, although he said it was all right, the dispensing of Rockefeller largess settled it the other way? That his words meant one thing, the dimes another and the opposite thing? We decided to take him at his word, the man being John D. Rockefeller. Anyhow, one could only give one life to one's newspaper.

We pulled up behind the foursome—John D. himself, John P. White and his daughter Betty, of Cleveland, relatives of the Rockefellers, and Father J. P. Lennon of a New York city Roman Catholic church. Father Lennon, lean and browned, is an affable, friendly, likeable, very-much-alive man who, from his appearance, might be anywhere between 30 and 60 years old. He used to have a parish near Pocantico Hills. For twenty-five years he has played golf with, and has been a close friend and companion of, the man who has given millions to institutions of his own church, the Baptist.

Four coal black caddies stood attentively, gargoyle-like clothes hung upon their slouching, jointless frames. A southern caddie is a human anomaly. He does not seem to have any bones in his body when he comes to parade rest, nor can expression of any kind be brought to his impassive mask. He has the Chinaman skinned to death for poker face.

One boy caught the Rockefeller eye. And well he might, for Jonathan Wisham is a character. As big as a drink of water, he wears No. 11 shoes, washed-out blue overalls, chopped off gee-whickered below the knees, a white sweater that a size 40, stout, once wore, and a gray felt hat, dented more carelessly than the studied carelessness of Bond street. It would have been large for Napoleon.

''We must have his picture,'' Mr. Rockefeller whispered to Father Lennon. ''We must have his picture.''

Father Lennon's eyes twinkled. The boy was a picture, no doubt. He would see to it.

Miss White's drive was clean and sharp. So was Mr. White's. Father Lennon, with the ease of a well-trained golfer, smacked one neatly over the rise between the tee and the first trap.

The host took his stance. With knees bent, stooped shoulders more stooped, head brought down an inch at a time until the eyes stared the ball right into its dimples, feet spread apart, right hand holding the grip well below the left, John D. addressed the ball, the driver head pressed firmly against the turf, directly, behind. His body swayed slightly. The sun shone brilliantly upon the long white hair that straggled from under his gray cloth cap. Slowly, very slowly, the club head came back, scraping the ground. The old body came back with it. Up, up to the top of the swing, then a slow, methodical downward swing, just as deliberate as—well, as deliberate as everything else this queer old man does.

It is easy to see why he became the powerful figure that he was—or is. He is very much of an individualist. He does things his own way.

It was a clean drive, a little short of 100 yards, but straight.

''Good ball!'' exclaimed Father Lennon.

''Yes,'' agreed Mr. Rockefeller, nodding his head slowly. He was pleased. The day was starting right. The sun was shining warm. All was well with the world. ''I took my time.''

But his second shot was a flop. My heart went out to him, and then it sank within me, to hit bottom. If a man almost 90 years old hasn't learned to keep his head down, what chance is there for me?

''Good ball!'' Father Lennon cried.

''No, I looked up,'' Mr. Rockefeller replied. He said it without a trace of rancor, annoyance, peeve. He didn't blame the ball, or the club, or the caddie, or the sunshine, or a bad lie. It was his own fault. This individualist knew what had happened; he gave blame where blame was due. "I went too quickly—I went too quickly."

The third shot was as bad, and so was the fourth.

"Let me try another one," he said on the approach to the green, and his caddie, Charley Small, teed up another ball.

The shot was a mashie pitch over a trap to a fall-away green. Just as carefully as he had measured his wooden shots, the world's wealthiest golfer drew back his old mashie—all his clubs are well seasoned—and smacked a neat one fifteen feet beyond the cup.

"Oh, that's a pretty one!" Father Lennon exclaimed.

"Yes," Mr. Rockefeller agreed. "I didn't hurry."

His ball was away, and he putted to within three inches of the cup. Mr. White's putt was next, about twelve feet, and he sank it. Gravely John D. reached into that rubberized pocket, felt around for a moment and dropped something into White's palm, a bright, shiny nickel.

"He always pays us when we make good shots," said White, grinning.

The second hole, 269 yards, a rolling fairway to a beautiful green, lay ahead. Just as carefully as before Neighbor John measured his drive, and it was straight down the course, about 100 yards.

"A beauty!" Father Lennon complimented.

"Yes. Yes, that was all right. I kept my head down."

The second shot skimmed a rise and was about ten feet off the fairway. Charley Small brought it in and teed it, while Jonathan Wisham looked on in approval. Jonathan, by the way, pronounces his name Joe Nathan Wissssh. I got the spelling later from the caddie master.

As the sun became warmer, off came one of the Rockefeller silk jackets. The third shot was perfect, just over the pin.

"Beautiful!" Father Lennon cried.

"Yes, that was a good ball," John D. admitted. He felt pretty good, so good in fact that, even as you or I, he forgot to keep his eye on the ball, and putted two feet wide of the hole.

"Every time," he said casually, his thin lips breaking into a puckery grin, "every time I raise my head!"

And so John D. Rockefeller played golf—played eight holes of golf. The score? None was kept. Somehow, nobody ever knows just what John D. Rockefeller's scores are for eight holes. He eliminates the ninth because a road passes the eighth green and his car waits for him there. He always plays eight holes and goes back in his car to the old shingle-covered house, The Casements, on River drive.

Farewells were said.

"Father Lennon here has been my good friend for a long time," said Mr. Rockefeller, and put his arm across my shoulders, and leaning just a little. "He is playing better than usual today. It's the hat."

"The hat?"

Father Lennon looked puzzled, then grinned, and took off a straw helmet he had been wearing.

"It belongs to Mr. Potts. That's the reason," Rockefeller chuckled. A good joke.

A pair of golfers came from the green behind us.

"Would you like to play through, gentlemen?" Mr. Rockefeller called. "Would you like to play through? It's all right."

"Yes," one of the pair said gruffly, seeing an old man and a woman in the foursome. Then he recognized the old man and he nearly swallowed his putter. "Oh, Mr. Rockefeller—uh—ah—y-y-y-y-yeh—yes. Thanks."

Rockefeller chuckled again. He gets a lot of fun out of life. He does not appear to be the ogre Ida M. Tarbell raked over the muck a few years back, just a guileless old man—guileless, but with the ability to get a lot of fun out of life.

He shook hands again and was off for The Casements.

The Casements is a disappointment at first glance, just as the two little frame houses over near Fort Myers, adjoining homes of Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison, are disappointments. Men who can afford so much, who could build palaces that would put to shame all of the ornate Mediterranean temples of sun on the east coast and write checks for the whole works, live in houses that you or I might afford to live in.

But it is refreshing to know that there are men who could buy anything in the world that is purchasable, and still are content to live in plain, comfortable houses.

Mr. Rockefeller bought The Casements some years ago, furnished. One might imagine that it would be rather magnificently fitted out. An old cabinetmaker and upholsterer in Daytona Beach was called in a few days ago by a woman to repair some furniture.

"Is it junk?" the man asked. "Say, I'm sick and tired of fixing junk. Everybody around here wants me to fix up junk. I'm tired of it.''

''Well,'' the woman was a bit nettled, ''perhaps my furniture isn't as fine as some around here, John D. Rockefeller's, for instance, but——''

''Rockefeller? Huh! Say, his stuff's awful.''

—Copyright, 1929, The Chicago Daily News, Inc.

CHAPTER VI

HOW THE NEWS IS EDITED

Included in the machinery of the successful newspaper is what is known as the copy desk, manned by copy readers or editors. Such desks have been found essential in the larger organizations and have been extended to many of the smaller publications.

The copy desk may be regarded as a refinery or filtering plant through which the news of the day, hastily gathered and often more hastily and carelessly written, must be passed before it can be presented to the reading public as a finished product. Much of the dregs of life, more of the impurities of language, and still more of the effusions of inexperienced reporters are to be found in the day's harvest of what is called news. The copy desk filters out the dregs and refines what remains and what is finally sold to the public.

The physical copy desk is usually a semicircular affair or horseshoe around the rim of which sit half a dozen or a dozen men depending upon the size of the publication. On the inside of the semicircle, or in the slot, sits the head of the copy desk. The copy readers are known as the men on the rim.

Practices in the newspaper offices vary. In some there are two desks, one to handle only local news and the other telegraph and cable dispatches. In some cases an assistant city editor is head of the local copy desk and the telegraph editor is head of the general news desk. In other cases there are distinct heads for each desk. In still other offices, departmental news is handled by readers or editors in the various departments. For instance, the sports editor may be responsible for all sports copy, and either he or an assistant edits and headlines all copy from that department. The society news is generally both prepared and edited within that department, although some of the metropolitan newspapers regard so highly and protect so jealously their society news that a specially equipped man is employed on the copy desk, and he is held responsible for all society news.

An incident on one of those larger publications is cited to illustrate the functions of such a specialized copy editor. In a brief and rather unimportant notice appearing in this newspaper the name of a prominent society family was spelled with just one too many n's. It had happened that a newcomer on the copy desk handled the story. The error brought forth protests from the society department and a complaint to the managing editor, who in turn proceeded with his investigation until the blame was fixed on the guilty copy reader. The offender was not discharged but was warned that every such name, if there was a doubt about it, must be referred to Mr. Blank, sitting to his immediate left, who was the office authority on all matters affecting the society folk of the city. Mr. Blank, it was stated, was armed with every social register, blue book, *Who's Who*, and what not and should be consulted if question should arise.

The financial and editorial departments of the larger newspapers generally handle their own productions and are charged with the clean editing and even the make-up of their pages.

Consequently, while no general rule obtains for all offices, the copy desks of a majority of the newspapers are engaged in the task of editing local, telegraph, and cable news. It should be remarked in passing, however, that the cable editor is usually a specialist and, while he handles nothing but cable or foreign dispatches, he sits in close proximity to the telegraph editor and the telegraph copy desk, in order that such of his dispatches as have local or

American angles may be harmonized and grouped with the other news-matter in hand.

Some newspapers prefer the combined desk where the news from all three of these sources is handled with the purpose in view of preventing duplication or the scattering of stories on related subjects. In view of the diversity of practice, therefore, it will be found desirable in this treatise to consider copy desks and copy readers as the combined unit, handling all three classes of the news of the day. Anyhow, copy readers usually fall into special lines or are assigned to edit special types of copy. For instance, there is the city which has the building of a great subway system under consideration. On the newspapers of that city one copy reader is assigned to handle all "transit" matters. Another reader may be a specialist on Congressional and governmental news, and still another may be best equipped to edit and headline picture or human-interest stories.

The head of the copy desk parcels out the stories for the men on the rim to read and edit. He is supposed to glance hurriedly over every item and, in some offices, to indicate with marginal signs what parts of the story are to be featured in the headline; he is also to indicate the length to which the story is to be cut or expanded. Some stories he marks "cut to the bone," others he will indicate "three sticks," and others he will mark "let it run." In cases of brief bulletins or flashes on important events he will order "write a shirt-tail," which means that the copy reader must expand the story by the addition of supplemental facts of his knowledge or facts obtained from the newspaper's morgue.

An example of the "shirt-tail" order is this: the newspaper receives a brief dispatch from Pittsburgh that Mrs. Mary Copley Thaw is critically ill. The telegraph editor issues instructions for a "shirt-tail." It is then the copy reader's duty to send to the morgue for filed material on the Thaw family. From that matter he writes an addition to his dispatch, including the information that Mrs. Mary Copley Thaw is the mother of Harry K. Thaw, internationally known slayer of Stanford White; that Mrs. Thaw was born in such-and-such a place, was the widow of the wealthy Pittsburgher, and such other information as would be of public interest.

Or, the story to be expanded may be of minor importance but nevertheless may lack details which might add to its interest and value. The reporter may have written a story to the effect that Miss Janet Jones was injured in an automobile accident, but failed to state that Miss Jones was the daughter of Gerald Jones, Attorney General of the United States. The head of the copy desk might also instruct the copy reader to get all pertinent morgue material and to ascertain whether or not this was the same Miss Jones who last summer had run over and killed a child on the streets of Washington. That is what is called expanding a story.

The slot-man, then, is a general superintendent of all operations involved in the editing and headlining of the news stories which come over his desk. The rim-men are the mechanicians or artisans who do the work. It may be said that the copy desk is in every sense a work shop.

At the scheduled hour the dozen or half-dozen copy readers may be seen fussing about their desk drawers, laying out pairs of scissors, paste pots, handfuls of pencils, rolling up their sleeves and adjusting eye shades. An occasional growl and frequent caustic remarks on the ''cussedness'' of things in general may be heard, for there is a tradition that a copy reader must be a crab and many of them live up to the tradition. The copy boy must be ''bawled out'' if there is not a plentiful supply of copy paper at hand; the adolescent but none the less colossal ignorance of reporters must at least be mentioned; and then there is bound to crop out a few decided opinions on the emanations from ''high brow alley,'' otherwise known as the editorial department of the paper.

But no time is wasted. The good copy reader can growl and work at the same time. He can tell the world his own private opinion of all staff or special correspondents and hold up to merciless scorn his pet aversion, the "I-writer," all the while working diligently at his task of building good news stories with the material entrusted to him.

Refining the news.—The work of the copy reader is best explained by example. Let us suppose the particular copy reader in mind is handling the night's story of Congress. There is a lengthy debate on the new cruiser bill, for instance. The Associated Press is sending in a running story of the day's happenings in the United States' Senate. The Senator from Idaho and the Senator from Montana have been the leading speakers in the discussion. The telegraph editor sends to the copy desk all the many sheets and fragments of sheets of copy covering the story. He indicates that the copy desk is to make the lead of the story on the Idaho Senator's speech, but that close up in the lead must be mention of the Montana Senator's vigorous opposition to the measure.

With these instructions, the copy reader hurriedly scans all the material, writes into the lead all that is essential for a fair understanding of the situation, and then builds his headline on the powerful plea made by the well-known Senator.

Suppose next, that, as midnight nears, the Senate reaches a vote on the bill and passes it, authorizing the construction of twenty new-type battle cruisers. The telegraph editor marks the new dispatch "New Lead Congress" and the copy reader who handled the first story immediately gets busy reshaping his old story to conform with the final action of the Senate. If the first story has already appeared in an early edition of the paper, he cuts it out, pastes it on a sheet of copy paper, and kills at least the first paragraph to give place to the new paragraphs covering the passage of the bill. The material that is already in type must be altered in some degree to make smooth reading with the new lead. A test of good copy reading is a minimum of changes to be made in the original story. For instance, if the body of the old story mentions "Senator Borah," it must be seen that the new lead in mentioning him has it "Senator William E. Borah of Idaho." If the new lead mentions "Senator William E. Borah of Idaho," it must be seen that the same designation does not appear again in the body of the story.

The copy reader, after smoothing out all type matters, then writes a new head which will convey the news that the Senate has voted to build twenty new cruisers. The heated debate between the two Senators has then become of only secondary importance.

Local stories go through the same process. Suppose a young woman is on trial for the killing of her husband, and the afternoon newspaper is covering the court proceedings. All morning up to the "Night Extra Edition," neighbors, friends, and physicians have been testifying. The city editor watches each move in the case and indicates to the head of the copy desk just what points to "play up" in the lead. The copy reader, with each succeeding edition, makes the changes and new leads just as did the reader with the Congress story. In the afternoon, however, the young woman defendant herself takes the witness stand. That event at once takes precedence and the new lead is built on her testimony. The widow has pleaded that she shot in self-defense. The rewrite man who is taking the proceedings over the telephone writes the new lead, and it is handed to the city editor, who after a hurried inspection tosses it to the copy desk. The copy editor kills his old lead and edits the old story to conform in all its details with the new material. The old head is displaced by another, which is based on the defense plea of the woman charged with murder. Such stories often have five or six new leads and new heads in the course of the day's editions. Sometimes changes are made before the revamped story is published in any one edition. In those cases changes or revamps are made on the proofs hurriedly obtained from the composing room.

Now, in the process of handling news stories, particularly those written by the local staff, the copy reader has many important tasks to perform. Telegraphic copy from the news agencies such as the Associated Press usually is fairly "clean." The task with such dispatches is generally confined largely to reassembling and reconstruction; it is more the work of the refiner, the builder. But with local stories the copy reading must be also a filtering process. Carelessness and inexperience on the part of some reporters are responsible for the necessity of special vigilance at the copy desk in the handling of local stories.

First and foremost the copy reader must eliminate "words," "words," "words." Wordiness is a common ailment with all young writers, and the love of adjectives is one of their besetting sins. Often the head of the copy desk hands to his reader on the rim a piece of copy with this notation: "Chop for words." The experienced copy reader can generally eliminate half of what the average reporter writes without impairing the story.

Dangerous matter must be eliminated. Reporters often speculate and surmise, which is not the part of good reporting; they are given to editorializing in news stories, a practice which the newspapers of highest standing do not permit. The vigilant eye of the copy reader readily catches such matter and saves many an embarrassment to his paper. Libelous statements creep into copy, for reporters do not always take the pains to inform themselves properly on the libel laws of the State. The good copy reader, however, can detect a libel in any form. If there is doubt in any particular case, the copy reader is instructed always to confer with the head of the desk or with the city editor.

Inaccuracies in reporting must be detected and corrected. The reporter may carelessly state that the automobile accident occurred at the corner of Chestnut and

Walnut streets. The copy reader knows that instead of intersecting, Chestnut and Walnut streets run parallel. Instead of the sum of $5,000 being awarded in a damage suit, the copy reader knows that the issues involved in this piece of litigation are of such proportions as to make that sum ridiculous. Also, the spelling of persons' names and their initials seem less important to certain reporters than to the newspaper. Nothing is so offensive to a man or woman as the incorrect spelling of his or her name, or the use of the wrong initials.

The copy reader must ever be on guard against propaganda in its multitudinous forms and publicity that should be classed properly as paid advertising. In this day of "public relations" experts, matter of this kind comes from a great many sources and often finds its way into the news copy. Some of this free advertising or unwarranted publicity gets by the city editor and the rewrite man, but never by the expert copy reader.

Objectionable matter—objectionable either in nature or in form—gets its final test when submitted to the copy reader. An ugly incident occurs in the course of a day's events. It may contain some elements of news, and in his anxiety to cover his field fully the city editor or his assistant may let it pass on to the copy desk. The man on the rim, exercising his judicial functions, may protest. He is not empowered in any newspaper office to say whether or not an item shall be published. But it is within his discretion to take the matter up with the head of the copy desk or the city editor and to point out wherein the publication of such an item is not desirable or even wise. If the item must be published, the copy reader is then charged with putting it into the best possible language, so as to keep the incident within the bounds of good taste.

"Pipe dreams" of reporters give the copy reader no little concern. Practical jokers find an especial pleasure in duping a young writer and many are the fantastic yarns brought into the newspaper offices by the energetic youth of the craft. The copy reader applies the rule of reasonableness, and in the vast majority of cases he succeeds in weeding out the "plants" and "fakes."

Constructive work of the copy reader.—But the copy reader is not merely a negative critic; his work is that of a builder; it is constructive. He must not only eliminate, but must contribute additions and improvements.

In a constructive way, the copy reader's work concerns itself largely with sentence structure, general composition and rhetoric, and, in fact, with plain ordinary grammar. Spelling of course must be looked after, a task grown much more arduous in this day of degeneracy in that art. The copy reader is by long odds the best speller in the newspaper organization, and may also be looked to for the production of the best and purest, the clearest and most forceful English sentences. With a few strokes of his heavy black pencil, cutting out here and there an involved expression and adding a single word, he not only improves poor grammar but adds materially to the beauty and pungency of the story.

The copy reader finds it necessary to substitute good plain language for many of the bromidic effusions of the young reporter. Thousands of times reporters have written that "the body landed with a dull and sickening thud." Thousands of automobiles have "turned turtle" and with no provocation at all a "cordon of police" can be "thrown about the scene." Such expressions provoke a roar on the copy desk, and if the author of them can be spotted he is invariably held up to office scorn.

Along similar lines the copy reader must see that good expressions, catchy and meaningful, are not overworked. The managing editor of a metropolitan daily one night burst from his sanctuary into the news room with a copy of the first edition in his hand, and in more than emphatic language informed the copy desk that the next man who permitted the word "probe" to get into that newspaper would be fired. It was found that "probe" had been used in the headlines of that particular edition exactly nine times and all on the front page.

Let an experienced copy reader see the term "master mind" or "bobbed bandit" and he will see red for a week. The ball player or politician who has "staged a comeback" rarely does so now in that particular language, if the story is handled by an experienced copy reader. The word "stage" was excellent in that connection until it was overworked. Once when a legislature was in session a bright reporter wrote that ten new bills "were tossed into the hopper." Ever since that time bills have never been introduced or offered; they have been "tossed into the hopper" until that bright coinage of forceful terminology has been worn dull. There are many terms such as "love bandit," "hatchet slayer," "poison pen," and "sleuths" which were excellent when first coined but have been killed by overuse. The copy reader must find substitutes without dimming vividness of expression.

The copy reader must see to such matters as punctuation and capitalization, and, while observing in general the rules of good English, must conform all his copy to the style adopted by the particular paper on which he is employed. For instance, some newspapers capitalize Chamber of Commerce, and some do not; some have it National City Bank, while others do not use the capital for the word "bank." Most newspapers furnish their copy readers with a printed style sheet, which is a guide in spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and so forth, especially prepared for the use of typesetters and proofreaders.

When the copy reader has finished his task of cutting and revising, reassembling and touching up, he "slugs" the story with some guide word such as "Congress," "Murder," "Hold-Up," or "Council." If the story is to be rushed it is sent on to the composing room with the notation "hed to kum." Or the head may be written, and both sent on at the same time.

Headline writing is the keystone of the arch in the copy reader's handiwork. In four or five words limited to fractional parts of inches he is supposed to give a clear and unmistakable guide to what the reporter has told in a column of type. And the good copy reader does it; the headline is his pride; it represents the finished product for him. The careless copy reader may miss entirely the great and essential feature of a story; he may kill a good story with a poor, inadequate or incorrect headline. And then of course there is the copy reader who puts the vicious snarl into a headline to fit the editorial policy of his newspaper. But a good headline is the creation of the copy reader, and in it he finds the crowning joy of his more or less drab activities.

When President Wilson delivered his famous war message to Congress, calling for millions in men and money to make the world safe for democracy, the story was handed to a tired-eyed copy reader on one of the larger newspapers of the country. After struggling with the flood of material that was streaming in over three wire services, the copy reader finally had it all shipshape with an eight-column streamer and all the head "decks" and subheads duly arranged. In a few minutes the "Extra" was up from the press rooms and on the streets. The managing editor in characteristically gruff manner swooped down on the copy desk and demanded to know:

"Who handled this Wilson story?"

"I did," languidly replied the sleepy copy reader; "what's the matter with it and who wants to know?"

"I want to know; I, me, m-e-e-e, want to know," said the managing editor; "and I want to say that this is the best headline I have seen in a newspaper in thirty years. You can go home and stay a week if you want to; and some of you others around here might study this headline for the general improvement of what you call your brain."[1]

---

[1] The headline that pleased the Managing Editor was as follows:

AMERICA PLUNGES INTO WORLD CONFLICT
LAUNCHING WARFARE AGAINST GERMANY
WITH MILLIONS IN MEN, BILLIONS IN MONEY

∧	Caret. Indicates point where material is to be inserted.
⌊	To be used at the beginning of a paragraph.
¶	To begin a new paragraph.
at home Suddenly	Run in mark. To indicate no paragraph.
with ~~the~~ bad	To bridge or pass over deleted material.
inter‿state	Close up space.
to always run	Transpose enclosed words.
per|cent	Allow space between words.
U. S.	To be spelled out.
$\boxed{\text{Doctor}}$	Abbreviate.
The $\underline{\text{Times}}$	Set in italics.
$\underline{\underline{\text{Tribune}}}$	Set in capitals and small capitals.
U. S. $\underline{\underline{\underline{\text{s}}}}$enate	Raise to a capital.
Wake ~~C~~ounty	Reduce to a small letter or lower case (l. c.).
“Babe” Ruth	Curved marks indicate whether signs are to begin or end the quotation.
X or ⊙	Period.
,	Comma.
# or ㉚	End of story.

The author would like to pay his modest tribute to the copy reader. The young reporter regards him as a "butcher" whose joy of life consists in cutting out or killing all the fine things he has written; his superiors blame him for everything that is wrong in the newspaper; his work is not in the show window but behind the scenes, and he rarely gets credit for his accomplishments. But those who know realize that he is not merely a policeman of the news but an architect as well, a sculptor, an artist. To the seasoned reporter he is a bulwark and a friend indeed. Many are the serious blunders saved the reporter by the copy reader, and the older the reporter grows the more he appreciates that fact. Further, he appreciates the fact that the copy reader has contributed many deft touches here and there throughout his story that have made it immeasurably finer and stronger, and that the headline written for it has "set it off" to greater advantage.

The standards set by the best of America's great newspapers are due largely to the efficient, painstaking work of the copy readers.

Marks Used in Copy Reading.

Changes to be made in copy should be indicated by the signs shown on page 253, which will be understood by all printers.

CHAPTER VII

NEWSPAPER LIBEL

"To speak, write, or print freely on any subject whatever," is a constitutional right that applies to newspapers, as it does to other publications, but "for the abuse of that right every person shall be responsible."[1] Any words, phrases, or statements, written or printed, that are untrue and have a tendency to injure the name or reputation of a person are an infringement or abuse of the rights of the individual. To safeguard the person against defamatory printed matter, whether in the form of printing, cartooning, or other mode of appeal to the eye, the law of libel has been developed.

Newspapers are anxious to avoid legal difficulties, as suits for libel or other infringement of the law governing publications are usually a source of annoyance as well as expense. Reporters, rewrite men, and particularly copy readers are expected to guard the paper from the printing of anything that may be made a basis for a libel suit. Editorial writers are also expected to keep their published views and criticisms within legal limits.

The news of certain proceedings, however, is privileged to the newspaper, even if it contains libelous statements. A newspaper may freely publish news of judicial proceedings when not expressly forbidden by the presiding judge, legislative proceedings,. and certain other forms of news that may be damaging to persons involved.

Beginners in newspaper work should first learn the fundamental principles of libel, which is the greatest hazard that the newspaper man encounters. Other legal restrictions, such as the legal aspects of advertising, postal regulations, and the like belong to the more advanced stages of newspaper publishing.[2]

---

[1] The quoted statements are from the Constitution of Indiana. The other States have a similar guaranty of freedom of speech in writing.

In order to acquaint the student with the fundamentals of the law of libel, the following statements [3] from a recognized authority, Robert H. Wettach, professor of law at the University of North Carolina and editor of *The North Carolina Law Review,* are reproduced here.

"A libel has been defined as 'a malicious defamation, expressed either in writing or printing, and tending either to blacken the memory of one who is dead or the reputation of one who is alive and expose him to public hatred, contempt or ridicule.' Libels have been classified according to their objects: (1) libels which impute to a person the commission of a crime; (2) libels which have a tendency to injure him in office, profession, calling or trade; (3) libels which hold him up to scorn and ridicule and to feelings of contempt or execration, impair him in the enjoyment of general society and injure those imperfect rights of friendly intercourse and mutual benevolence which man has with respect to man.

"Thus it is a libel to charge a man with being a thief, to charge an attorney with 'sharp practise,' to charge a candidate to Congress with being a 'pettifogging shyster,' to charge an official with graft, to charge a woman with incontinency, and so forth. On the other hand, it would not be libel to charge a candidate for office with impoliteness and lack of party principles, or to advertise some patent medicine or beverage by printing a portrait of a person and saying that he personally used and recommended the same. However, this last situation has given rise to much discussion under the so-called right of privacy. The Georgia court has allowed the recovery of damages in a similar case, but the majority of courts hold otherwise.

---

[2] Much specific information intended to exclude from the news reports anything of a libelous nature may be found in the Associated Press instructions to correspondents, which appear in this volume in Chapter III, pp. 34–41. That the Associated Press has practically solved the libel hazard is attested by Mr. Adolph Ochs, publisher of THE NEW YORK TIMES and for many years a director of the Associated Press. Mr. Ochs is quoted as saying, "Libel suits have cost the Associated Press in the last twenty-five years less than the expenditure for lead pencils in the same period."

[3] "Restrictions on a Free Press," 4 NORTH CAROLINA LAW REVIEW 24, February, 1926, University Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.; "Recent Developments in Newspaper Libel," 7 N. C. L. Rev. 3, December, 1928.

"The proprietor of a newspaper is responsible for a libel therein, although inserted without his knowledge, or even against his instructions. The ordinary rules of agency apply. It is thus well established that the publisher is civilly liable for all that appears in his paper. Of course, the person who writes the libel is responsible, both civilly and criminally. He cannot hide behind the publisher. The liability of an editor for a libel inserted without his knowledge has given rise to some trouble, but the courts are pretty well agreed that if the editor is on duty he is liable just as the proprietor. But if the editor is away on a trip or vacation, he is not liable for a libel which a subordinate inserts during his absence and without his knowledge. Where the newspaper is published by a corporation, a suit is almost certain to be brought against the corporation for the reason that the plaintiff usually sues the person with the deepest pocket.

"Reports of legislative, judicial and other public proceedings are said to be conditionally privileged. But this must be a fair and true report. Freedom of the press does not mean license. The privilege arises because, as Mr. Justice Holmes has said in reference to judicial proceedings, 'It is desirable that the trial of causes should take place under the public eye, not because the controversies of one citizen with another are of public concern, but because it is of the highest moment that those who administer justice should always act under the sense of public responsibility and that every citizen should be able to satisfy himself with his own eyes as to the mode in which a public duty is performed.'

"Comment must be distinguished from reports of judicial proceedings, since comment is not privileged. Moreover, comment may be contempt of court." On this matter of comment and other matters dealing with what he calls, "the suggested newspaper privilege of publishing true facts concerning public officers," Professor Wettach says:[4]

"Every person has a right to comment on matters of public interest and general concern, provided he does so fairly and with an honest purpose. Affairs of government, activities of public officials and qualifications of candidates for office are privileged subjects of discussion, because everyone in a given community, in theory at least, is concerned with the conduct of his public servants. A search through the advance sheets of the past year shows that a preponderance of the libel cases involved comment or criticism of public officials or candidates for office. All of these cases reaffirm the general rule that reasonable and fair comment and criticism, as distinguished from allegation of fact, of the acts and conduct of a public officer are unqualifiedly privileged. 'The conduct of public officers being open to public criticism, it is for the interest of society that their acts may be freely published with fitting comment or strictures. It is not only the privilege but the duty of every citizen and every newspaper to fairly and impartially criticise the faults and misconduct of public officers.'

"In general, the facts which are stated as the basis of any privileged comment or criticism must be true. The privilege of fair comment does not extend to untrue statements of fact. In England, it is customary to plead fair comment, as follows: 'In so far as the words are statements of fact, the same are true in substance and in fact, and in so far as they consist of comment they are fair and

---

[4] "Recent Developments in Newspaper Libel," 7 N. C. L. Rev. 3. Professor Wettach's remarks are based on the case of Duncan v. Record Publishing Co. (1927)—S. C. —, 143 S. E. 31.

bona fide comment upon a matter of public interest.' This is called the 'rolled up' plea. It is necessary because comment must be made on accurate facts. 'If a defendant cannot show that his comments contain no misstatements of fact, he cannot prove a defense of fair comment.'

"In cases dealing with candidates for public offices, there is a split of authority in the United States in fair-comment cases as to the necessity that the facts stated be true. The English rule is generally followed, the leading case being the Post Publishing Co. v. Hallam. It was held by Taft, then circuit judge, that while criticism and comment are privileged, although made in the best of faith, yet false allegations of fact are not privileged, although made in the best of faith. To hold otherwise will drive honorable and worthy men from politics. 'The privilege should always cease where the sacrifice of the individual right becomes so great that the public good to be derived from it is outweighed.' However, there is strong authority holding that this qualified privilege may extend to false statement of fact concerning public officers if made without malice and on probable cause. In the leading case sustaining this view, it is argued that the real issue is good faith and bad faith. If the publication is in good faith, then the publication of facts, which prove to be false, does not destroy the privilege. The public interest is paramount, and, without this rule, the press is helpless to open up on crooks. In practice, one rule seems to work about as well as the other."

With regard to truth as a defense for libelous action, Professor Wettach says: " 'The greater the truth, the greater the libel,' was the maxim that prevailed in criminal prosecution of libel until the Fox Libel Act in 1792. Since then, truth has been a defense to a criminal charge provided it was published in good faith and for justifiable ends, and, in several states, truth alone is a valid defense to a criminal charge.

"In civil cases, from early times, truth has been a complete defense. There is a social interest in the free communication of truth. No right to damages, therefore, can be founded on a publication of the truth. The reason for this is said to be 'not because any merit is attached by the law to the disclosure of all truth in season and out of season, but because of the demerit attaching to the plaintiff if the imputation is true, whereby he is deemed to have no ground of complaint for the fact being communicated to his neighbors. It is not that uttering truth always carries its own justification, but that the law bars the other party of redress which he does not deserve.' "

CHAPTER VIII

HEADLINES AND MAKE-UP

Measuring the lines.—The beginner in headline writing should first become familiar with the physical restrictions imposed by the column rules which mark the metes and bounds of the area which contains the headlines. These slender metal strips as well as the letters in which the headline is cast are rigid and unyielding. The words and phrases that form the headline, particularly for the top or display lines which are set in large letters, must be skillfully chosen, as they are required to fit accurately and symmetrically into the limited area.

Copy readers test the suitableness of the headlines, as far as the mechanical requirements are concerned, by counting the letters and spaces in each line. The unit of measurement is a letter of the alphabet. To this rule three letters are exceptions, "M" and "W" each counting one and one-half units, and "I," one-half unit. In lines with capitals and small letters (or lower case), allowance must usually be made for the wider space required for the capitals. The space between words is generally measured as one-half unit. Very little variation from the normal form, rarely more than one and one-half units, is possible.

Parts or divisions.—The main section of a headline is variously known as lines, top lines, or display lines. In most newspapers this division of the headline is a two- or three-line drop-line or step-line. The lines are of the same length, but dropped or stepped so as to allow white space on either side.

Graf Speeding
Toward Goal
at Lakehurst

Continued from Page One

reached 100 miles. The speed had been reduced to forty-seven miles an hour at

Most papers follow the top lines with a three-line inverted pyramid, the lines all being centered, and each succeeding line being shorter than the one preceding it.

Difficulty in Attaining Altitude
Causes Jettisoning of Some
of Cargo

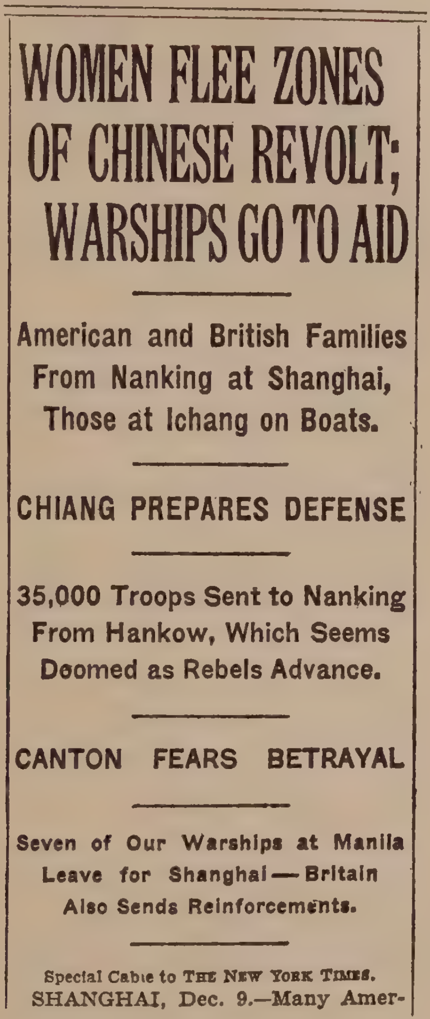
When more than two divisions of a headline are used, the third part is usually either a cross-line or a two-line step-line. When a single line is used it is centered, and may extend from column rule to column rule or fall far short.

Forced to the South

Another division of headlines, frequently used to make the fourth in a four-part headline, but also used immediately under the display lines, is known as a hanging indention. In this deck the first line runs from column rule to column rule, the other lines being indented on the left side one or two ems.

U. S. Signature on Protocol
Viewed as Forward Step
Toward Universal Peace

The A head of The New York Times:



WOMEN FLEE ZONES
OF CHINESE REVOLT;
WARSHIPS GO TO AID

American and British Families
From Nanking at Shanghai,
Those at Ichang on Boats.

CHIANG PREPARES DEFENSE

35,000 Troops Sent to Nanking
From Hankow, Which Seems
Doomed as Rebels Advance.

CANTON FEARS BETRAYAL

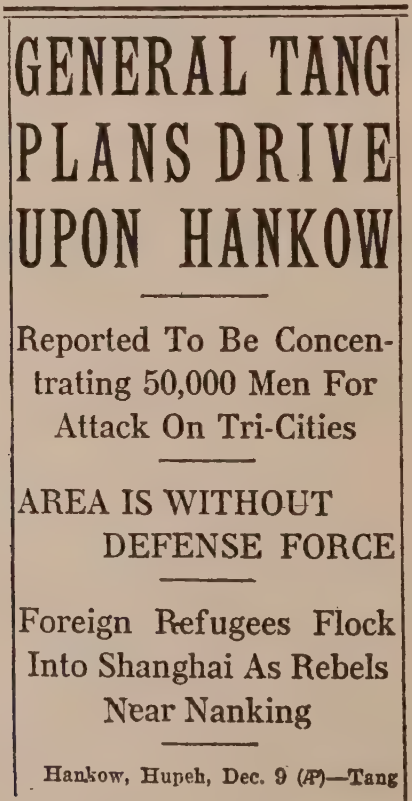
Seven of Our Warships at Manila
Leave for Shanghai—Britain
Also Sends Reinforcements.

Special Cable to The New York Times.
SHANGHAI, Dec. 9.—Many Amer-

Combinations of decks.—These four kinds of headline forms constitute the standard plans for building the layers or decks. They are of course subject to many variations. For example, the step-line may contain four instead of three lines, or the lines may be long enough to fill the space between the column rules and thus eliminate the white space at the sides; in that case the deck is called a *flush step-line.* Four-line inverted pyramids are also in common use. A five- or seven-em line is generally used between the decks.

With the standard decks, or modifications of them, combinations are possible. Each newspaper adopts for its major heads the combinations which seem best suited to display the news effectively and attractively. The combinations once adopted are rarely changed. The student should notice the following combinations of decks.

A head from THE BALTIMORE SUN:



GENERAL TANG
PLANS DRIVE
UPON HANKOW

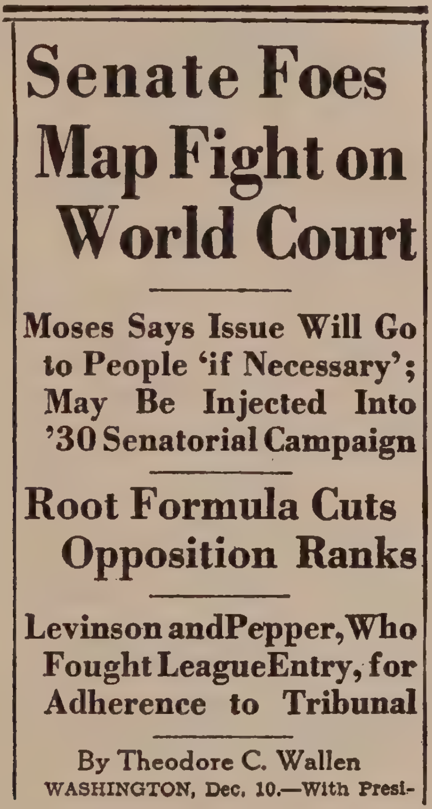
Reported To Be Concentrating 50,000 Men For
Attack On Tri-Cities

AREA IS WITHOUT
DEFENSE FORCE

Foreign Refugees Flock
Into Shanghai As Rebels
Near Nanking

Hankow, Hupeh, Dec. 9 (AP)—Tang

An example of a front-page head used by The New York Herald Tribune:



Senate Foes
Map Fight on
World Court

Moses Says Issue Will Go
to People 'if Necessary';
May Be Injected Into
'30 Senatorial Campaign

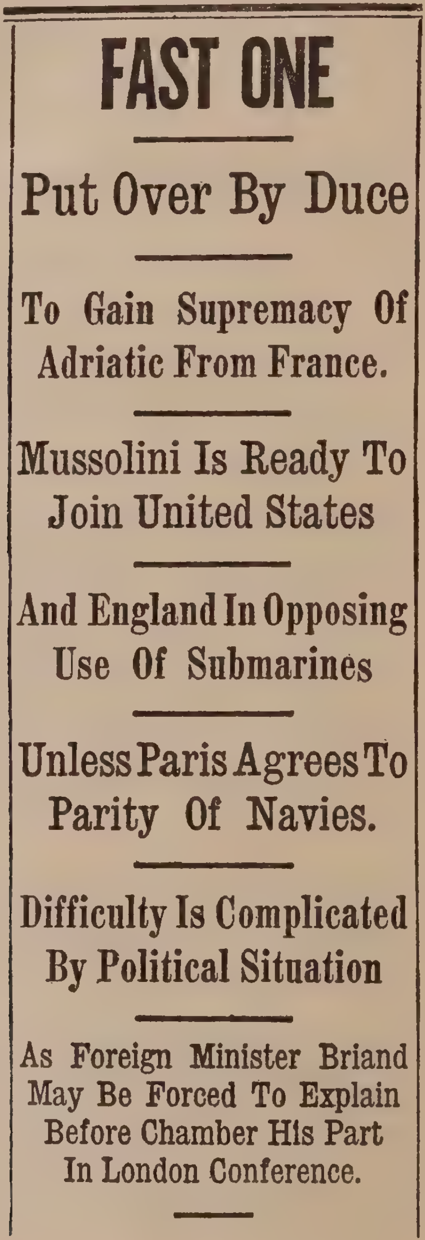
Root Formula Cuts
Opposition Ranks

Levinson andPepper, Who
Fought LeagueEntry, for
Adherence to Tribunal

By Theodore C. Wallen
WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—With Presi-

Subheads.—Single lines set in bold-face capitals and lower case are frequently used at intervals throughout news and feature stories. Such lines are called subheads. The subhead is inserted by the copy reader; its purpose is to aid the reader by giving in words as expressive as possible a significant point or idea from the portion of the story it precedes. The frequency with which subheads are used depends on the length of the story and the practice of the particular newspaper. As a general rule, subheads are inserted in the longer stories at intervals of 100 to 150 words. They are not inserted at all unless the story is long enough to require at least two.

This unusual type of headline is used by The Cincinnati Enquirer:



FAST ONE

Put Over By Duce

To Gain Supremacy Of
Adriatic From France.

Mussolini Is Ready To
Join United States

And England In Opposing
Use Of Submarines

Unless Paris Agrees To
Parity Of Navies.

Difficulty Is Complicated
By Political Situation

As Foreign Minister Briand
May Be Forced To Explain
Before Chamber His Part
In London Conference.

Contents of Headline.

The person who writes the headline must first get from a careful reading of the story a complete knowledge of its news meaning. He should next decide on the form or combination of decks for the particular headline, and then proceed to frame it, keeping in mind the following rules or directions dictated by good practice:

1. **Main news fact first.**—The essential news fact or distinctive feature of the story should be placed in the first deck or display lines. If the reader is in possession of knowledge directly related to the item headlined, the first unit should be worded so as to refresh his mind of this knowledge and thus stimulate his interest in the story. Make it a cardinal rule to give particulars where practicable, rather than generalizations.

2. **Simplicity.**—Each deck of the headline, and particularly the first one, should be marked by a simplicity of statement, so that the reader may grasp the thought at a glance. Any striking word or dynamic phrase suggested by the story should be used, however, so as to give the headline distinction.

3. **Realism.**—Concrete nouns and verbs preferably in the active voice and the present tense should be used to give the units vigor and expressiveness. Whenever possible, the headline should raise a picture in the reader's mind.

4. **Definiteness.**—The headline should exactly fit the story and be limited strictly to the facts therein. It should summarize and announce these facts, and be phrased so as to apply only to the particular story.

5. **Variety.**—By introducing a new or separate idea in each unit variety may be secured in the headline. Important words used in one deck should not be repeated in any of the other divisions.

6. **Objectivity.**—The headline should be objective: all the facts in specific language—no comment.

7. **Compression.**—The headline should not be padded.

Pack in ideas. Use figures if space for essential facts can be thus obtained; but use abbreviations rarely and then only when the meaning is clear. Do not omit prepositions.

8. **Names.**—The human angle should be stressed when the persons in the story have reader interest. Names, such as Lindbergh, Hoover, Coolidge, King George, Babe Ruth, Gene Tunney, are news in themselves, as are names of places, such as Hollywood, Broadway, the South Pole, and many others, that suggest interesting associations.

Faulty Headlines.

Faulty headlines may be the result of any one of a number of defects that a little care will correct. When writing heads the beginner should take a positive attitude toward his task and strive for clarity of thought, apt phrasing, and appealing statement. Some of his headlines will doubtless fail, however, to measure up to the best standards. To overcome faulty work, he should examine the decks carefully, looking for the following faults:

1. **Failure to put in a verb.**—The best results are obtained when a verb is used in each deck. The omission of the verb is likely to leave the headline weak and ineffective:

FOOTBALL SEASON
IN ITS LAST WEEK

2. **Inadequate information.**—Failure to read the story carefully and glean its news facts may result in a headline misrepresenting the story. This happens frequently in poorly edited newspapers and is often the cause of much dissatisfaction. For example, several plans for a workman's compensation law were submitted to a governor heartily in favor of the principle. He raised objections to the way the plans were drawn. The headline to the story telling of this read:

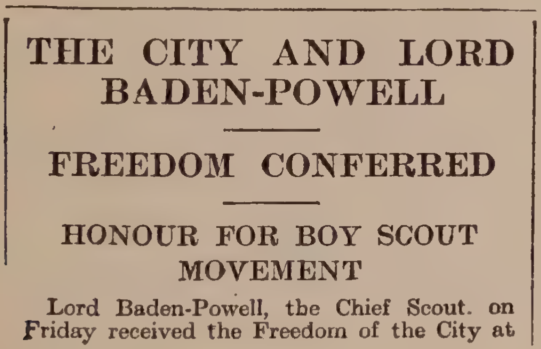
GOVERNOR OPPOSES
AID FOR WORKERS

3. **Exaggeration.**—The overplaying of information in the headlines in order to sell the papers is one of the basic

causes of "yellow" or sensational journalism. Certain types of newspapers specialize in handling as facts ill-founded rumors or interviews with discredited or irresponsible officials. The headline will read:

WAR INEVITABLE,
DECLARES SOUTH
AMERICAN OFFICIAL

4. **Label head to be avoided.**—A good headline has vitality, but dull, expressionless headlines detract by their lack of meaning. The following "wooden" headline is lifted from the front page of an English newspaper, where it was used in connection with an important story:



THE CITY AND LORD
BADEN-POWELL

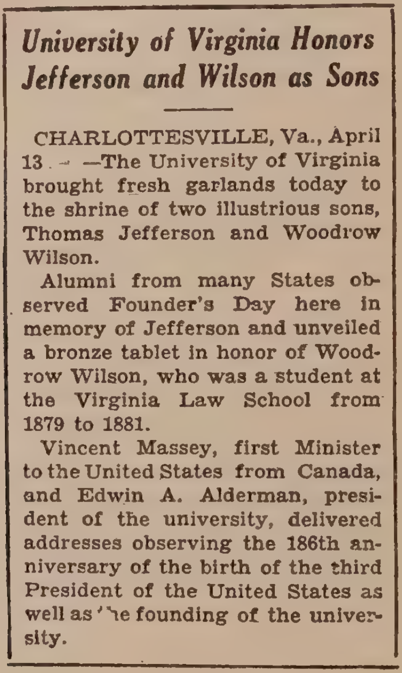
FREEDOM CONFERRED

HONOUR FOR BOY SCOUT
MOVEMENT

Lord Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout. on Friday received the Freedom of the City at

5. **Failure to be impartial.**—Headlines should be free from anything that may tend to give the reader a false impression of the news contained in the stories to which they are attached. Each headline should be a concise, impartial summary of the facts in the particular article it surmounts, and nothing more. Coloring, bias, comment, or any impression given in headlines that is not true to the character of the information in the stories beneath is especially liable to mislead those persons who frequently read only the headlines. The news facts themselves, when properly bulletined and skillfully presented without the aid of color and comment on the news, will accomplish the purpose of the headline: namely, to make the newspaper attractive and to enable the reader to tell at once whether he wishes to read the story.

6. Putting erroneous statement from story in head.—An example of this fault is shown in the following. Thomas Jefferson was the founder, not the son, of the University of Virginia.



University of Virginia Honors Jefferson and Wilson as Sons

CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., April 13.—The University of Virginia brought fresh garlands today to the shrine of two illustrious sons, Thomas Jefferson and Woodrow Wilson.

Alumni from many States observed Founder's Day here in memory of Jefferson and unveiled a bronze tablet in honor of Woodrow Wilson, who was a student at the Virginia Law School from 1879 to 1881.

Vincent Massey, first Minister to the United States from Canada, and Edwin A. Alderman, president of the university, delivered addresses observing the 186th anniversary of the birth of the third President of the United States as well as the founding of the university.

Insufficient knowledge of the subject with which the news story deals is not the only cause of unconscious or unintentional inaccuracies in writing headlines. Careless or hasty reading of the story may result in the copy reader's failure to grasp the essential facts, or to give proper emphasis to the feature of the story. In follow-up stories it is not unusual to find facts in the headlines of a story that do not appear at all in the story itself. Qualified statements in news stories, because of lack of space, are often improperly handled in the heads.

Additional Suggestions.

1. See that the tense of the verbs is uniform throughout the headline.

2. Avoid beginning with the articles *a, an,* or *the,* unless the article is part of a name or quotation.
3. Avoid negative statements.
4. Strive for symmetry by careful arrangement. Do not divide words between lines.
5. Avoid stale slang and trite expressions, but do not hesitate to use idiomatic phrases or colloquialisms.
6. Punctuate only when needed. Do not use a period at the end of drop-lines or cross-lines.
7. Be on guard for libelous statements in the headline.
8. Headlines for feature stories should be appropriate to the structure, content, and spirit of the story.

Making Up the Newspaper.

Importance of physical details.—The circulation of a newspaper is definitely affected by the kind and arrangement of its parts. Extremely large headlines will increase sales among readers of a certain class at least, and will repel others. The convenient size of the tabloid papers, their striking heads, abundance of illustration, and their practice of confining their stories to one page have undoubtedly been responsible to a considerable extent for their phenomenal circulation in the large cities. Other readers want an entirely different type of newspaper. They prefer the conservative journal whose arrangement of details shows little variation from day to day, but reflects dignified and substantial properties.

The process of arranging the headlines, articles, and advertisements after they have been set in type, along with the cuts and other material, is called *make-up.* It involves typographical and news knowledge, combined with artistic ability. On the better class of newspapers the objects aimed at in making up the paper may be outlined as follows:

1. To display the news effectively without overemphasis or lack of proper proportion.

2. To put stories and articles in positions most convenient for the readers.

3. To "brighten up" the paper by the effective use of white space and contrast of typographical elements.

4. To give to the paper desirable qualities of character and attractiveness.

5. To avoid "bad breaks" or other awkward arrangements.

Details of make-up.—The pages of a newspaper are made up in the composing room under the direction of a representative from the news department. The largest papers have a regular man for this work, called the make-up editor. The advertising material is usually placed in the page "forms" first. Then the news type, which has already been corrected, and the cuts are next packed in the steel frame, each story being placed in the position that the make-up man, working in collaboration with the printer, considers best for the printed page. The material for the front page is placed in position according to the layout determined by the managing editor, earlier in the day, after consultation with the city editor and the news or telegraph editor. Some newspapers find that time can be saved by having diagrams prepared for other pages besides the first.

The first principle governing make-up is effective contrast in typographical display. Straight, black-face type is usually used for main heads, with light-face straight type and italics as contrasting types. Large and small type (capitals and lower case) are also brought into contrast. Cuts and boxes are also used to separate headlines in the same type, and thus effect contrast. It is not considered good form to use a contrast type like italics in main heads.

Most afternoon papers use one or more "streamers" on the front page. Some papers, like THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE, have adopted a standard-size streamer which they use each day. However, the large morning dailies usually have a more conservative style of make-up, resorting to streamers only when an exceptional story breaks.

CHAPTER IX

EDITORIALS, PARAGRAPHS, AND COLUMNS

Nature of the editorial.—Editorials are the natural accompaniment of the daily news chronicle. The news writer brings to the reader a wealth of material that stimulates thought and raises questions in his mind, which the editor with his precise information and discerning reflection greatly aids him in answering. Thousands of readers daily find in the editorial columns of the leading newspapers their truest guide to intelligent judgment on current events.

The editor, in his capacity of interpreter of events and molder of public opinion, plays many parts. He may defend what he considers a fundamental right of free peoples, as did William Allen White in THE EMPORIA GAZETTE in 1922 with his editorial on the right to freedom of utterance.[1] He may oppose a sectional policy, as did Robert Lathan in his editorial in 1924 in THE CHARLESTON NEWS AND COURIER entitled "The Plight of the South."[1] Again, the editor may take his courage in his hand and throw his influence against what he considers a miscarriage of justice in his city, as did F. L. Bullard in THE BOSTON HERALD in 1926 when he expressed strong convictions regarding the Sacco-Vanzetti case.[1] Or, he may support a worthy undertaking of his newspaper, as did E. M. Kingsbury in THE NEW YORK TIMES in 1925 when he contributed his bit to the neediest families in New York City by his excellent editorial on "The House of a Hundred Sorrows."[1] As long as men and women do things that call for defense, opposition, support, consideration, understanding, so long will there be topics for the clarifying and helpful pen of the editor.

---

[1] Pulitzer prize editorial.

Subjects.—The editor gets most of his subjects from current news accounts. He selects the topics that stimulate reflection among his readers. The experienced editor knows that news of every field from local to international may produce subject-material which needs analysis and interpretation. Whether local or State contests, national problems, or international disputes claim the largest proportion of editorial comment over a period is determined mainly by the news situation. The editor's attention, like the reader's, is drawn to the crisis, wherever it may be.

The competent editor, however, will confine neither his reading nor his choice of topics to news material. All the activities of life and the philosophies that grow out of them —the affairs of the home, school, business, and of the political, social, and recreational centers—may be made to grow in interest and value when intelligently discussed. The best test of subject-material is likely to be the possible interest of the readers in the further discussion of it.

Writing the editorial.—Editorials, for the most part, are highly unified forms of expository writing. The primary aim is clearness of style. The other aims, as summarized by the board that awards the Pulitzer prizes for the best editorials each year, are "moral purpose, sound reasoning, and the power to influence public opinion in the right direction." This test of excellence applies to the more serious type of editorials. For lighter matter the editor is allowed by custom any method that will produce the desired effect.

The literary form is often determined by the editor's purpose. What may be termed the prevailing type of editorial is written usually to throw additional light on a news event, either by supplying fresh information or by revealing the hidden meaning of it. Such editorials are expository in nature and reflect the policy of the paper for which they are written.

Another form of editorial may be classed as argument. It seeks to win over the reader to the writer's point of view. Certain newspapers rarely use it except in times of stress, such as during a presidential campaign or a war period. If the purpose of the editor is to incite people to action the editorial often takes the form of persuasion, which type of discourse includes appeal to the emotions.

A kind of editorial that is popular with readers is the brief, informal essay. When capably written it makes pleasant reading, because of its easy style and delicate humor.

An editorial consists of three parts. One or more of the parts may be expanded into two or more paragraphs. The divisions are as follows:

1. The opening statement, which introduces the facts, whether from the news item or other source, that are offered for discussion.
2. The interpretation or explanation of the statement in the first part.
3. The deductions from the exposition presented.

Successful editors usually approach the writing of the editorial with at least two elements of it clearly in mind—the beginning and the end. The first paragraph is the editor's point of contact with the reader, and it is important that it be done well. The last paragraph is a clincher and is often most effective when it contains a pleasing twist or other literary device to make it "stick" in the mind. The last paragraph will depend, of course, upon the development of the whole editorial, for if the thought in the main part is not clearly and logically presented the conclusion will rarely come about naturally. This is particularly true of the argumentative type of editorial.

Editors are governed by the policy of their newspapers as to freedom of utterance, position in a controversy, space allowed for discussion, and the like. The editorial council is an established custom in many metropolitan dailies. A little time devoted to analyzing the editorial pages of a newspaper will reveal the principles affecting the writing of editorials.

The student will find it profitable to examine the following specimens from dailies with effective editorial pages. He should note particularly the clarity of thought and statement, the dignity and restraint in expression, the graceful style and refined humor, and the strict regard for truth.

THE BYRD EXPEDITION

(From The Washington Post, August 10, 1928, by Permission)

Aims truly scientific are set forth in the statement by Commander Byrd of the purpose of his expedition to the Antarctic. No similar expedition to either of the polar regions has ever been so abundantly fitted out and so adequately provided with assurances for safety and success.

If a comparison may be instituted between the little known and the unknown, the Antarctic region is like what has been pictured as the condition existing upon the planet Mars, at least in one respect, that of high winds raging over the more or less level altitudes. In the case of Mars, if the Lowell theories shall find support, that planet is no more given over wholly to ice than is the earth, but its polar caps are subjected to hurricanes. Commander Byrd speaks of winds so high in the region he proposes to penetrate that they would be strong enough to blow an airplane backward on its course.

With the strongest water craft, with airplanes and with dog teams, the expedition hopes to do that which will weave about the head of the young explorer the laurel crown of double polar conquest. It is a marvelous field that he will enter. Although the latest ice age is supposed to be 20,000 years in the wake of time, the fact is that one-eighth of the globe is still encased in ice. Within and under the ice caps may be wonders passing the imagination of man; untold riches of minerals, vast fields of coal, seas of petroleum and manifestations of nature that may throw light upon the mysteries of meteorology, astronomy and geology, as well as those of radio waves. Commander Byrd and his companions are well qualified to make studies and discoveries that may be of incalculable benefit to mankind. These, if made, would advance the prestige of America and inspire further attempts to wrest from nature the secrets locked in ancient ice at the poles. But even if the expedition should not make discoveries of practical value the effort itself is a noble example of man's undaunted determination to master all the riddles of the universe.

THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR MRS. WILLEBRANDT

(From THE NEW YORK WORLD, by Permission)

Mrs. Willebrandt is a high official of the Department of Justice. Her immediate superior is Mr. Sargent, the Attorney General of the United States. Her ultimate superior is the President of the United States. She has now repeated as defiantly as she knew how her direct appeal to the Methodist Church to enter partisan politics on behalf of the Republican candidate. She speaks not as an individual but as a member of the Administration. The moral responsibility for her conduct now rests squarely upon Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Hoover, upon the Republican President now in office and upon the Republican aspirant for that office. If they permit her to proceed, the country must conclude that they have not the moral courage to stop her.

The defense of her conduct which Mrs. Willebrandt has made falls into two parts. She disapproves of Gov. Smith. She approves of the Eighteenth Amendment. She is entitled to hold both opinions and to express them as vehemently as she desires. We do not attach great weight to her opinion of Gov. Smith, because we do not believe that a woman who approved as vehemently as she did of Harry Daugherty, to whom she owes her office and her national prominence, has the necessary qualifications for distinguishing between a good character and a bad character in public life. Her opinion of the Eighteenth Amendment is also not so impressive as it might be if she had not complacently shut her eyes to the riotous contempt of it by her own political associates. We do not, therefore, take Mrs. Willebrandt's moral pretensions seriously. We do not regard her as the Joan of Arc of prohibition, nor even as the Carrie Nation of the Volstead act. Mrs. Willebrandt is a cunning but headstrong politician who is capitalizing for her own political advantage whatever profit there may be in sectarianism. If she were capable of disinterested loyalty even to Mr. Hoover she would not do what she is doing.

"CAN IT"

(From THE NEW YORK WORLD, by Permission)

For several days now the Democratic National Committee in Washington has been digging up old bones and displaying them with gusto. These treasures consist of remarks made by various Republican statesmen, either in the ancient past or the recent past, which are highly unflattering to Mr. Hoover. Some of them are not only very old but very cheap and very silly. It is difficult to tell from the manner in which this material is published just when the Democratic committee is quoting some Republican and when it is adding some brilliant footnote of its own, but in either case there are references here to Mr. Hoover which are both unfair and vulgar. He is described, for example, as a "quaking" Quaker in the war and as "the fat candidate from Piccadilly."

For the Democratic National Committee to peddle such stuff is indecent, stupid and contemptible.

If this is the best the committee can do, it had better shut up its shop and go home.

IT IS THE CHRISTIAN FLAG

(Josephus Daniels in The Raleigh News and Observer, by Permission)

The mistaken view of Senator Heflin when he says that the flag raised on naval ships carrying the cross has some connection with the Catholic Church seems to be entertained by others. *The Baptist Courier* says "Senator Heflin is right in his protest against the Catholic flag being raised above the American flag." This false impression gained currency one day some years ago when a visitor on a dreadnaught saw the flag of the Cross high over Old Glory, when a Catholic naval chaplain was conducting morning service. The visitor wrote to the Secretary of the Navy complaining about letting the Catholic flag fly. The Secretary wrote in answer that if the visitor had attended service on the "Arkansas" he would have found a Methodist chaplain officiating, if he had attended service on the "New York" he would have found a Baptist chaplain officiating, if he had attended service on the "Texas" he would have found a Presbyterian chaplain officiating, if he had attended service on the "Wyoming" he would have found an Episcopal chaplain officiating, and on every ship in which a chaplain of practically every denomination was conducting the religious service, he would have found the flag of the Cross flying. In the navy the Christian religious emblem is given place above the Stars and Stripes while religious services are in progress. It flies when Catholic or Protestant or Hebrew is invoking the blessings of Almighty God. It is not sectarian. It is religious.

ADD HORRORS OF PROHIBITION

(From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch, by Permission)

Whoever is elected President takes an oath not only to faithfully execute the office of President * * *

Don't ask us what's wrong with that sentence from Mr. Hoover's acceptance. Don't pretend you do not see the atrocity that glares right at you from that text. For you know, as well as we, that an innocent infinitive has here been split from bow to stern, from alpha to omega, from Genesis to Revelation.

We have been patient with this "great social and economic experiment." We have watched it make a counterfeit of the Bill of Rights, seen it drench the land in moonshine, beheld gin accepted in our most exclusive circles and have fairly well held our peace. But when prohibition induces a Presidential candidate to crack an infinitive in halves is it not high time for us pedants to enter a raging protest? You know it.

SOCIAL SINGING

(From The Springfield Republican, by Permission)

A promoter of community singing, after experience as a conductor of singing groups in Central Park, New York city, the past summer, expresses his belief that this social form of artistic expression has a future in America. At present the more dynamic means of entertainment—motoring, sports, motion pictures, dancing—seem to have the advantage over the less active and more meditative means. Recreation is sought "on the go" or, if the spectator is inactive the persons and mechanisms that supply amusement exhibit action.

The radio comes opportunely as a partial corrective of this tendency, for, while the radio is frequently a reporter of violent action, it provides some entertainment that needs to be listened to contemplatively. Much of this entertainment is musical, and the public is obtaining from the radio a wider knowledge of music. The movement for community singing, which was going fairly strong a few years ago but suffered a lapse, may revive.

It is possible to over-emphasize the social or psychological arguments for community singing—such as the contention that it fosters democracy or provides the people with an outlet for the emotional expression which is denied them by the routine and rush and strain of organized life. Chorus singing needs no other defense than that, when done well, it is pleasant to engage in and listen to. It is a branch of music whose possibilities in the cultural development of the nation have not been fully appreciated, and have, perhaps, been less appreciated in recent years than formerly, though glee club competitions and such events as the New York concert of the Orpheus Club of this city seem to indicate a growing interest.

Choral societies and church or festival choruses have an advantage over some other type of musical activity in that the individual has less opportunity for self-display and must subordinate himself to the attainment of an artistic ideal. While community singing is properly a spontaneous and amateur affair, it will stimulate the formation and support of choral societies, which by constant drilling aim at a high standard of performance, or at least it should enlarge the audience for choral singing of artistic character.

Among agencies capable of influencing the public's taste beneficially are the church choruses, particularly those fortunate choirs which are backed by ample funds, and trained to the highest standards. In New York several of the Episcopal and Catholic churches have notable choirs, whose achievements might well be exhibited to the public on suitable occasions outside the churches. At Trinity, Grace and St. Thomas's churches and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine choir schools are maintained where boys receive their general education, as well as musical training, much as if they were at boarding school.

An increased popular demand for orchestral music has been manifest in recent years, and it is not too much to hope that there will eventually be a wider interest in choral singing, which, even when an adjunct of church services, is capable of being a very fine art.

FATHER OF THE SERIAL

(From THE NEW YORK TIMES, March 11, 1928, by Permission)

In the next lot of books from the famous Holford Library to be sold at the inevitable Sotheby's toward the end of March, is what the catalogue probably calls "an item of unique interest to Defoe collectors." It is one of three known copies of "Robinson Crusoe" in serial form. Apparently it contains only the first part. Of the two other copies one is in the Grenville Library at the British Museum. This has been examined by a correspondent of The Observer. It consists of single sheets of The Original London Post, a tri-weekly also called "Heathcot's Intelligencer."

The names of these old newspapers are often confusing. Sometimes we have longed for the lovelier birds of the seventeenth century—for instance, Mercurius Melancholicus, the lineal ancestor of The New Republic, and Mercurius Pragmaticus, the far-off founder of Mercurius Menckenicus.

Defoe himself started The Daily Post in 1719. A few years earlier he had issued The Flying Post, a Whig rival to a Tory publication of the same name, run by one of his multitudinous enemies. Let us stick to ''Heathcot's Intelligencer.'' Undoubtedly, the insatiable Dr. Rosenbach will get the Holford copy. One yearns to see those two constant little woodcuts,

> one representing an eighteenth-century newsboy, complete with perruque and sword, and the other a long-robed, foreign-looking gentleman with a sombrero, who ran to the legend, ''News from Spain.''

Mr. Heathcot's heart ran to Poland. He had no handful of Spanish news, but he had that Spanish woodcut. From Oct. 7, 1719, till Oct. 17, 1720, instalments of the first and then the second part of ''Robinson Crusoe'' appeared in every number. Sometimes ''Crusoe'' was the whole paper. Sometimes he was cramped into half a page by the foreign news or crime. Daniel, a biographer of many malefactors, can't have objected to that. Whether the newspaper publication was approved by him there is no means of knowing. At any rate, it is good to believe that he, who played so many parts, was the author of the first ''serial'' published in London. The word seems to be not much more than eighty years old. The literary instalment plan is more than a bicentenarian.

It is likely enough that Heathcot took ''Robinson'' without leave, beginning his prigging less than six months after the publication of the first part. He is in none of the books, but he was thoroughly modern and deserves respectful salutation. On the first day of serialism he smears most of his front page with large italics heralding his borrowed marvel: ''The wonders of this man's life exceed all that [he thinks] is to be found Extant. * * * The Editor believes the thing to be a just History of Fact; neither is there any appearance of Faction [sic] about it.'' The misprint was natural and may have been helpful. He lauded the style. He drips with unction over the sound moral and religious sentiments inculcated. Finally, ''he thinks without further Compliment he does a great Service in the publication.''

So early was the Service Squad, so dear to Mercurius Menckenicus. Not only did Heathcot start the ''serial,'' but he built what its engineers call ''the bridge.'' He ended an instalment just on the sharp and ragged edge of agony, leaving the readers "vibrant," "poignant," trembling with expectation. Here is the last sentence of the portion for Jan. 11, 1720:

> But I confess to you I made more haste out than I did in, when looking farther into the place I saw two broad and shining eyes, whether Devil or Man, they frightened me.

HEATHCOT, the unknown, is the boy for our money. Blurbers, revere your sire! "Sellers," adore your patron!

THE WOMAN IN BUSINESS

(Robert Nathan in THE ASHEVILLE CITIZEN, by Permission)

It was the invention of the typewriter more than any other one thing which first made the business world find a place for women on a general scale. There are many who can still remember the interest excited in some Southern cities when the girl stenographer first made her appearance in the office. In recent years, however, the whole course of events has brought women more and more into the picture in professional life as well as in the business world.

True, a considerable part of the more than eight million women who are now employed in gainful occupation in the United States are working in factories and places like that; but that is true of men also, and better than half of the total number of employed women are enlisted in business and the professions. There is hardly a profession that woman has not invaded with conspicuous success. In some of them her talents shine preeminently.

So it is not surprising that there has sprung up an organization whose special purpose it is to foster and promote those things which will tend to improve the status of business and professional women. The National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs is seeking especially to see to it that every girl who has to go into business obtains at least a high-school education. The Federation is making a concerted effort this week to increase its membership throughout the country, and Asheville is one of the cities in which this activity is being emphasized. Already the Federation has more than one thousand local clubs scattered throughout the nation. It is growing all the time.

An undertaking of this kind is of general community importance and it is to be hoped, therefore, that the club leaders will meet with the success which their endeavors merit. They have proved already the usefulness of the work in which they are engaged.

OUTCAULT AND THE "COMICS"

(From THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT, September 28, 1928, by Permission)

Richard Outcault is dead. He was a pleasant friend and a good citizen, but he had a great deal on his soul. He is described, accurately enough, as "the father of the comic strips." He was the creator of Hogan's Alley and of the Yellow Kid, and the first comic supplement was launched on his work. It is said that the phrase "yellow journalism" was founded on the popularity of the famous "Kid" of that color, which was the output of the NEW YORK JOURNAL. That was only in 1895; but what a shoal of imitators he quickly had! "Buster Brown" was also the child of his comic talent. If he were indeed the creator of the comic supplement and the "strip," he has a great deal to answer for, if there is an æsthetic judgment seat; but it is to be said for Outcault that he was genuinely funny—and that is more than can be said for a large proportion of his followers.

What was the secret of the success of the ultra comics—those strange strainings and thin spinnings of the humorous mind? Manifestly a decided humorous slant on the part of the great public, joined with a low order of the public taste. And we shall not say "the American public taste," for the comic strips have gone all over the world. Newspapers in Australia, in South Africa, in England, even on the European continent, are carrying these rawly comic pictures, mostly made in America, today. The truth is that the addition in recent times of untold millions of people to the ranks of newspaper readers has had the effect to lower the average taste of the popular press. Outcault's talent was a sort of initiative in this direction, but those who followed him in this peculiar form of art carried the plunge to depths which he could never reach. Though he was then in the prime of life, he retired from the field of comic art fifteen years ago.

Beyond all question, Outcault and his comic imitators, in spite of the average crudity of their humorous conceptions, have added a great deal to the gaiety of nations. The "average reader" is not critical of the quality of the humor that amuses him. Children, as is well known, revel in the "comics"; and in the enjoyment of them all men are children. And when the worst is said of them, there is never a comic section without its trait of real humor. The trouble is that when an artist has done a funny thing, the public wants the fun repeated, tomorrow, the day after, and forever; and no man can be genuinely funny every day. The comic artist is obliged either to repeat himself ad nauseam, or to descend too often to puerilities. Bailey, the Danbury News Man, whose homely local observations delighted the public a couple of generations ago, was well advised when he declined to syndicate his effusions. "I might hold out in Danbury," he said, "but this thing would suck me dry in a month." And Outcault, he of the Yellow Kid, wisely finished up his efforts with Buster Brown, and went into the advertising business.

PRESIDENTIAL TROUTING

(From The Brooklyn Eagle, by Permission)

Inauguration well out of the way, President Hoover takes seasonable thought of the next approaching concern, the opening of the trout season. His interest in this matter is bad news for the fishes. They would infinitely prefer to have a President who devotes what an educator might call his extracurricular activity to golf, horseback riding, or the culture of tea roses. Not that the presidential rod will bring any large part of the trout population of this country directly to the landing net; if Mr. Hoover catches two hundred pounds of trout this year on his own hook he will be doing exceedingly well. The trouble is that presidential example tends to make trout fishing more popular. And it is much too popular already.

The worst of it is that when the chief magistrate of the nation goes forth to fish, dignity requires that he must catch something. President Coolidge in this respect set an unfortunate precedent. Either he seldom came home with an empty basket or else when he did the correspondents failed to give the fact its due publicity. He probably did generally catch fish. This was unfortunate, because it gave the impression that trout fishing quite commonly was a productive enterprise. This impression tends to send more and more energetic persons out on the trout streams.

The best interests of fishing would seem to require that the President should once in a while, indeed rather frequently, catch nothing, and that this important development should be widely heralded in the news. Those who enjoy fishless fishing would not thereby feel discouraged, but large numbers of persons would decide to devote the next week-end to other pursuits. In fact, unorthodox as the idea may sound, the whole practice is unsound. In this day of few trout and many anglers the reverse rule would do much better. Those who frequent the streams should tell the world when they leave the water as they found it, and keep the matter dark when the creel strap really galls the oppressed shoulder. Those who, like President Hoover, seek sport on a stream somewhere near home will in that case stand a gambler's chance of a big day.

ONE IN A THOUSAND

(From THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, November 23, 1928, by Permission)

"What's all the bugles blowin' for?"
Asked Files on parade.
"To turn you out, to turn you out,"
The color sergeant said.

That is the way about 999 out of every 1000 people are feeling, as they find the Stock Market mixed with the news on the front page of their papers night and morning. A financial writer estimates that 120,000 people are involved as buyers or sellers in a day when more than 6,000,000 shares of stock change hands. The proportion to the population is just about 1 to 1000. Of course there are others who have had direct experience in the market. Many of them have decided that the game is not for them. A few have slipped in and gotten out without scars or with increases. But the saying that "everybody is in the market now" is a vast overstatement.

The average citizen knows the Stock Market but only from afar. He rather prefers to have it that way. He wonders, however, where all the money comes from that is involved in transactions amounting to $500,000,000 a day. Most of it is borrowed for the occasion. The action of the Federal Reserve in raising money rates has kept money in the country and has attracted gold from foreign countries.

As a result there is the paradox of high rates and enormous funds for market operations. A general feeling of optimism has caused people to seek stocks, especially industrial stocks, for investment. Some of the companies that have been favored have prospered exceedingly, giving extra stock to the share holders or increasing dividends, or both. As a stock advances on the exchange people are attracted who are not seeking investment but desire quick returns by selling higher than the price at which they bought. It is this group which is borrowing from the brokers. They do not pay outright for what is credited to their accounts. The shares are a part of the security; a certain amount of cash is put up for what is called a "margin," and the broker, holding the shares for the customer, borrows money to cover the amount not provided by the margin. Of course, the broker pays interest and, naturally, he charges interest.

Governments, both Federal and State, are concerned because they tax profits. There is also a tax on sales and, of course, the broker receives a commission for his part in the transaction, which has two ends, buying and selling. When the price of a seat on the Stock Exchange advances it is because the increase in volume of commissions makes it worth more to be a member of the exchange.

Those who buy on margins for an advance are somewhat concerned lest the stock go down and leave them with a loss instead of with the profits they have reckoned on paper. If their brokers permit, they file what are known as "stop loss orders." These are instructions to sell at a certain figure when the wave of selling replaces the wave of buying. The idea is: if a stock has been bought at 115 and has advanced to 125 the purchaser obtains something for his risk and worry if he can get rid of it at 120 when the market breaks. Therefore he puts in his stop loss order at 120. But this does not mean necessarily that it will be sold at 120. When the break comes there may be a lot of orders to sell at 115, and the stock will go down past 120, like an elevator which does not stop at the floor where it has been signaled.

There are two values to a stock. One is the intrinsic value which depends upon the earnings of the company. If a concern is returning $6 a share and is selling at 100, it is better by $1.50 to have $100 invested there than to have the same amount in a bank or a bond where the return is $4.50. But if the stock is bid up to $150 a share without having its earnings increase beyond $6 it is returning only $4 for each $100. If, on the other hand, the earnings increase to $9 a share the return is six percent on $100 invested.

The speculative value is an entirely different matter. It is a question of supply and demand. If the price is bid up by those who think that there will be still others who will want it more, the market quotation often bears small relation to the known earning power of the company. In that case a satisfactory transaction consists in getting in and getting out with enough profit, after deducting interest, commission and taxes, to make it worth while.

The present market is what is called a "public market" as distinguished from a professional market. A large part of those who are putting in money have not been thus engaged before. It is their presence which makes predictions difficult and provides the spectacle which the other 999 are watching.

UNCLE DUDLEY.

TO AN ANXIOUS FRIEND[1]

(William Allen White in THE EMPORIA GAZETTE, 1922, by Permission)

You tell me that law is above freedom of utterance. And I reply that you can have no wise laws nor free enforcement of wise laws unless there is free expression of the wisdom of the people—and alas, their folly with it. But if there is freedom, folly will die of its own poison, and the wisdom will survive. That is the history of the race. It is the proof of man's kinship with God. You say that freedom of utterance is not for time of stress, and I reply with the sad truth that only in time of stress is freedom of utterance in danger. No one questions it in calm days, because it is not needed. And the reverse is true also; only when free utterance is suppressed is it needed, and when it is needed, it is most vital to justice. Peace is good. But if you are interested in peace through force and without free discussion—that is to say, free utterance decently and in order—your interest in justice is slight. And peace without justice is tyranny, no matter how you may sugarcoat it with expediency. This state today is in more danger from suppression than from violence, because in the end, suppression leads to violence. Violence, indeed, is the child of suppression. Whoever pleads for justice helps to keep the peace; and whoever tramples upon the plea for justice, temperately made in the name of peace, only outrages peace and kills something fine in the heart of man which God put there when we got our manhood. When that is killed, brute meets brute on each side of the line.

So, dear friend, put fear out of your heart. This nation will survive, this state will prosper, the orderly business of life will go forward if only men can speak in whatever way given them to utter what hearts hold—by voice, by posted card, by letter, or by press. Reason never has failed men. Only force and repression have made the wrecks in the world.

THE WISTARIA

By Gerald W. Johnson

(From THE GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS, April 21, 1920, by Permission)

Consider now the wistaria. Uncle Noah Webster comforts us mightily by maintaining stoutly that the spelling we always want to use, namely, "wisteria," is justifiable, seeing that the man who named Kraunchia chinensis spelled it that way. Thomas Nuttall desired to honor a great man, but unfortunately he did not know how Dr. Caspar Wistar spelled his name; therefore one of the most wonderful of the harbingers of spring first appeared in print as "wisteria."

---

[1] This editorial won the Pulitzer award for 1922.

There is a widespread impression that the wistaria is a Japanese plant. But it isn't. As its botanical name, chinensis, indicates, it is a product of the land of the dragon, like gunpowder and laundryman and the Shantung problem. To give the Celestials their due, however, let us remember that China has sent us many beautiful things, and with all her silks and sandalwood, and peach-blow vases, jade and ebony, and curiously wrought metals, with her wisdom and cunning and high philosophy she has never sent anything more exquisite than this.

Yesterday the wistaria was almost in full bloom. Today it will be in its glory. Tomorrow it will already have begun to fade. Among all the glories of the revolving seasons there is nothing more evanescent than the misty bloom that momentarily hangs like a cloud of purple incense around the house eaves and then disappears for another year. The Old Philosopher must have given his grave approval to the wistaria, when, in the springtime he raised his eyes from his archives in Cheu, the State of Everywhere; for twenty-five centuries ago Lao-Tse set it down in his book of Reason and Virtue, "To accomplish merit and acquire fame, then to withdraw, that is Heaven's Way."

Yes, certainly, the man who hated ostentation above all things could have found no fault with the wistaria. There is nothing striking, nothing obvious about it. It is as aristocratic as a Chinese gentleman who can trace his ancestry back for five thousand years. It thrusts its beauty upon no one. One gains from it no impression of happy friendliness, such as bursts from the lowly dandelion, laughing impudently in the face of every passer-by; one gains from it no solace for a bruised spirit, such as the violet carries; least of all is it touched with the vivid passion of the rose.

Yet it has a charm that is all its own, and one not inferior to that of any flower that blooms. It is the charm of quietness, the beauty of tranquillity—the same that permeates the purple hazes of the twilights of autumn in the high hills. It is endowed, not with the beauty of the hopes and loves and pleasures of our every-day life, but with the beauty of dreamstuff, too exquisitely fragile for a work-a-day world.

In every heart there are broken fragments of aspirations too high ever to be achieved, hopes too splendid ever to be realized, desires too mighty to be more than half-understood, much less confessed. They are the wreckage of a dream-world, purer, happier, far more beautiful than the one in which we live. Under the hard necessities of existence we are compelled for the most part to ignore the existence of these ruins, for to do otherwise would be hopeless folly. Yet only the man who has succeeded in reducing himself nearer to the level of the brutes than the generality of mankind forgets them entirely. And when the wistaria comes out to throw for a few short days its enchanted veil over some old wreck of a building to transform it into a shrine where the Old Philosopher might sit and meditate on things too high for human utterance, then it is easy for a man to leave for a time the mean habitation that he has builded for this world, and to walk through the ruined city of his dreams. Nor is it altogether a vain thing; for as he considers how fair were its palaces, how noble its colonnades, how its domes and turrets aspired to pierce the clouds, and then reflects on how lowly is the thing that he has actually done, he and the world will profit if he is moved to come back and add but a single stone to the structure that mankind is slowly raising toward Heaven.

Editorial Paragraphs.

The editorial paragraph is one of the instruments by means of which newspapers attempt to make the editorial page attractive. It consists of a bit of comment or opinion on some phase of the news—usually one or two sentences—distinguished by originality in point of view or presentation, or both. When well done these brief paragraphs add zest to the page. Readers turn with relief to the collection of concise, pointed, spicy paragraphs which fringe the heavy editorial matter.

Editorial paragraphs seem to depend for success on brevity, freshness, point or wit, and apt phrasing. They are best when they embody good-natured satire—subtle, but not too subtle; the reader must see the point of it at once. A few examples are given:

> The new Secretary of War comes from Chicago, and we suppose he's had a good deal of experience, at least as an *unofficial observer.*—OHIO STATE JOURNAL.

> A long-legged sheep in the Himalayas is able to run 40 miles an hour. That's the kind of little lamb to follow Mary nowadays.—ONWARD, quoted by the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

About the only thing a man needs to become political timber is the ability to plank down.—El Paso Herald.

If there is anything in the world which will make a United States Senator fight it is a peace pact.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

Savings banks show a big gain for the year, and perhaps the stockingless fad is a good thing after all.—New York Evening Post.

Mr. John M. Henry, a successful paragrapher on the staff of the Council Bluffs Nonpareil, gives the following rules for the writing of paragraphs, and adds an explanation of how they may be used:

"1. Be brief. Not to exceed a half-dozen lines.

"2. State preliminary facts in such a way as to lead the reader to believe you are about to make a certain kind of statement—which you are not. (The paragraph is spoiled if you 'tip your hand' in this respect.)

"3. Write a final sentence or sentences making the unexpected comment.

"4. Never—oh, never—entirely reveal your point. Make the reader think just a bit to get it. (The paragraph in which the point is entirely revealed is as much of a fizzle as the joke in which the point is explained.

"5. Keep the point word to the very last, if possible.

"Let us build a paragraph which recently was produced by your author, and which was republished over the country. Let us start off with:

" 'We were rather fearful when Lindbergh started on his southern trip.'

"There is the preliminary statement. All the facts are there. It is not necessary, in this instance, to say that Lindbergh is a flier, nor that he is on a southern trip. We may assume that the public knows that. At least, any person intelligent enough to read our paragraphs knows it. Now, we have said we were 'fearful.' That leads the reader to think, unless he is a regular reader and knows what to expect of paragraphs, that you are fearful lest Lindbergh fall during the long flight over the mountains. Even if your reader is used to paragraphs and is confident that you are not fearful over danger of Lindy's tumbling, he reads on expectantly, as we follow the narrator of a joke knowing full well he isn't going to say what it seems evident he will.

"Then we turn the paragraph to show what we have been hiding in our minds all the time, by saying:

" 'But, we guess the Paris flight exhausted the poets.'

"There we have it; few, if anyone, realized until they read our very last word that we were fearful lest Lindbergh's flight to Mexico and Central America start another avalanche of poetry. Of course we don't say that, but our reader deduces that. And it pleases him to know that, while you haven't revealed your point, he was smart enough to see it.

"There's a bit of psychology here one must keep in mind. It's the same psychology that makes one disgusted if the narrator of a joke insists on explaining the point. The jokester's hearers then are put in the position of being thought so dumb they cannot understand him, and they are displeased. In paragraphing, the psychology works from the other side, as it were. The reader understands the point that is not quite explained, and thinks he is clever for so understanding. If you explained the point he probably wouldn't be disgusted, but he would quit reading your paragraphs, for then they would be just comment. For instance, we might have spoiled the Lindbergh paragraph by writing: 'We were a little fearful when Lindbergh started on his southern trip. Not because we were afraid he would fail, but we were afraid it would start the poets to writing again.'

"That might be considered funny in the back townships and the cheaper vaudeville, but you couldn't please a paragraph clientele with it.

"Now, while we are at it, let's take a paragraph which must be longer because we cannot assume preliminary knowledge by our readers. Let us say in our first expression:

" 'During the recent blizzard in London, a man had the experience of traveling six miles to reach his home three blocks away.'

"We must say all that because few if any of our readers know any man had such an experience, or that he had it during the recent storm. Perhaps, even, some did not know there was a storm. So we have to tell them the whole kit and boodle.

"All right, the reader may not know exactly what to expect after that preliminary statement, but probably wouldn't be surprised to learn that the Londoner found the furnace fire out, or his wife gone with the meter-reader, or some such thing. But we fooled him, and add:

" 'In America, we have similar experiences, but we don't need a storm. We just take a taxi.'

"There: you see the point is not revealed until we read 'taxi.' Nor do we explain the point that too often the taxi driver hauls us all over town in order to earn a large fare."

The Column.

Somerset Maugham's interesting observation that "the best use of culture is to talk nonsense with distinction" might appropriately be applied to the efforts of newspaper columnists. At any rate the column conductor attempts to give to such problems or incidents of the day as come to his notice the benefit of his smiling humor and deft touch.

The result is not easily classified. In fact, the column as it is conducted in the modern daily has become a sort of carry-all for a great variety of spicy matter, such as light verses, paragraphs, anecdotes, epigrams, jingles, light essays, and contributions of one kind or another from readers. This material, no matter what form it takes, is intended to give the paper—and particularly the editorial page—a flavor of fun, humanness, and gentle wisdom. The column contents always bear the unmistakable stamp of the conductor, who keeps himself in the open.

The problems in column conducting are of two kinds: (1) the finding of a fresh and amusing slant for each item introduced, and (2) the management of the ego. To achieve the first the columnist must constantly strive to capture the comic, the incongruous, the absurd, the unusual, the illogical, and all the other elements in the day's activities that make people laugh or at least chuckle. To determine the extent to which the personality of the columnist should be injected into the contents of the column is a neat problem. It is generally admitted that the column must be personal, if for no other reason than to offset the impersonal nature of the rest of the editorial page. But how personal? The most capable columnists have been known to repel readers by being too subjective.

The ideals of Don Marquis as set forth in the following "prayer" at a time when he was conducting a successful column have much to commend them:

I pray thee, make my colyum read,
And give me thus my daily bread.
Endow me, if thou grant me wit,
Likewise with sense to mellow it.
Save me from feeling so much hate
My food will not assimilate.
Open my eyes that I may see
Thy world with more of charity,
And lessen me in good intents
And make me friend of innocence.
Make me (sometimes, at least) discreet;
Help me to hide my self-conceit,
And give me courage now and then
To be as dull as most men,
And give me readers quick to see
When I am satirizing Me.

Specimens of column material selected almost at random from the products of the best-known column conductors are included here:

From "A Line o' Type or Two" of THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE, a popular column conducted by Richard Henry Little (R.H.L.), we print these items:

CALIFORNIA is trying to horn back on the first page by digging up the Aimee Semple McPherson's disappearance case. Whenever California can't do anything else to crowd Florida out of the spotlight it falls back on Aimee. She's been a great help to California, that gal.

SH! DON'T MOVE! Don't stir! Don't even breathe! They've got to the crisis in settling the street car row. *And there'll be a subway! A subway! A subway for Chicago! Not a word now! Don't scare 'em! Sh! Sh!*

My Dear, I Cudda Died!

Dick: I was so embarrassed! Honestly, I'm blushing yet. You see, I had been in New York a week before I discovered why it was so dark and gloomy all the time. I suddenly discovered I was in the 7th avenue subway all the while. It seemed I was continually crossing and recrossing Exit street and taking another train. Finally I said to a man sitting by me: "Well, I've ridden around New York for six or seven days and I haven't seen a thing of the tall buildings, or the Statue of Liberty, or Jimmy Walker, or Broadway, or anything." "No, and you won't," sezze, "until you get out of the subway and go up on top of the ground." And then I saw it all! Honest, you could have knocked me down with a feather! Everybody in the car just roared and said, "He's from Chicago. They never heard of subways out there!" Was I mortified! Well, justeemagen!

OSWALD OF HERE AND THERE.

Franklin P. Adams (F.P.A.) of the Conning Tower, of THE NEW YORK WORLD, drops lightly into verse. From "A Garland of Recital Programs" we get:

I.

(The freely translated song. Usually from the Lithuanian or the Brazilian)

Oh, the beautiful maiden has gone away.
What shall I do?
What shall I do?
She has vanished,
She is here no more,
She has departed,
I am sad-hearted.
She is gone away.
What shall I do?

II.

(The literally translated song. Usually from the French or Spanish)

O little mountain, hear my prayer:
My love has gone away.
I know not where.
Hear me, O little mountain, pray!

Oh, goodness! I am desolate!
My love has gone away.
My sorrow faileth to abate.
Oh, perhaps she will return some day.

• • •

V.

(Translated, by the singer's accompanist, from the Portuguese)

Regardless, heedless of how far
From me away you, dearest, are.
My love for you can never cease,
Nor can another occupy thy place.

VI.

(This song takes six minutes to sing in the German original)

It is spring. Awake!

VII.

(Our own Negro spirituals)

Oh, Adam was in Paradise,
  An' he had to git out o' dere.
Oh, Adam was in Paradise,
  An' he had to git out o' dere.
Oh, Adam was in Paradise,
And he said to Eve, "Oh, ain't dis nice?"
  Oh, he had to git out o' dere.

CHORUS

Yes, he had to git out o' dere.
He had to git out o' dere.
He had to git out,
He had to git out,
Oh, he had to git out o' dere.

Oh, Jonah was in de whale's inside,
  And he had to git out o' dere.
Oh, Jonah was in de whale's inside,
  And he had to git out o' dere.
Oh, Jonah was in de whale's inside,
But de whale he wasn't satisfied,
  So he had to git out o' dere.

Oh, Daniel was in de lions' den,
  An' he had to git out o' dere.
Daniel was in de lions' den,
  But he had to git out o' dere.
Daniel was in de lions' den,
An' a lion says, "Is yo' here again?"
  So he had to git out o' dere.

Oh, Moses was a-rowin' on de ribber water,
  But he had to git out o' dere.
Oh, Moses was a-rowin' on de ribber water,
  An' he had to git out o' dere.
Little Moses was a-rowin' on de ribber water,
An' along come Pharaoh's younges' daughter,
  So he had to git out o' dere.

Joseph was on his banjo strummin',
  An' he had to git out o' dere.
Joseph was on his banjo strummin',
  But he had to git out o' dere.
Joseph was on his banjo strummin',
An' he seen ol' Potiphar's wife a-comin',
  But he had to git out o' dere.

F. P. A.

Heywood Broun, well-known columnist of THE NEW YORK TELEGRAM, whose column is headed "It Seems To Me," sticks to the light essay. For example:

But even so it is not Aurora, nor the battle of the Gulf, nor the fate of the small child which has most impressed me with the lengths to which drys are now prepared to go. E. H. D. calls to my attention an outrage still more striking. He asserts that while seated at his radio the other night listening to the Armstrong Quaker Hour he most distinctly heard the following words come swinging through the air:—

"It's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a handclasp of friendship
And a good song ringing clear."

ABOLISHING BOTH STEIN AND TABLE

Gone was the stein and also the table. Apparently the prohibition idea of a good time is for lads to assemble in order to hold hands with each other. E. H. D. makes no report on the rest of the ditty in its new form. Seemingly rage so completely consumed him that he turned off the Quakers with a curse. But it must be that there were other changes. In the light of this amendment it can hardly be that any surmise was permitted about God's not being censorious when his children have their fling. Volstead knows best.

Apparently the prohibitionists do care about the nation's songs as well as its laws. The imagination staggers before some of the further lyrical improvements which we are likely to hear. When pirates pass this way again, if ever, I fully expect to hear the hardy fellows shouting, "Yo! ho! ho! and a bottle of celery tonic." "Eat to me only with thine eyes," we shall soon hear, and that rousing ditty about "Brown October near-beer of less than one-half of one per cent alcoholic content."

The well-known health of King Charles is likely to suffer, since the singer must take pains to specify that the pledge is to be quaffed merely in frosted chocolate. But Danny Deever may profit by the transformation. It will be difficult to hang him in the morning now, or even at high noon, since it may never be mentioned that "He's drinking bitter beer alone."

OMAR LOSES A JUG

From this time forth Omar must be content with "thou" and the loaf. The jug would never get by a line of hip-patting agents. Gone, too, are most of the soldier songs with such evil references as the one to "Beaucoup vin blanc in the estaminet."

Shakespeare mentioned wine and so did Milton. Virgil, Ovid, Homer, Horace and all the classic poets wrote lines fit only for the ears of scofflaws. There is also the Bible. Clarence True Wilson may very logically feel it necessary to withdraw it from circulation until he can fix up a new version of the miracle at the marriage feast.

Of course, it may be that the move to banish wine and liquor out of literature and song will not prove easy of enforcement. Senator Jones really ought to fashion another law providing adequate penalties. Then we might have singeasies in which ruffians would congregate to enjoy the banished ballads. And from the depths of some dark and lonely alleys there might come, even through the barred doors, the sound of baritones and tenors lustily, defiantly, villainously shattering the night and their country's laws with:—

"It's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a STEIN (hold it fellows) on the table
And a good song ringing clear."

(Copyright, 1929, by THE NEW YORK TELEGRAM Corporation. Reproduced by Permission)

OUT OF A CLEAR SKY

By Frank Sullivan

(From THE NEW YORK WORLD, November 8, 1928, by Permission)

In view of existing circumstances, this department will be known as "Out of a Cloudy Sky" until further notice.

* * *

The Pope's ears can stop burning now.

And it won't make any difference whether radio is pronounced "radio" or "raddio."

* * *

We still think 40,000,000 Americans could be wrong.

* * *

Well, Hoover will doubtless make a satisfactory President. He doesn't know one Cardinal from another.

* * *

The minor casualties of the campaign included Vice President-elect Curtis, whose voice went back on him. It doesn't make any difference. He won't need it.

* * *

If the Democrats have any idea at all of winning in 1932 they will take steps immediately to buy the Literary Digest.

* * *

And speaking of ill winds, at least we won't have to listen to Charles Evans Hughes and William E. Borah for a while. In the case of Borah, probably only a short while.

* * *

Up to the present writing the joint efforts of F. P. A. and this department to concoct a new Hoover anthem called something like "Carry Ole Virginny" have, happily, come to naught.

* * *

With all due respect for modesty, which never got anybody anything in the struggle for existence, we desire to call attention to the accuracy of the pre-election prophecies of this department. We were absolutely right in every prediction we made except the one that Smith would win.

These predictions were made at a time when far more experienced political experts were floundering in a morass of doubt and speculation. Serene and confident in our unerring intuition we made several statements. We said Smith was the better man. He is. We said the Republican Party was a refuge of sinners and a champion of the vested interests. It is.

We predicted that the talks of William Allen White would generate a series of air currents which would result in high winds in the Middle West on Election Day and blow a great many Hoover ballots away. We were right about White and the winds, but miscalculated the strength of the grip a determined Republican can get on a ballot. We predicted that California would go Republican unless Hoover insulted Hiram Johnson. Hoover, faint-hearted fellow that he is, wouldn't insult Johnson. California went Republican. We said the electoral vote would be close. Well, it was. It was close to nothing for Smith.

* * *

Furthermore, this department is no fool and knows a lesson when he sees one. From now on we're going to be mighty nice to certain people and we want to go on record here and now to the effect that we think Tom Heflin is a great guy.

Mabel Walker Willebrandt is a lovely girl and if we said anything about her, it was all in fun. We've always secretly had a yen for Hiram Evans and Senator George Moses, and we think Deets Pickett is just the prettiest name we ever heard. We've always admired Charlie Hughes's whiskers, and we think the NEW YORK TRIBUNE is just the dearest paper.

As for the Anti-Saloon League, we sent in our application for membership at 11 o'clock last night, just after The World conceded Hoover's election. And don't think next Sunday won't find us in a pew right under Dr. Straton's chin. We'll be dressed in a black frock coat, a white lawn tie, a pair of Congress gaiters, and we'll have a flask in the hip pocket.

THE SUN DIAL

(From THE NEW YORK SUN, July 26, 1929, by Permission)

Eugene O'Neill's Wedding

(In the "Strange Interlude" manner.)

Mr. O'Neill (on the way to the ceremony): You look very beautiful, dear. (Aside): *One always has to say that to a bride. As a matter of fact, I've seen her look lots better. It must be her hair.*

Miss Monterey: You flatterer! (Aside): *He wouldn't know whether I looked good or not. He's always preoccupied. I'll bet he is thinking up a plot for another play right now.*

Mr. O'Neill: Are you very happy, darling? (Aside): *That's an asinine question. Suppose she should say no?*

Miss Monterey: Awfully, Gene. Are you? (Aside): *He's never happy; I can tell by his face. My, but he's getting deep lines!*

Mr. O'Neill: I'm the happiest man in the world, Carlotta. (Aside): *And even if I'm not you can't disprove it. One has to go to extremes in a case like this. You'd be sore if I said I was the second happiest man in the world.*

Miss Monterey: And I'm the happiest woman, Gene. (Aside):

I have my misgivings about this fellow at times. He won't be any too easy to live with, I suppose. I'll have to be patient.

(They arrive at the church.)

* * *

Mr. O'Neill (aside as they walk down the aisle): *Getting married again, eh? It seems impossible. Whom am I marrying? And why? It's just a quaint old custom, that's all. Heads it turns out for the best, tails it doesn't. A man needs companionship. Carlotta is very wonderful. It may be a good break for us both. Who can tell?*

Miss Monterey (also in an aside): *I hope I'm not making a big mistake. He's probably more in love with his work than with me. I suppose I'll have to go around the house on tiptoe so as not to disturb him. It'll be pretty awful at times. Maybe I should take a firm step at the outset and refuse to coddle him. The first Mrs. O'Neill humored him too much.*

Minister: How do you do? (Aside): *So he's O'Neill the great playwright! He don't look like what I expected. I saw two of his plays. . . . The Hairy Dynamo or something and The Old Soak, I think it was. And she's Carlotta Monterey! Very pretty! On the road to Monterey where the flying fishes . . . no, that's Mandalay.*

Mr. O'Neill (aside): *Why doesn't the old geezer begin? Does he think it's a 9 o'clock curtain?*

Minister: Do you, Carlotta, take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband, to love, honor and obey, to cherish in sickness and in health? (Aside): *I've been at this business for years and never had a customer say no.*

Miss Monterey: I do. (Aside): *I didn't even hear what he said, but I know I'm supposed to say "I do."*

Minister: And do you, Eugene, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife, to . . . (Aside): *He's not paying any attention to me. Look at that faraway look in his glimmers! I'd like to rap him on the knuckles and make him pay attention. Just because he wrote Bound East for Strange Interlude, Rain Under the Elms and Parsifal he needn't think he can ignore me, the big . . .*

Mr. O'Neill: I do. (Aside): *Do what? Huh? What do I do? To what did I say I do to what?*

Minister: I pronounce you man and wife. (Aside): *I've a mind to ask him for a couple of passes to that new show of his. What's the name of it? Oh, yes, I remember now . . . Journey's End.*

CHAPTER X

REVIEWS

Book reviewing—its aim.—The obvious function of the book review is to give the readers of newspapers and magazines information concerning new books. It is an attempt to furnish the reader with an honest, intelligent, and independent estimate of a new book so that he can more easily answer the perplexing question—to read or not to read it. It should be informing, therefore, especially as to the character and contents of a bad book, and illuminating and stimulating with reference to meritorious books. This implies that the reviewer has descriptive and interpretative ability, and sound judgment. The reviewer, however, no matter how accomplished he may be in the field of literary criticism, should refrain from imposing his opinion as a final judgment. The reader ought not be deprived, in advance, of the right to do his own thinking. Perhaps, then, the whole duty of the reviewer is to give the reader a clear idea of the values he is likely to find in a new book, and to stimulate him to find them himself.

Method of the reviewer.—The reviewer should keep two things in mind as he examines a book. He should try to see it from the point of view of the author; and he should read it carefully enough to be able to tell what it is like, for his chief obligation is to the reader. If he is familiar with the standards by which such a book should be measured, he may safely add to his description of the book an estimate of its worth. In order to be fair to both the author and the reader the reviewer will find it a safe plan to keep his criticism within the limits of his knowledge and confine it to specific sources in the text.

Reference to parts of the book is likely to involve the use of quotations. Short passages that exhibit the style, tone, or other particular qualities of a book may be reproduced in the interests of concreteness. But ideas, theories, or other elements in the contents of the book that seem to press for consideration can probably be presented to the best advantage by summaries, or other means of exposition. The reviewer should avoid quoting only weak paragraphs of faulty sentences that may have crept into a work of merit. He should remember that he is bound by the same sound journalistic rules that govern the writing of news—to give the reader a true picture of the subject-matter in hand.

The fact that a person who writes reviews for a newspaper must give his first thought to his readers puts him in a little different class from literary critics who write for magazines or other publications. As Harry Hansen, literary editor of THE NEW YORK WORLD and of *Harper's Magazine,* puts it, "There is only one man for whom the newspaper reviewer can write—and that is his reader. Not the author, nor the publisher, nor the advertiser, nor his wife and his wife's relations—not even himself."

After the reviewer has completed an attentive reading of a book, he should formulate his ideas and proceed to write his review. The material should be organized and presented to do the following things:

1. Show what the author's purpose was in writing the book and tell how well he succeeded in accomplishing it.
2. Describe the book; give particulars that will furnish a definite impression of the contents of the book, its style, length, and so forth.
3. Discuss the relation of the books to other books (if any) by the same author, or to books of a similar nature.
4. Give an estimate of its value.

To begin the review, some point that stands out should be used to arouse immediate interest in the book. This may be followed by particulars about the books arranged in their order of importance as the elements of a news story frequently are. The particulars or descriptive elements may be followed by such interpretation as the reviewer feels able to give competently. The review should not be too long and the *dénouement,* if any, should not be revealed.

The reviewer should look to his style. Dull, cumbersome writing is always unwelcome in a newspaper. A sprightly expository style that leans toward the colloquial rather than the learned is the best. Short paragraphs, clear, compact sentences, and all the other stylistic details of good newspaper composition should characterize the book review.

Newspapers and review publications differ as to the exact method of printing the title of a book and the names of the author, publisher, and reviewer. Many newspapers give the place and date of publication with the title of the book; others omit the price of the book and the number of pages, although most readers like to have such information before them. The policy a newspaper adopts as to these details should be observed uniformly throughout all the reviews it prints.

The student may note in the following reviews the items printed by the different papers represented. Included with the reviews is an excellent article on the finding of a rare book. Articles of this type are especially good material for the book page.

LORD GREY REVEALS THE HUMAN SIDE OF BIRD LIFE

By Charles Johnston

(From The New York Times Book Review, January 29, 1928, by Permission)

THE CHARM OF BIRDS. By Viscount Grey of Fallodon, K. G. Illustrated by Robert Gibbings. 286 *pp. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.* $3.

The Anglican prayer has been granted to Lord Grey: he is endowed with grace, wisdom and understanding. Besides the grace of his writing there is the spirit of gracious hospitality with which he carries the reader to his two homes, the cottage in the New Forest, and Fallodon near the border, and with humorous insight shows to his guest all the hidden treasures and secrets of bird life. And it is pleasant to know that in the Hampshire cottage a beloved guest preceded us, W. H. Hudson, the shy, lonely spirit, who nevertheless communicates to us so much joy. There are likenesses between the two lovers of English birds, and sharp contrasts also, and most of all in the presence or absence of the personal quality already suggested. It is true that Hudson holds back no secrets when he takes us to his beloved downs, or to the beautiful desolation of Cornwall, or to the Norfolk flats where winter the graylag geese. He reveals everything without reserve, but we are presently aware that he himself has vanished; we are alone with lonely beauty, the sky radiantly blue above us, pouring down the melody of innumerable skylarks in a fine crystal rain. It is like the art of MacDowell, who evokes an image by his music, and then leaves you alone, among murmuring pine trees, or beside the rushing surf along the shore, or on the lonely ocean where waves lap against the blue cliffs of an iceberg. Hudson leads you into the living aura of nature, just falling short of the full spiritual seership of Thoreau, for whom nature is a transparent veil through which shines universal life.

Lord Grey reveals rather the human side of nature, that which is akin to the spirit of man. Therefore it is altogether fitting that, as we read, we should feel his kindly presence, with gentle sympathy sharing the pleasure he is giving us, a pleasure that is vivid because he so sincerely loves his birds and the ancient gardens where they dwell, and the brooks and fields and hedgerows where he has watched them. And, when he tells us that

> British birds are monogamous; this is the rule, and the exceptions are few. I can think only of four: the cuckoo, ruffs and reeves, black game and capercaillie. Of these, cuckoos and ruffs and reeves are said to be polyandrous; the other two species are polygamous. All four are considered British birds, though ruffs and reeves have ceased to breed in this island, and it is said that the capercaillie had once died out and was reintroduced. Pheasants were not indigenous, this is also true of the ancestors of our poultry. These birds, therefore, need not be taken into account; the inferiority of their habits is not native to Britain, and our country is not responsible for them,

he is evidently feeling nature not only as a man, but even as a whimsically patriotic Englishman. The human side shines through when he tells us, what Hudson so often repeated, that some of the larger birds are believed to pair for life, and that the birds that mate for life and remain together throughout the year evidently get a high degree of satisfaction from each other's company, and are distressed if they are separated at any season, so that even in Autumn and Winter the mated birds have positive enjoyment in each other's society. Illustrating the rich coloring and decoration of male birds and its relation to mating, Lord Grey expresses the view that wide differences in habits of courtship and plumage serve little purpose, except that of infinite variety, and that to press the utilitarian theory very far is more likely to deviate into error than to discover truth. He prefers to suppose that there is in nature an esthetic design which is a part of the general purpose, and that the infinite variety of natural beauty is a manifestation of this. A necessity of beauty pervades universal nature, from snow crystals to galaxies.

Lord Grey's warm sympathy with the human element in nature is shown also when he tells us that the crimson-faced goldfinches of England appear to have more than the average family life of birds akin to them. Little parties of about six birds may be seen together in the Autumn, and he thinks that each little group is a family that has remained united. A "charm" of goldfinches was the old name for these little parties. Then comes an observation equally marked by sympathy and by keen watchfulness. A pair of moorhens nest every year on a pond in the garden at Fallodon. One May, about the middle of the month, they hatched their brood, and, as usual, picked up bread thrown to them and fed the young with it; so far there was nothing remarkable; but about the middle of July, when a second brood was hatched, the young ones of May still remained with the parents and assisted in the feeding of the July brood: they were now full-feathered and independent, but still young birds easily to be distinguished from old ones. A parent bird would pick up bread, put it into the beak of one of the May young, which would in turn feed one of the tiny July young. Once a May young one, having received a piece of bread from a parent, transferred it to the beak of another May bird, which then fed one of the little July birds with it. In this manner the July brood were fed at second or third hand. Apparently it was against the rules for them to receive bread from a parent at first hand, for, when a parent bird did for once put bread straight into the beak of a July bird, one of the May birds at once ran up, took the bread out of the beak of the infant bird, and then replaced it there.

How like this is to big and little children in a human family; one feels that Lord Grey has watched both, with the same warm and gentle sympathy. Like Hudson, he loves to cite apt verses from the poets concerning the birds. His ear is sensitive and discriminating; how fine, for example, is his choice of the concluding adjective in this passage:

> One or two species have the misfortune to be variable in the color of their eggs: clutch after clutch is then taken by egg collectors that they may have examples of every type of egg of this one species represented in their collection. The tree pipit suffers from this misfortune, and it is said that the number of clutches of tree pipits' eggs to be found in a single collection is sometimes infamous.

There is keen humor at the expense of a former colleague, the pacifist Morley, in a description of the blackbird, the orange billed, jet thrush of Britain. Noting that, while there is a general type of song common to all British blackbirds, one individual bird sometimes develops a phrase peculiarly its own, and can be identified by this in the same place day after day throughout the season of song, he adds that

> blackbirds have a common trick of ending their song with an inferior note, almost a squeak. John Morley in his ''Recollections'' describes a visit he made with a friend to Renan. We are told how the old man was roused to interest, and we are made to feel the vigor and magnificence of his talk. Morley and his friend had planned to go to the opera, but with the glow upon them of what they had seen and heard of Renan, they felt that the opera would be pathos, and they did not go to it. Then Morley adds as an additional reason for not going to the opera—that he had to pack. The squeak or ''scritch'' at the end of a blackbird's song, coming after the beautiful and fine notes that precede it, is like that—a sudden drop from heights.

The woodcuts by Robert Gibbings are notable and attractive rather as studies in line and in black and white, than as bird portraits.

MR. TARKINGTON'S LATEST SPECIMEN

Reviewed by
Ruth Burr Sanborn

(From NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS, Sunday, January 22, 1928, by Permission)

CLAIRE AMBLER

By Booth Tarkington

Garden City: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc. $2.50

When a man has a list of thirty books printed down the page opposite the title of his latest work, and when among the thirty appear an ''Alice Adams'' and a ''Seventeen,'' then no one should find too much fault with him if he does not always keep up to the high standard which he has set himself.

"Claire Ambler" lacks the scope of "Alice Adams," the fresh spontaneity of "Seventeen"; but it is a good, competent, clear-sighted book. It looks at the much looked-at younger generation with a terribly clear scrutiny, not accusing, not apologizing, just stating; tempering its justice with some degree of mercy. Mr. Tarkington has caught, as few can catch, the foibles of the modern young woman: her little hardnesses and poses and calculations; and yet that pride that will not admit tears, that uncompromising courage that is called "being a good sport." Claire had one moment that was near to heroism, but she had only three authentic thoughts in her life.

Claire Ambler, as one of her admirers once told her, was a person who liked to have men fall in love with her, but who did not like to have them trouble her by telling her so. Claire's career was a long procession of the men who loved her. Some told her. Some did not.

The treatment of the book is episodic. The first incident occurred at a resort on the Maine coast when Claire was in her late 'teens. For love of her, young Nelson Smock put to sea in a frail canoe when the waves were running high. Claire was very pretty and all the boys loved her.

The second episode was at Raona, that ancient Mediterranean town on a cliff half way to the sky, a thousand feet above the sea where Odysseus sailed toward Scylla and Charybdis. There young Arturo, son of Princess Liana, for love of Claire walked too late at night beside the cliff; and Mr. Charles Orbison, condemned to a lingering death by a hand grenade in Flanders, for love of her wrote lyrics in Elizabethan metres. Claire was very pretty and empty-headed and all the men loved her.

The third episode was in New York. At the time, Claire Ambler, as the doorman at her apartment explained to the policeman, was at that age where "either they marry a young feller or else don't, and wait a while and marry a man that's lost his wife." She was very pretty and rather empty-headed, and all the men—especially all the slightly older men, some of them with wives—loved her still. . . .

These three episodes are told with vigor and some charm. Any one, in itself, would make an excellent long-short story. What rather spoils them for me in series is that the element of change is largely lacking. Claire is much the same in episode three as she is in two and one. Even her clothes are the same.

Inside Claire is the same, too. The furniture of her mind is little changed, whether she prattles of Fascisti or college proms. In the middle of refusing one man, she is aware of the appearance of a new one. The thoughts she has are still the thoughts that come ready-made. One could love a thoroughly bad heroine. One could sympathize with a thoroughly foolish one. But it is hard to be deeply moved by empty-headedness.

And yet . . . to call Claire Ambler empty-headed is not quite to do her justice. It takes a whole book to do that.

TIMES LEADERS

A Selection of Editorial Articles from the Great English Newspaper

(From the BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, June 30, 1928, by Permission)

Third Leaders. Reprinted from THE TIMES. *With an Introduction by George Gordon. $3.00. London: Edward Arnold and Company. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.*

How pleasant, after the boiling sea of fiction, to idle back into the placid coves of essay-reading! In their effortless reflections the reader finds himself fraternally received, and a slow warmth pervades his almost-forgotten soul, till even the most lurid and literary arena-spectacles fade, and he has become repossessed with a personality. No one is going to hammer at his heart-strings here, nor coerce him with a panopy of purposiveness. He may lie back and bask in genial thoughts.

"There are 116 essays in this collection, and not half-a-dozen that disappoint," says George Gordon, a professor of literature at Oxford, who writes the thoroughly agreeable introduction. Such a tribute to their consistent quality and interest is not lavish. "It is the least he could say," were that all. But he continues, "I know nothing quite like these Leaders in modern English writing. They are the work of a number of hands in the Times office and outside it. Yet in their style there is nothing discrepant; but for some outcrops of special knowledge they might be the expression of one mind. They are extemporal compositions written, for the most part, under the conditions of daily journalism, but they seem to have profited by all the advantages of quick writing, and to have escaped all its grosser penalties."

It is astonishing, in such a diverse collection of subjects as this book presents, to find that they all tend to compose a leisurely rounded portrait of an ideal personality, rather a cultivated, English country-gentleman than an harassed journalist. He knows much of amiable interest concerning gardens and fields. His botanical lore is only, however, one aspect of a mind that has evolved a truly gracious art of living. He finds food for reflection in countless phases of quite ordinary existence. "Dark Mornings," "Waste-Paper Baskets," "Puddles" or "Hot-Bottles," as he calls them—they all elicit something droll and felicitous from him. He likes sports and train-travelling and all out-of-doors, but withal he is not as young as he once was. In fact he is becoming a subtlized hedonist in respect to his bodily well-being. Of that same "hot-bottle," he says, "and how willingly by contrast, nay, how eagerly that plunge (into bed) is made by one who descries under the coverlet the faint but fateful convexity which denotes its presence!" Still he can rise at times to the Spartan scorn of this aphorism: "The only noble gesture attainable with a clinical thermometer is that of throwing it out of the window."

One thing we like especially about this blended "him" is the wealth of literary allusions that flow unostentatiously from his pen. Whether it be a classic master or A. A. Milne, they are never trundled in ineptly. Once in a while he varies his repertory with an incursion into the past. It may be the past of grandmother and "Poke-Bonnets" or "Forgotten London" or "The Sack of Rome." He tries his hand at "character" writing, as of "Country Cousins," and he gives us three or four pen-portraits of great figures—Isaac Newton, or Christopher Wren, or Saint Francis of Assisi. He is not averse to a touch of fantasy, as in "Dragons" and "Crocodiles in Scotland." Whatever he touches he adorns with the charm of a sensitive and abundant mind.

It may be thought that such unqualified satisfaction in the reviewer betokens a lack of critical aloofness, a rose-spectacled scrutiny at best. Some readers might indeed be bored. They might find the majority, even, of the essays to be too-gentle fulminations. Essays are like lyrics. The most simple may be, as like as not, the most magical. When they have "charm" it is not to be categorized. They are the most intimate things that fill the waking hours of the authors' minds (these particular authors not being, presumably, afflicted with a James Joyce complex). They are facets of personality, and as such may be judged, each reader for himself. But that they are nicely written, no one will deny. Saved from the daily death of a newspaper column, disinterred from the tombs of old files, they bear no marks of superannuation. "Adjust the milieu," says Mr. Gordon, "and there is no journal of the great period, from Addison's 'Spectator' to the 'London Magazine' of Lamb, which would have refused them shelter."—S.V.V.W.

YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT: THE TRUTH BEHIND THE NEWS

(From THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE, February 24, 1929, by Permission)

1918–1928. By George Seldes. 465 pp. (New York: Payson & Clarke; $3.50.)

George Seldes has probably more sworn enemies in more countries than the devil himself, and as many interesting friends. A foreign correspondent for American newspapers, he has endeavored (1) to get the news and (2) to send it home. But he has had to pay for our enlightenment. Mussolini read one of his stories and gave him four days to get out of Italy. The soviet gave him the option of two fast boats from Riga. The French entertained the notion that he was an undesirable observer of the war in Syria. D'Annunzio put half the police of Fiume on his trail. And what did he do about it? He wrote this book. It wears at times the air of speaking out in meeting, and at other times the air of telling tales out of school. It is all entertaining, or provocative, or whatever you like or don't like. It serves the uses of innocent pleasure and of unending argument.

Mr. Seldes discourses about the war and the peace, Fascism and Italy, bolshevism and Russia, what not and Mexico, recent Near Eastern affairs, and the continuous performance of censorship in the rest of Europe.

Perhaps his best story is about his invasion of Germany. In the week of the armistice, Seldes, with three other members of the press section, participated in the first violation of the armistice by crossing the war zone and entering Germany. In halting German, the spokesmen of the party tried to tell the German authorities that they were a part of the press section that had come to see how Germany had lived during the war and what the food situation was; but he was not exactly understood. The enterprising journalists were welcomed as an American food commission, banqueted, and introduced to Von Hindenburg. The result was an amazing interview with Hindenburg—and, later on, another with the American military authorities.

LONG LOST "ROBINSON CRUSOE" FOUND IN NEW YORK BOOK SHOP

By George H. Sargent

(From THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT, by Permission)

A lost book for more than a century and a half, the only known copy of the first American edition of Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," has turned up in a New York bookshop. These are days of literary discoveries, but the finding of a new copy of "Tamerlane" and of the third of the known copies of Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue" is dwarfed by the discovery of this book printed in New York by Hugh Gaine in 1774. R. W. G. Vail, assistant to the director of the New York Public Library, who has examined the copy, declares it to be one of the most important book finds of modern times and gives the reasons for this opinion.

This is the first American edition of the greatest of all boys' books and is, of course, much more valuable than the first English edition. It is a hitherto lost book, for which dealers, collectors and bibliographers have been searching eagerly for many years. It is the most important child's book ever published in America (excepting, of course, the New England Primer, and that is not primarily written for the child's amusement, but as a school book). It is a hitherto unknown imprint of Hugh Gaine, the famous New York printer. It is a hitherto unknown and a very early American illustrated book. And it is important for four pages of advertisements which give notices of four other children's books, of which the first American editions of two were previously unknown, and of the other two of which no American editions were previously known. In other words, these advertisements establish the dates of the first two editions of two books which were known to have been printed by Gaine and mention for the first time two others which were not known to have appeared in eighteenth century American editions. Vail says: "As only one copy of this book has come to light in 155 years, we may quite naturally question when we can hope to find another of a book of this nature printed by the very old Tory printer just before the Revolution." The probable answer is: "Never!"

The newly-discovered copy of "Robinson Crusoe" is in its original state, with colored marble paper wrappers, such as one finds on the Hugh Gaine Almanacs of the period. It is in excellent condition excepting the front cover and the title page, from which a mouse has eaten a small portion, destroying the first few words at the beginning of the title and the top of the woodcut of Robinson Crusoe, which is printed directly on the verso of the front cover.

The existence of this first American edition of "Robinson Crusoe" has been known through an advertisement in a book on another subject published by Gaine in 1776, from which Paul Leicester Ford entered the title in his bibliography of the works of Hugh Gaine. Evans copied this entry in his bibliography of American imprints, but neither he nor Ford had ever heard of a copy of the book itself nor did they know in what year it was printed. The title does not appear in any other bibliographical work, and the two great collections of Gaine imprints in the New York Public Library and the New York Historical Society Library failed to reveal a copy of it. There is no copy in the Library of Congress, the American Antiquarian Society or any other library which might possibly be expected to have it. Nor is it contained in the great collections of children's books owned by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach or Wilbur Macey Stone. In fact, there is no other eighteenth century edition until we come down to that supposed to have been printed in Boston in 1779—four years later. The fact is significant that Dr. Wilberforce Eames of the New York Public Library, the dean of American bibliographers, never saw or knew of a copy until shown this one.

Not the least interesting or important feature of this book is in the advertisements at the end. One of these is of an edition of "Little Goody Two-Shoes," which, as it appears in a book printed in 1774 and announces the American printing, throws back the date of the original printing in England probably one and possibly two years. In the recent exhibition of children's books at the Grolier Club in New York the earliest "Goody Two-Shoes" shown was that of London, 1775. There was also an undated edition, like that in the Kern sale, which was wrongly called the first edition and dated "circa 1780," which gives the 1775 edition the premier honors.

One hesitates to think what this first American edition of "Robinson Crusoe" might have brought in the Kern sale, where the first English edition, of which there are several perfect copies, brought $11,500, while this is at present, and seems likely to remain, unique.

Dramatic and musical reviews.—The field of dramatic criticism is a specialized one, and the student should approach it with a knowledge of its technical requirements. He should have an acquaintance with classical and modern drama and an understanding of the problems involved in each theatrical production that he reviews. A play, unlike a novel, represents the combined efforts of several persons: author, producer, actors, and audience all contribute to its success or failure. The critic must be sufficiently discerning to appraise the individual parts and elements and to pronounce sound judgments on the whole. But, like any other critic, his chief function is to measure the accomplishment in the light of the underlying purpose of the play.

The essentials of drama are summarized by George Pierce Baker as follows: "Accurately conveyed emotion is the great fundamental in all good drama. It is conveyed by action, characterization, and dialogue. It must be conveyed in the space of time, usually not exceeding two hours and a half, and under the existing physical conditions of the stage, or with such changes as the dramatist may bring about in them. It must be conveyed, not directly through the author, but indirectly through the actors. In order that the dramatic may become theatric in the right sense of the word, the dramatic must be made to meet all these conditions successfully. These conditions affect action, characterization, and dialogue. A dramatist must study the ways in which the dramatic has been and may be made theatric: that is what technique means."[1]

In writing his review of a dramatic performance the critic must remember that his obligation to his readers is similar to that of the reporter and the book reviewer. All the elements that have news value, such as prominent members in the cast, novel or unusual features, or other details of interest to readers must be handled to the best advantage. The reviewer should skillfully combine news with comment in a fresh, clear, and readable manner if his report is to have charm and value.

Musical criticism involves essentially the same problem as does dramatic reviewing. The critic should be familiar with standard compositions and be otherwise equipped to pass intelligent judgment on a performance.

---

[1] Baker, G. P., "Dramatic Technique," Houghton Mifflin Co.

CHAPTER XI

EDITING THE COUNTRY WEEKLY

Certain tendencies in American journalism are evident. In the big cities, dailies have a habit of consolidating and thereby decreasing their personnel, but small towns seem to become more and more hospitable to the notion of having newspapers of their own, thus expanding the opportunity for successful ventures in this type of newspaper publishing.

The modern weekly or semiweekly, to succeed, must function in a businesslike way, giving its readers the news that they want but do not get from the metropolitan dailies. It must also be a good publicity medium for advertisers. When these conditions are fairly met the community weekly may be depended upon to yield to the owner a fair return, in both income and satisfaction.

Many instances of conspicuous success in the weekly field might be cited if space permitted. A case in point is the EL MONTE (California) HERALD. The editor, Mr. Neil R. Murray, left a city editor's desk in Omaha, Nebraska, and went to El Monte, where he succeeded from the start. How did he do it? Mr. Murray, in an address before the students of journalism in the University of Southern California, told of his five years' experience with his rural weekly. Here is what he said:

"The country newspaper is close to the heart of the people; it is the paper of the hearthside, the paper all the family reads, and which is no small power in the shaping of the sentiment of the entire nation. The personal touch is maintained in the country newspaper, while it is of necessity lost in the large city dailies. The personal responsibility of the editor is thus comparatively great.

"Having spent many years as a reporter on metropolitan dailies, including such papers as THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, and having for more than five years held the position of city editor of the OMAHA DAILY NEWS, I feel qualified to affirm that the weekly field offers just as big an opportunity to accomplish worthwhile results as does the larger metropolitan field. If anything, the editing of a weekly newspaper is just a bit harder than the same job would be in a larger city.

"When I entered the weekly newspaper business in El Monte, I was imbued with the idea that there is no good reason why a country weekly should not be just as good a newspaper as the dailies in the big city, although on a smaller scale. Hence, I determined to apply daily newspaper principles in the publishing of the EL MONTE HERALD.

"Accordingly I made up the first page of the EL MONTE HERALD each week just as carefully as I had each day, for several years, made up the first page of the city daily, and I applied the same general rules of front page dress and make-up.

"Accuracy is stressed as of paramount importance in our office. In the city field a city editor will fire a reporter more quickly for mistakes in facts than he will for insubordination. Carelessness is a habit that is easily acquired by a reporter. When a name and address are given to a news gatherer, it seems easier for that reporter to accept the initials, spelling, and address as correct than it is to telephone that individual, or consult a directory to verify these facts. But, nevertheless, these things should be done. It is the fixed rule of the EL MONTE HERALD office that every fact must be officially verified. If we receive an unsigned article of news through the mail, we verify that news before it goes into the newspaper. This rule has saved us from several embarrassing situations, when attempts were made to play pranks on the subject of the 'news item.'

"In editing a country newspaper it is impossible to be impersonal in your work. You must take into full consideration every phase of your community life. Your newspaper must be published to meet the needs of every one of your readers.

"It must be interesting, it must be truthful. It should not in any particular cater to the sensational. I believe sensational journalism is on the wane. I believe people are more and more seeking to know what is going on in national and international affairs.

"The editor of a successful country newspaper must be fair-minded. He must be ready to take a firm stand in a constructive way for the betterment of his community. He must in no sense use his newspaper as a 'spite sheet,' to punish persons who have incurred his displeasure in a personal way. Everybody loves a clean fight for something worthwhile, but the mud-slinging, petty-minded editor, I believe, is something of the past in newspaper circles.

"If an editor has a difference with some citizen of his town, and this leads to a bitter personal feud, no indication of this should appear in the columns of the newspaper; and meanwhile the enemy of the editor, if he shall do anything that is news, should be accorded the privilege of the newspaper columns as freely as anyone else.

"If a newspaper publishes all the clean and constructive news in its field, in an interesting and attractive manner, it will get business without difficulty. Business naturally goes to a quality newspaper.

"Every week of the world a representative of the EL MONTE HERALD calls every home with a telephone in El Monte and vicinity, of which there are more than 200. Many calls have to be repeated because of 'busy' signals, and 'They don't answer' reports. This effort, this expense, is well worthwhile, however, as it gives us direct contact with many items of news concerning families who have no telephones. Thus we have a heart to heart contact with our community life.

"Clear, concise writing, in simple English, is essential to a good newspaper, quite naturally, and the young man or woman who enters the newspaper field equipped with a course in journalism is much more apt to succeed than one who has not had this advantage.

"During the years that I acted in the capacity of city editor of a metropolitan daily, I invariably gave the college-trained applicants the positions which were open; and with a very few exceptions they made good. Those who did fail were laboring under the misapprehension that they had nothing more to learn.

"If I were to advise a young man or woman graduate of a school of journalism, I would say: Spend your first two years working on a country newspaper. Your practical experience will be more diversified. You will have a better opportunity to find and develop your own particular talent. Then, after these two years, try the big city stuff and receive the polish and high pressure training which it brings. Then, whether you remain in the big game or return to the small newspaper field, you will have had an experience which will prove invaluable to you.

"A word of warning to the writer of news on a small newspaper: Avoid coloring the facts in your articles; avoid exaggeration, be accurate in the smallest detail. The residents of a small town react more unfavorably to sensational articles than do their city brothers and sisters who are living under a higher nervous tension. They are more friendly to the newspaper if it meets with their approval, but withal more critical. They are not so prone to accept without question whatever the editor chooses to give them. But, when convinced that the newspaper is doing its best to serve them in a fair and representative manner, they are very loyal.

"On the whole, I know of no work more pleasant, or more wholesomely worthwhile than that of editing a weekly newspaper. To those of you who have chosen journalism for your life work, I can promise an interesting career and a remunerative one, if you sincerely strive to present all the news of your community in a fair and impartial manner.

"When you consider that some of the greatest men in the country have been publishers of small-town newspapers, you do not need to be ashamed to be the editor of a weekly newspaper.

"I am much prouder today that I am the editor of the EL MONTE HERALD than I ever was to say that I was city editor of the OMAHA DAILY NEWS, which at that time was Nebraska's leading afternoon daily.

"It makes me proud when El Monte ministers tell their congregations that they have yet to see an unwholesome news item in the EL MONTE HERALD, and urge their people to become subscribers to the paper. I would much rather be able to hear that kind of praise than to have them say that our newspaper is the greatest money-maker in the weekly field, but that it publishes articles which they do not want their children to read."

Across the continent, in the village of Chapel Hill, home of the University of North Carolina, is another interesting weekly conducted by Louis Graves. Mr. Graves resigned his position as professor of journalism in the University in 1923 to start his newspaper. He was well equipped for the practical work of running a paper. He had been a member of the staff of THE NEW YORK TIMES, and had written essays and articles for *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, and *The Saturday Evening Post*.

When he began his weekly he had no place to print his paper and no equipment. Since then he has built a brick building to house his printshop and has equipped it with modern machinery. Like Mr. Murray of the EL MONTE HERALD he is ably assisted in the management of his paper by his wife. Mr. Graves employs several persons regularly and gives part-time employment to many self-help students.

THE CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY chronicles the doings of the village to the least detail, some little interesting human experience of one of the old citizens or some minor happening of interest to all the people of the village getting as much space as an address by the president of the University. The alumni of the University wherever they may be located eagerly read of the happenings of Chapel Hill as recorded in the WEEKLY. A paragraph will show the familiar, intimate style of writing used by Mr. Graves:

> Absolutely the last bit of news before rushing uptown to get the paper on the press. As I sit at my typewriter by the window of an upstairs bedroom I look down and see Archibald Henderson[1] passing along the lane. He has on a dark overcoat, and he has books under his arm, and his face is deeply solemn. The day is cloudy, and Mr. Henderson's appearance would be sombre indeed but for one circumstance. He holds in his left hand a tiny cream-colored bloom. He seems to study it thoughtfully as he walks along. I am about to shove up the sash and shout a greeting to him, but there is something so fixed, so concentrated, in his contemplation of the bloom that it makes me say to myself: I won't call him—God knows what thought I would be interrupting. So I let him go his way ungreeted.

THE CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY has received considerable recognition. "It is gaining a national reputation," wrote Gerald Johnson in THE BALTIMORE EVENING SUN, and he quoted from an editorial in THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE, which contained this statement, "What this country needs is more newspapers like THE CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY."

There are many other good weeklies that could be studied with profit. It is significant that, in the cases mentioned above, both the editors, although trained on big city dailies, have a remarkable insight into the news needs of the small communities they serve through the medium of the weekly. They have also a sympathetic interest in every phase of the life of the people whose story they chronicle.

---

[1] Head of the Department of Mathematics, University of North Carolina, and biographer of George Bernard Shaw.

APPENDIX I

NEWSPAPER STYLE

Newspapers use a "style" book or card for the guidance of their reporters, copy readers, typesetters, and any others engaged in the preparation, editing, and printing of news or other material. The style book shows the policy the paper has adopted as to the use of abbreviations, capitalization, compound words, division of words, figures, quotations, punctuation, and spelling.

The following usage may be learned to advantage by students:

Abbreviations.—Certain abbreviations are permitted. Such recognized forms of titles as Mr., Mrs., Dr., Prof., Rev., Gov., Gen., Col., Maj., Capt., Lieut., are used.

Do not contract Christian names; use initials instead.

Abbreviate names of the months (except May, June, and July) when followed by the day of the month.

Do not write, "I'll see you this p. m." Use a. m. and p. m. only with the hour.

Abbreviate names of states only when they follow names of cities.

Omit the state after large cities and cities in your own state.

Capitalization.—In the printers' language capitals are called *upper case* and small letters, *lower case*. A newspaper that capitalizes freely is said to follow the "up" style, but if it makes a practice of using only very few capitals it follows the "down" style.

Titles used before names should be capitalized, but lower case is used for titles of all officers of corporations, clubs, banks, athletic associations, and so forth, when the title follows the name. (Example: John Jones, president of the Citizens Bank.)

Capitalize the titles of books, plays, operas, articles, newspapers, magazines, lectures, and pictures.

Names of geographical and political divisions, or the adjectives derived from them, are usually capitalized. The tendency is to put in lower case such adjectives as "china" in "china dishes," "western" in "western dialect," "southern" in "southern accent."

Holidays are capitalized. (Examples: Christmas, Easter.)

Compound words.—Two or more words, through much use together, frequently come to be considered a compound word. It is difficult to determine whether to use some words with or without the hyphen, or as one word, or two or more words. The best practice seems to favor the following usage for the terms given here:

Two Words	Hyphenated	One Word
all right	by-laws	already
at any rate	by-product	anyone
a while	brand-new	anybody
back field	commander-in-chief	airplane
bird dog	court-martial	bathroom
by and by	ex-president	bedroom
camera man	father-in-law	bullseye
en route	four-in-hand	cannot
folk song	good-bye	deadline
guide book	high-school (adj.)	everybody
grand stand	loud-speaker	fullback
in so far	pro-British	inasmuch
mass meeting	so-called	letterhead
night letter	short-lived	handwriting
newspaper man	take-off	postmaster
parcel post	three-fourths	suitcase
per cent	trade-mark	taxpayer
street car	twenty-one	today
tea room	vice-president	tomorrow
up to date	un-American	typewriter

Division of words.—Divide so as to preserve the actual syllabic divisions in the word.

Avoid running over a syllable of two letters on a new line.

Usually divide between the prefixes or suffixes and the base of the word.

Usually divide between double consonants.

Avoid dividing the name of a person.

Do not carry over a division of a word to a new page.

Do not divide words of one syllable (such as "through") or the fundamental part of a word.

Foreign words are usually divided on the vowel, so that the new syllable begins with a consonant. (Examples: Bee-tho-ven, Pa-gli-ac-ci.

Figures.—Use figures for numbers of 100 or over, except in the case of approximate numbers, as "about a hundred men."

Do not begin a sentence with figures; supply a word before the figures or spell out the number.

Hours of the day: 7 P. M.; at 8:30 this morning.

When used in close connection with numbers over 100: 133 boys and 56 girls.

Use figures for all dimensions, prices, degrees of temperature, per cents, dates, votes, and so forth: 3 feet long, $3 a yard, 78 degrees, 95 per cent.

Ages: He was 12 years old; 2-year-old James.

Quoting.—Quote the titles of books, pictures, plays, songs; do not quote the names of newspapers and periodicals.

Quote all direct quotations; use single quotation marks for a quotation within a quotation.

Do not quote extracts, letters, and so forth, when indenting both sides.

Do not quote nicknames.

Punctuation.—A word or phrase forming an independent element at the beginning of a sentence should be followed by a comma. (Examples: However, it is true; However that may be, it is hoped, etc.)

Use the comma to set off quoted matter from explanatory matter. When testimony or conversation appears in the question and answer form, quotation marks are not used. (Example: Q.—How many shots were fired? A.—Four.)

The comma is usually omitted before sr., jr., or 2d, and after a name in a sentence like "Tom Jones of New York," etc.

The comma should not be used before "who," "which," and "that," when the connection is close and immediate.

The comma can usually be omitted before "but" when the connection is close.

When, in three or more words or phrases the last two are connected by "and" or "or," don't use a comma before the conjunction.

Use the comma to prevent misreading. (Example: Once inside, the man talked freely.)

Approved Spellings

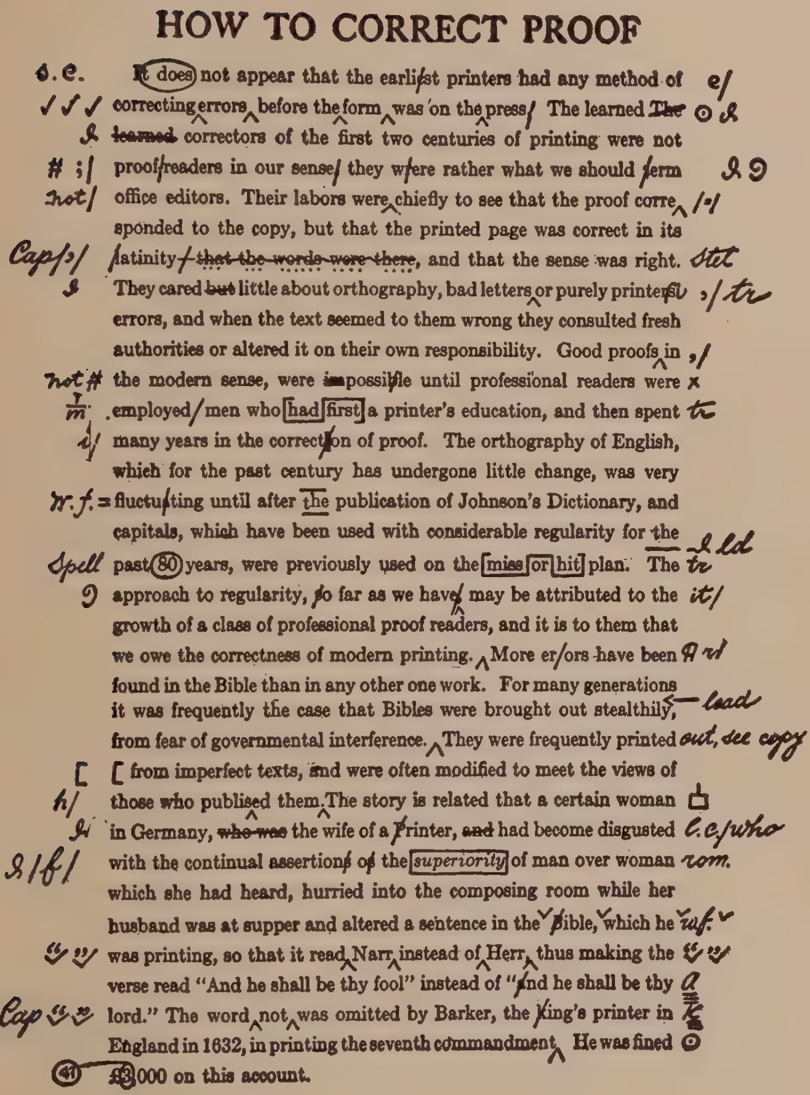
adviser
airplane
amid
among
anemic
anesthetic
axe
benefited
biased
blond (masc.)
blonde (fem.)
boulder
broadcast (*never* broadcasted)
buses
by and by
caldron
canceled
canvas
canvass
carburetor
caster
castor
clue
collectible
combated
coolly
cozy
darky
data
datum
desiccate
diarrhea
dietitian
diphtheria
dispatch
distributor
ecstasy
employe
enroll
enrollment
fetish
fiber
focused
fulfill
fusillade
gasoline
gayly
grip
guarantee
hangar
hara-kiri
heyday
Hindu
homeopathy
hydroairplane
impanel
impresario
innuendo
inquire

install
instalment
interne
jailer
jibe
kimono
Ku Klux Klan
legionnaire
Lenin
matinee
meager
naphtha
obbligato
paralleled
patrolled
philippic
photoplay
picnic
picnicking
pinochle
plebe
program
prophecy
prophesy
proved
quartet
questionnaire
racquet
referable
resin
sacrilegious
salable
secrecy
sewage
sewerage
skeptical
ski
spelled
spilled
stationery
stayed
strata
stratum
supersede
Tennessean
toward
transferee
ukulele
vilify
visa
visaed
vitamin
wainscoted
weird
willful
woe
woeful
woolen
woolly
writing

PROOFREADERS' MARKS

∧	Make correction indicated in margin.
Stet	Retain crossed-out word or letter; let it stand.
.... Stet	Retain words under which dots appear; write "Stet" in margin.
×	Appears battered; examine.
≡	Straighten lines.
√√√	Unevenly spaced; correct spacing.
//	Line up; i.e., make lines even with other matter.
run in	Make no break in the reading; no ¶
no ¶	No paragraph; sometimes written "run in."
out see copy	Here is an omission; see copy.
¶	Make a paragraph here.
tr	Transpose words or letters as indicated.
₰	Take out matter indicated; dele.
⁀₰‿	Take out character indicated and close up.
₵	Line drawn through a cap means lower case.
9	Upside down; reverse.
⁀‿	Close up; no space.
#	Insert a space here.
⊥	Push down this space.
□	Indent line one em.
[	Move this to the left.
]	Move this to the right.

⊓	Raise to proper position.
⊔	Lower to proper position.
////	Hair space letters.
w.f.	Wrong font; change to proper font.
Qu?	Is this right?
l.c.	Put in lower case (small letters).
s.c.	Put in small capitals.
Caps	Put in capitals.
C+s.c.	Put in caps and small caps.
rom.	Change to Roman.
ital.	Change to Italic.
≡	Under letter or word means caps.
=	Under letter or word, small caps.
—	Under letter or word means Italic.
〰	Under letter or word, bold face.
,/	Insert comma.
;/	Insert semicolon.
:/	Insert colon.
⊙	Insert period.
/?/	Insert interrogation mark.
(!)	Insert exclamation mark.
/=/	Insert hyphen.
∨'	Insert apostrophe.
"∨ ∨"	Insert quotation marks.
∨	Insert superior letter or figure.
∧	Insert inferior letter or figure.
[/]	Insert brackets.
(/)	Insert parenthesis.
$\frac{1}{m}$	One-em dash.
$\frac{2}{m}$	Two-em parallel dash.



HOW TO CORRECT PROOF

s.c. It does not appear that the earlist printers had any method of e/
✓ ✓ ✓ correcting errors before the form was on the press/ The learned ~~The~~ ⊙ ꝺ
ꝺ ~~learned~~ correctors of the first two centuries of printing were not
;/ proofreaders in our sense, they wrere rather what we should ferm ꝺ 9
not/ office editors. Their labors were chiefly to see that the proof corre- /-/
sponded to the copy, but that the printed page was correct in its
Cap/;/ latinity / ~~that the words were there~~, and that the sense was right. stet
ꝺ They cared ~~but~~ little about orthography, bad letters or purely printesr ,/ tr
errors, and when the text seemed to them wrong they consulted fresh
authorities or altered it on their own responsibility. Good proofs in ,/
not # the modern sense, were impossible until professional readers were ×
1/m .employed/men who had first a printer's education, and then spent tr
ꝺ/ many years in the correction of proof. The orthography of English,
which for the past century has undergone little change, was very
w.f. = fluctuting until after the publication of Johnson's Dictionary, and
capitals, which have been used with considerable regularity for the ꝺ ld
Spell past (80) years, were previously used on the miss or hit plan. The tr
9 approach to regularity, so far as we have may be attributed to the it/
growth of a class of professional proof readers, and it is to them that
we owe the correctness of modern printing. More er/ors have been ¶ r/
found in the Bible than in any other one work. For many generations
it was frequently the case that Bibles were brought out stealthily, — lead
from fear of governmental interference. They were frequently printed out, see copy
[[from imperfect texts, and were often modified to meet the views of
h/ those who publised them.The story is related that a certain woman ⊥
ꝺ in Germany, ~~who was~~ the wife of a Printer, ~~and~~ had become disgusted l.c./who
ꝺ/f/ with the continual assertions of the *superiority* of man over woman rom.
which she had heard, hurried into the composing room while her
husband was at supper and altered a sentence in the Bible, which he w.f.
“/ ”/ was printing, so that it read Narr instead of Herr thus making the “/ ”/
verse read “And he shall be thy fool” instead of “And he shall be thy a
Cap “ ” lord.” The word not was omitted by Barker, the King's printer in k
England in 1632, in printing the seventh commandment He was fined ⊙
㊶ £3000 on this account.

Appendix II

PROFESSIONAL STANDARDS AND CODES

A growing interest in promoting newspaper ideals has led to the formulation and adoption of professional standards, and in some cases the fostering of legislation designed for their enforcement. It is difficult to determine the value of codes of ethics in journalism, but voluntary action of this kind is at least indicative of a professional consciousness.

Editors of the highest type of papers have gone on record as favoring the adoption of standards for newspapers. The Christian Science Monitor has said editorially, "If there be any calling which it should be the study of its practitioners to elevate to the standing of a true profession, and to surround with the protection of a guiding code of ethics, it is this calling of the journalist." Casper S. Yost, editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, told the American Society of Newspaper Editors that, "The ethics of journalism must be somehow expressed in definite form, and somehow established as the rule of practice of an influential number of journalists, before we can have professional recognition. . . . If we are to advance the profession we must give particular thought to the imponderables, remembering that they are the sources of character, of personality, of soul, and that only as we give spirit to journalism, and sustain that spirit, can it grow in honor, in usefulness and in power."

The public demand for better newspapers has not been without influence in raising the standards of journalism. It has been definitely proved that clean, truthful newspapers, dedicated to the best principles of journalism, can not merely succeed, but can succeed handsomely. The New

YORK TIMES is one of a number of newspapers in the United States that has demonstrated that fact beyond question.

Additional evidence of public interest in elevating the standards of journalism is the professional training being sought by ambitious young men and women who wish to make journalism their life work. These young people prepare themselves with great seriousness, frequently with no particular hope of making an easy entrance into the newspaper business at the end of their college training, and always with a willingness to apply the highest ethical standards known to the profession.

In connection with college training for journalism there have been formed two national organizations, Sigma Delta Chi and Theta Sigma Pi, that are actively engaged in promoting newspaper ideals and professional responsibilities.

A code of ethics.—The American Society of Newspaper Editors, which is composed of the editors and managing editors of more than three-fourths of the daily newspapers in American cities of more than 100,000 inhabitants, adopted at their meeting in April, 1923, a code of ethics. This was unquestionably a forward step toward advancing the professional side of journalism. Although the standards adopted simply embodied the sound ethical principles that had been followed by worthy editors for many years, they gave to the newspaper workers a definite basis for matters of conduct. The code is here reproduced in full.

The canons of journalism.—The primary function of newspapers is to communicate to the human race what its members do, feel, and think. Journalism, therefore, demands of its practitioners the widest range of intelligence, knowledge, and experience, as well as natural and trained powers of observation and reasoning. To its opportunities as a chronicle are indissolubly linked its obligations as teacher and interpreter.

To the end of finding some means of codifying sound practice and just aspirations of American journalism these canons are set forth:

I. *Responsibility.*—The right of a newspaper to attract and hold readers is restricted by nothing but considerations of public welfare. The use a newspaper makes of the share of public attention it gains serves to determine its sense of responsibility, which it shares with every member of its staff. A journalist who uses his power for any selfish or otherwise unworthy purpose is faithless to a high trust.

II. *Freedom of the Press.*—Freedom of the press is to be guarded as a vital right of mankind. It is the unquestionable right to discuss whatever is not explicitly forbidden by law, including the wisdom of any restrictive statute.

III. *Independence.*—Freedom from all obligations except that of fidelity to the public interest is vital.

1. Promotion of any private interest contrary to the general welfare, for whatever reason, is not compatible with honest journalism. So-called news communications from private sources should not be published without public notice of their source or else substantiation of their claims to value as news, both in form and substance.
2. Partisanship in editorial comment which knowingly departs from the truth does violence to the best spirit of American journalism; in the news column it is subversive of a fundamental principle of the profession.

IV. *Sincerity, truthfulness, accuracy.*—Good faith with the reader is the foundation of all journalism worthy of the name.

1. By every consideration of good faith a newspaper is constrained to be truthful. It is not to be excused for lack of thoroughness or accuracy within its control or failure to obtain command of these essential qualities.
2. Headlines should be fully warranted by the contents of the articles which they surmount.

V. *Impartiality.*—Sound practice makes clear distinction between news reports and expressions of opinion.

News reports should be free from opinion or bias of any kind.

1. This rule does not apply to so-called special articles unmistakably devoted to advocacy or characterized by a signature authorizing the writer's own conclusions and interpretations.

VI. *Fair Play.*—A newspaper should not publish unofficial charges affecting reputation or moral character without opportunity given to the accused to be heard; right practice demands the giving of such opportunity in all cases of serious accusation outside of judicial proceedings.

1. A newspaper should not invade private rights or feelings without sure warrant of public right as distinguished from public curiosity.

2. It is the privilege, as it is the duty, of a newspaper to make prompt and complete correction of its own serious mistakes of fact or opinion, whatever their origin.

VII. *Decency.*—A newspaper cannot escape conviction of insincerity if while professing high moral purpose it supplies incentives to base conduct, such as are to be found in details of crime and vice, publication of which is not demonstrably for the general good. Lacking authority to enforce its canons, the journalism here represented can but express the hope that deliberate pandering to vicious instincts will encounter effective public disapproval or yield to the influence of a preponderant professional condemnation.

The next step proposed.—It is now proposed to put "teeth" in these ethical rules. The paragraphs from an editorial in the *Editor and Publisher* summarize the plan of the society:

"At the next meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors the membership will vote on a resolution to amend the constitution so that a member may be disciplined or expelled for violation of the code of professional ethics or of rules and regulations of the society. The resolution, drawn by John W. Davis, former president of the American Bar Association, seems to us to be admirably sensible and fair. The proposal calls for the formal adoption of a professional code for the government of members, or the present canons of journalism may be acknowledged as the professional code. The Board of Directors shall be empowered to investigate alleged violations and, after due notice and hearing, may censure, suspend or expel an offending member. Charges against a member must be made in writing and the accused be given full opportunity for defense. An expulsion order would require a two-thirds vote of the directors.

"If this measure is adopted, a fundamental weakness of the society will have been overcome. The big element that the A.S.N.E. has contributed to journalism in its short life has been the formulation in words of an ethical idealism that sincere and able newspaper men have long instinctively adhered to, just as a matter of honor. The canons of journalism of the society may not be perfect, may be amended or revised at will, but they breathe a spirit which might very well be called the soul of the newspaper. They have more profoundly influenced the writing and editing craft in the past four or five years than any single element in journalism. For the first time in history newspaper workers have had some tangible ethical basis for their decisions on conduct."

INDEX

INDEX

A

Abbreviations, 321
Accuracy, 26, 27, 36, 39
Accounting, 10
Adams, Franklin P., 294
Advertising:
  censorship of, 5
  classified, 4
  dishonest, 5
  display, 4
  division of business department, 10
  material, 2
  paid, 249
  space, 5
American Mercury, The, 136
American Society of Newspaper Editors, The, 329
Articles, editorial, 2
Ashville Citizen, The, editorial from, 282
Associated Press, The:
  a reporter of facts, 40
  codified general orders of, 34
  description of, 30
  news photographic service of, 44
  running story from, 246
  stories from, 68, 69, 70, 86, 113, 118, 162, 195, 197, 206
Auditing, 11
Authority should precede announcement in A.P. reports, 39
Automatic tubes, 8

B

Baltimore Sun, The:
  comment from, 320
  headline from, 264
  story from, 101, 185, 203
"Bank" or metal table, 5
"Beat," 21
Bennett, James Gordon, 1
Bernhard, Andrew, 142, 176
Blakeslee, Howard W., 113
Bookkeeping, 11
Book reviewing:
  aim of, 302
Book reviewing—(*Continued*)
  printing titles, etc., in, 304
  writing the review, 303
Boston Daily Globe, The, editorial from, 285
Boston Herald, The, story from, 119
Boston Transcript, The:
  article from, 311
  book review from, 309
  editorial from, 283
  lead paragraph from, 62
  story from, 123, 200
Brooklyn Eagle, The, editorial from, 284
Broun, Heywood, 297

C

Camera Club, 17
Canons of journalism, 329
Capitalization, 321
Chapel Hill Weekly, The, 319
Chicago Daily News, The:
  managing editor of, 45
  story from, 178, 184, 201, 235
Chicago Tribune, The:
  column from, 294
  story from, 189
Christian Science Monitor, The:
  comment from, 328
  story from, 182
Cincinnati Enquirer, The:
  headline from, 266
  story from, 191
Circulation department, 4, 10
Cleveland Plain Dealer, The, 62
  stories from, 82, 84, 144
Column, the, 292
Comment, privilege of fair, 258
Composing room, 5, 8
Conrad, Joseph, 140
Conrad, Lawrence H., 116
Cooper, Kent, 31
Copy:
  desk, 50, 242, 249
  first to a newspaper, 64
  preparation of, 52

Copy cutter, 5
Copy reading, marks used in, 253, 254
Copy reader:
  constructive work of, 253
  duties of, 242–253
  guards against libel suits, 255
  receives stories from city editor, 4
Council Bluffs Nonpareil, The, 290
Country weekly, editing the, 315

D

Dana, Charles A., 1, 55
Deadline, 22
Decency, 41
Departments of a newspaper:
  accounting, 10
  advertising, 4
  business, 2
  editorial, 2, 4, 11, 243
  mechanical, 2, 11
  news, 3
  personnel, 11
  photo-engraving, 6
Description:
  accuracy in, 39
  aid in human-interest story, 141
  in news writing, 135
  objectivity in, 117
  with narration, 117
Descriptive stories, 116
Detroit Free Press, The, story from, 142, 176
Dialogue, 141
District:
  sources of news in, 21
  men, 4
Dramatic reviews, 313
Dummy, 4, 6

E

Editor:
  city, 3, 21, 22, 49, 249
  making contact with the, 63
  news, 3
  telegraph, 3, 243
Editor and Publisher, The:
  extract from editorial in, 331
  story from, 110
Editorial:
  examples of, 276–284
  nature of, 273
  parts of, 275
  subjects for, 274
  writing the, 274
El Monte Herald, The, 316
El Paso Herald, The, 86
  paragraph from, 290
Emporia Gazette, The, editorial from, 287
Ethics, code of newspaper, 328~~, 329~~
Expressions:
  hackneyed, 58, 59
  technical, 59

F

Factual stories, 98
Feature story, 139
Figures:
  check, 52
  of speech, 59
  when used, 323
Financial news, 188
Flash, 33, 244
Flying-paster, 7
Forms, 2
Furman, 87, 97

G

Galleys, 5
Glenn, Lillian G., 185
Gibbs, Sir Philip, 169
"Good" stories, 209
Graves, Louis, 319
Greeley, Horace, 1
Greensboro Daily News, The:
  editorial from, 287
Guideline, 52

H

Hansen, Harry, 303
Harper's Magazine, 303
Hayner, Fred A., 201
Headlines:
  and make-up, 261
  contents of, 267
  examples of, 262–269
  faulty, 268
  how tested, 261
  parts or divisions of, 261
  "streamer," 272
  writing of, 251, 252
Henry, John M., 290
Henry, Thomas R., 217
Hickok, Lorena A., 162
Human-interest story, 140, 244

I

Idioms, 57
Inaccuracies, 27, 60

Interest, 43
International News Association, 31, 44
Interview story, the, 152
Investigation, 36
Irvin, Will, 74
Johnson, Gerald W., 287, 320
Johnston, Alva, 29
Johnston, Charles, 305
Journalese, 58

K

Kent, Frank R., 106

L

Law Review, The North Carolina, 256
Leach, Paul, 235
Lead:
  contents of, 60
  examples of, 61, 62
  for feature stories, 63
  form of, 61
  purpose of, 53
  writing new, 246
Levin, Meyer, 24
Libel:
  defined, 256
  newspaper, 255
  responsibility for, 257
Libelous matter, 35
Libelous statements, 248
Little, Richard Henry, 294
London Daily Mail, The, 221
Lovland, Roelif, 85, 97, 144
Lytle, Jr., William G., 91

M

Macdonald, W. A., 123
Machines:
  autoplate, 7
  typesetting, 5, 6, 8
MacNeill, Ben Dixon, 148
Make-up, details of, 272
Manning, George H., 110
Market news, 188
Marquis, Don, 19, 293
Mather, O. A., 189
Milwaukee Journal, The:
  story from, 160
Morgan, Thomas B., 154
Morgue, 22, 244
Murder, 37
Murray, Neil R., 315
Musical reviews, 313

N

Names, 52
Nathan, Robert, 282
N. E. A. Service, Inc., 31
News:
  authority for, 72
  defined, 15
  finance and market, 188
  how edited, 242
  in pictures, 16
  narratives, 53, 67, 74, 75
  photographer, 16, 25, 111, 113
  photographic service, 16, 44
  writing, 46
Newspaper:
  afternoon, 10
  delivery of, 2
  distribution of, 2, 10
  evening, 3
  morning, 3, 10
  publishers, 19
  publishing, 256
  terms, 11
  the making of a, 1–11
News story:
  brief, 72
  details of composition of, 53
  establishing identity in, 37
  mechanics of writing, 67
  objectionable phrases in, 59
  writing the, 60
News writer on small newspapers, 318
News writing:
  acquiring a technique in, 43
  preliminary steps in, 43–60
  qualities needed in, 51
New York Evening Post, The:
  paragraph from, 289
New York Herald, The, 1
New York Herald Tribune, The:
  beginning of feature story in, 63
  book review from, 307
  comment from, 320
  headline from, 265
  literary quality of, 29
  story from, 69, 105, 141, 193, 205
New York Sun, The:
  column from, 300
  early days of, 1
  noted for excellent writing, 55
New York Telegram, The:
  column from, 297
  story from, 145, 158, 225

New York Times, The:
  book review from, 305
  early days of, 1
  editorial from, 280
  extract from, 7
  headline from, 263
  introduction of rotogravure, 16
  literary quality of, 29
  stories from, 69, 70, 75, 106, 120, 169, 210, 228
New York Tribune, The, 1
New York World, The:
  beginning of feature story in, 63
  column from, 297
  editorial from, 277
  literary quality of, 29
  story from, 130, 189, 199, 204
Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch, paragraph from, 28
North American News Association, 31

O

Ohio State Journal, The, paragraph from, 289
Omaha Bee, The, 31
Omaha Bee-News, The, story from, 87
Onward, paragraph from, 289
Organization, newspaper:
  at work, 7
  details of, 2
  major functions of, 1
Owen, Russell, 29, 75, 210
Owens, Dewey M., 136

P

Page, Walter Hines, 57
Paragraph:
  editorial, 269
  length of, 53
  writing the, 53
Participial phrase, 62
Patterson, Paul, 23
Personality sketch, 168
Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, The, story from, 221
Pittsburgh Press, The, story from, 91
Prenosil, Stanley W., 195
Privileged matter, 255
Pressroom, 7
Professional standards in journalism, 328
  next step in, 330
Proofreaders' marks, 326
  use of, 327
Propaganda, 249
Punctuation, 323

Q

Query, 64
Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur, 16
Quoting, 323

R

Raleigh News and Observer, The:
  editorial from, 278
  story from, 148
Raymond, Henry J., 1
Reck, Alfred P., 109
Reporter, the:
  accuracy and, 27
  and libel, 255
  efforts of skilled, 60
  interviewing President Coolidge, 25
  opportunities for increasing vocabulary, 56
  place in organization, 18
  task in practicing writing, 99
  using by-lines, 117
  value to newspapers, 19
  who writes books, 29
Reporting, 15, 35, 38
Reviews:
  book, 302
  dramatic, 313
  examples of book, 304
  musical, 313
Rewrite men, 21, 22, 249, 255
Rotogravure, 16
Rumors, how to handle, 35

S

Sanborn, Ruth Burr, 307
San Francisco Chronicle, The:
  book review from, 311
  story from, 204
Sargent, George H., 311
Schedule of assignments, 4
School of Journalism:
  American Association of, 28
  Columbia University, 28
  graduate of a, 318
  Joseph Medill, 45
Sentence, the:
  clearness in, 55
  coherence of, 55
  internal arrangement of, 55
  point of view of, 55
  structure of, 54
  variety in, 55

Sigma Delta Chi, 329
Smith, Henry Justin, 45
Society news, 202, 243
Spalding, Earl, 158
Spelling, approved, 324
Sport stories, 196
Sport writers, 197
Sports editor, 242
Springfield Republican, The, editorial from, 279
Stereotypes, 62
Stereotyping, 6
St. Louis Globe-Democrat, The, 328
St. Louis Post-Dispatch, The, editorial from, 279
Stone, John B., 178
Stories:
  action, 74
  brief, 66, 73
  crime, 42
  departmental, 65
  descriptive, 65
  factual, 74
  feature, 65
  for women, 181
  "good," 28, 66
  informative, 65, 74
  spot-news, 64, 67, 73
Style, newspaper, 321
Sullivan, Frank, 63, 298
Sutcliffe, Lester B., 86
Synonyms, 58

T

Technique, 45
Theta Sigma Pi, 329
Telegraphic transmission of photographs, 17
Terms:
  newspaper, 11–14
  specific, 57
Terrett, Courtenay, 225
Triteness, 58

U

United Press:
  brief description of, 44
  function of, 31
  stories from, 68, 70, 95, 109, 154
United States Daily, The, 100
Universal Service, 31

V

Van Vuren, Floyd, 160

W

Washington Evening Star, The, story from, 217
Washington Post, The, editorial from, 276
Welfare, 11
West Virginia University, 28
Wettach, Robert H., 256
White, William Allen, 287
Wiley, Louis, 16
Will, Allen Sinclair, 28
Words:
  and phrases, 56, 261
  compound, 322
  division of, 323
  foreign, 59
  to be eliminated, 248

Y

Yale Review, The, 19
Yost, Casper S., 328

070.41
R

9579

DATE DUE

PN
4775
.R5

9579

Robertson, Stewart

Introduction to
modern journalism.

CAMPBELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PN4775 .R5 NICC
Introduct to mode urnalism,
[redacted]